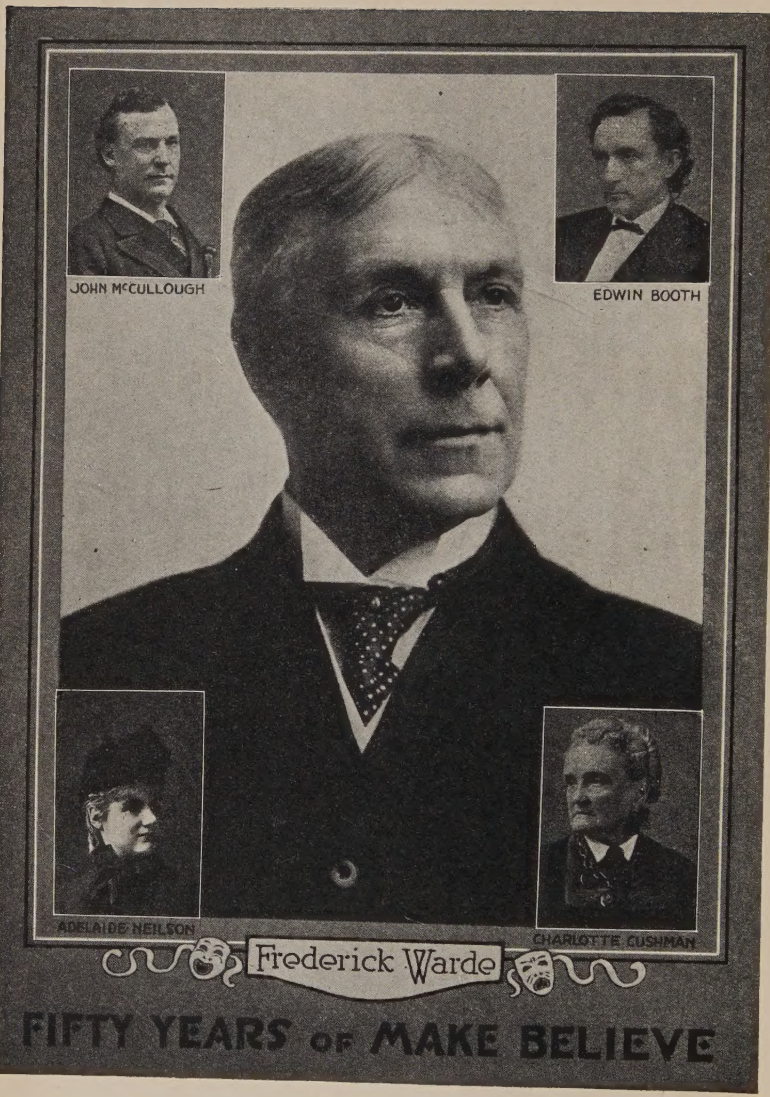
FIFTY YEARS of MAKE BELIEVE

FREDERICK WARDE

Jan 7 1921

James Neill
126 W Lomita
Glendale
Calif

To my friend James Neill.
With cordial greetings
and sincere regard -
Frederick Starke
June 15. 1922.


JOHN McCULLOUGH
EDWIN BOOTH
ADELAIDE NEILSON
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN
Frederick Warde
FIFTY YEARS OF MAKE BELIEVE

FIFTY YEARS OF MAKE-BELIEVE

BY FREDERICK WARDE
Actor of Many Parts, and Author of
"The Fools of Shakespeare"

"Words spoken are but air, words written, ink and paper"
(Henry Guy Carleton.)

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INTRODUCTION.

Fifty years? Impossible! Fifty years in the "world of make-believe," as I have heard it called. But it is not a world of make-believe, this world of the stage; it is a world of stern realities; a world of work, of struggle, effort, study, gain, loss, failure and of success. A human world of strength and of weakness; a world beautified by imagination, illuminated by fancy and glorified by truth. A world of tender sympathies, generous thoughts and close fellowship. A world where the seed is sown in youth, nourished in manhood, and harvested in maturity in sweet recollections and gentle memories—nothing more! Yet no other world can furnish such a wealth of compensation.

Such has been my world, and as, in retrospect, I look back over the bygone years, I see the faces that have passed, I hear the voices that are stilled, and live again in scenes of other days, some bright with hope and pleasure, some saddened by pain and disappointment, but all mellowed by the ripening hand of time and stored away in the chambers of fondest memory.

FIFTY YEARS OF MAKE-BELIEVE

CHAPTER I.

The Attraction of the Stage.

When or how the desire to become an actor first took possession of me I do not recall. It certainly was not heredity, either by taste or by inclination. My father was a country schoolmaster, descended from a long line of English yeomen, and my mother came from the same rugged stock.

Our home was in the comparatively small village of Deddington in Oxfordshire, one of the midland counties of England, and there I was born on the 23rd of February, 1851.

My father died when I was quite young and my mother moved to Sussex, a southern county some distance from our old home, but where our associations and environments were similar to those we had previously enjoyed. The village curate, the doctor and the lawyer, were our friends and neighbors; and our life that of a quiet country house, where, to quote the words of Jerome K. Jerome, "The whiff and whirl of the busy world sounded far off and faint."

From these pleasant surroundings, I was sent, when still very young, to the "Shoreham Protestant Grammar School," where I was a resident scholar for three years. It was an institution, with about one hundred pupils of ages varying from eight to eighteen years. Our study hall, dormitories and play grounds were extensive, our good old principal, Doctor Harper, was a sound scholar, a genial gentleman and a conscientious preceptor.

There was another school in the town, a Jesuit institution, and between the pupils of the two schools existed a bitter rivalry. They were known as the Puseys (Puseyites), we as the Prots (Protestants). Whenever we met out of bounds it was our duty to fight. "Lick, or be licked" was our school cry, and we lived up to it.

Of course such a condition could not receive the recognition of the authorities of either school, but the explanation of a discolored optic, or a swollen lip at roll-call or prayers usually received but slight reproof.

The curriculum of the juvenile department embraced a substantial course in elementary education—English and a rudimentary course of the classics.

The only recollection I have of any dramatic literature or instruction, was a single visit of the Rev. J. M. Bellew (father of the popular actor, the late Mr. Kyrle Bellew), who gave us a reading of Shakespeare's play of Henry the Fifth. I was too young at the time to appreciate the play or

the skill of the distinguished gentleman in presenting it; but I distinctly remember being greatly impressed by the flowing hair—that looked to me like waves of molten silver—the dignified bearing and the clear enunciation of the reader.

During the Christmas holidays of my last year at Shoreham I accompanied my mother on a visit to London, and during that visit I was taken by her to see the late Charles Kean's production of Hamlet, at the Princess's Theatre. My dear mother's ideas of the drama were vague, and her knowledge of the theatre limited. She thought that any play in a theatre would be of interest and entertainment to me, and I recall the pleasurable anticipation of several days between the purchase of the seats and the evening's performance. But Hamlet, to a boy ten years of age, is hardly calculated to arouse enthusiasm; and my ideas of the drama when I left the theatre were that it consisted of long speeches, indiscriminate assassinations and funeral processions.

My impressions were admirably expressed some years later by a Scotch landlady with whom I lodged in Glasgow. I had obtained for her a pass to see the late Mr. Samuel Phelps in the character of Hamlet at the Theatre Royal. The following morning as she was serving my breakfast I inquired:

"Well, Mrs. McFarland, how did you like the play last night?"

"Weel, Mr. Warde," replied Mrs. Mac., "I lik-ed the play verra weel, with the seengle excep-

tion of the gentleman in black (Hamlet), who went aboot preechin' ower muckle.''

My mother's removal to London as a permanent residence shortly after my first visit to the theatre took me there also; and I became a student at the City of London School, a public institution founded by King Edward VI, and controlled by the Lord Mayor and the corporation of the city.

Our residence, during that time, was in Islington, in the northern part of the town, and in the neighborhood of Sadler's Wells Theatre, one of the oldest playhouses in London; and to it I became as frequent a visitor as my mother's reluctantly given consent and my limited pocket money would allow.

At Sadler's Wells, the dressing rooms for the actors (as I discovered by personal experience some years later) were on an upper floor, the staircase to which was visible from the windows facing an open space that enclosed the theatre. Many an evening, when my means were insufficient to pay for admission to the play, I have stood and longingly watched the actors in their costumes, going up and coming down the stairs to and from their dressing rooms.

During this period Sadler's Wells was under various managements; notably Mr. Samuel Phelps, the great tragedian, one of the last survivors of the Macready school, and perhaps the most highly esteemed Shakespearean actor of his time, and whose classic revivals marked the most interesting period in the history of the English theatre.

Among Mr. Phelps' company I remember Mr. Frederick Robinson as a handsome and dashing young actor, and whom I later had the pleasure of meeting as a popular member of the company of Lester Wallack, in this country. Subsequently he appeared at the Union Square Theatre as Jim the Penman in the celebrated drama of that name.

"The Wells," as the theatre was popularly called, was managed for a time by Miss Catherine Lucette and Capt. Morton Price, the former a beautiful woman and a very accomplished actress, and the latter a graceful, romantic actor. In their company was Mr. Lewis Ball, a comedian, the funniest man I had ever seen, and Miss Emily Dowton, a charming comedienne, with whom I fell desperately in love, only to later learn that she was already married and the mother of a considerable family.

I remained at school until I was fourteen years of age, and after a period of special tuition and study to prepare for my preliminary examination was articled to a firm of attorneys in East India Chambers, Leadenhall street, London, to study the abstruse science and practice of the law.

My preceptor or principal was an elderly gentleman of the old school, learned, experienced, and a strict disciplinarian; very conservative in his ideas, opposed to modern innovations, and a stickler for the etiquette and dignity of his profession.

He never used a steel pen, but wrote with a goose quill, which he skilfully fashioned into shape with his pocket knife. His hair was bushy and

white, with the exception of a narrow streak over his right ear where he wiped the point of his pen; and that was jet black.

All of our documents, drafts and briefs were then written in longhand with a pen, and our deeds were engrossed on parchment.

With new duties, studies and attendance at the office my thoughts were diverted for a time from the theatre and its fascinations. One day, by the merest accident, I picked up a small pamphlet published in the interest of amateur theatricals, and found an advertisement of a club that was being formed for the purpose of presenting genteel comedies and burlesques, and I joined. Most of the members were clerks; young men of limited means, like myself. The female parts were played by professional ladies, especially engaged. I discovered later that the club was merely a financial enterprise on the part of the director, who was an actor of no especial standing, out of an engagement. He was assisted by his wife, who was a burlesque actress, also disengaged, and who rejoiced in the pseudonym of Evangeline De Vere.

As a consequence, the parts in the plays to be presented were not distributed or cast according to merit or ability, but the member of the club who purchased the largest number of tickets for the performance was given the choice of parts. A generous allowance of pocket money by my mother and the temporary hypothecation of some luxuries enabled me to obtain a portion of this privilege, for another fellow bought the privilege

for the opening comedy, in which I did not appear.

The piece de resistance of the evening was a burlesque of Ernani, and I selected the part of "Scampa, a scamp," that in a professional performance would have been cast to the leading comedian. My ability as a dancer was limited to the waltz and quadrille of polite society. I could not sing, and I had no knowledge of stage business; so the effect of my performance can be better imagined than described.

My family knew nothing of my membership in this dramatic club, nor did I acquaint them with the fact of my forthcoming debut upon the stage, and for reasons of prudence I concealed the fact from my fellow students and friends; so that criticism of my maiden effort was limited to my associates in the club, and I must admit that the consensus of their opinion was not favorable. However, I was not to be discouraged.

The manager of our club had been assisted at rehearsals by an old actor who was also assistant prompter at the Royalty Theatre, one of the then popular burlesque theatres of London, and to him I confided my desire to appear upon the real stage. For a consideration the old prompter permitted me to go on as a supernumerary in the burlesque of Black-eyed Susan, which was then in the height of its long and successful run at the "Little House in Soho," as the Royalty Theatre was affectionately termed.

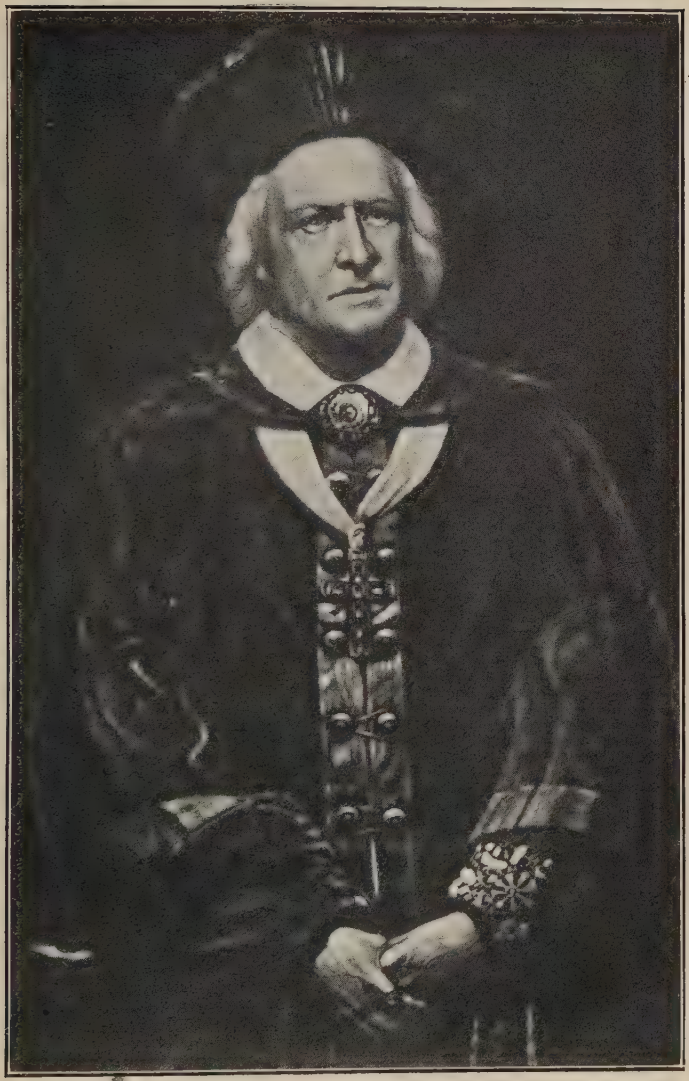
For the first time I entered the stage door of a regular theatre. The dark passage to the stage,

the dimly lighted stage itself, with a few ghostly figures moving about setting the scenery, the plain, matter-of-fact dressing rooms, and then—the brilliancy of the stage, the lights in full, the performance in progress and the audience assembled! It was a sensation I never shall forget. In the first act of the burlesque I appeared as a marine at the window of Dame Hatley's cottage and pointed a wooden musket at the hero. In the second I rose to the rank and dignity of an admiral and sat at a table as a silent member of a court martial.

I cannot now recall all the members of that company, but they were great favorites in London at that time. There was Miss Patty Oliver, the manager of the theatre, the chic and pretty representative of "Susan that married William"; Mr. Fred Dewar, the original of the part of Captain Crosstree, afterward so successfully played by our own comedian Mr. Stuart Robson in this country, and Mr. E. D. Danvers in his inimitable performance of Dame Hatley.

The last curtain has fallen on all of them now, but memory pleasantly lingers with the first real actors I ever met, heroes of my youthful enthusiasm, popular favorites with the public and earnest, genial, whole-souled men and women in private life.

My experience at the Royalty Theatre continued several weeks, unknown to my family or to my legal preceptor. My hours of attendance at the office were from ten in the morning until six in the evening, so that I had ample time to get to the



Samuel Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey

theatre and dress for the after-piece. But my late hours began to attract the attention of my mother, and the consequent fatigue and lack of interest in my reading and study called forth several well-merited reproofs from my principal.

Giving the matter what I then conceived to be careful consideration, I determined to sacrifice my articles of indenture, abandon the study of the law and adopt the stage as a profession.

Mr. Danvers, mentioned above, in addition to being the comedian of the Royalty Theatre, was a dramatic agent as well, and to him I went for advice and assistance. He warned me against the dangers, temptations and vicissitudes of an actor's life; but, finding that I was persistent in my determination, finally consented to procure a place for me. It was then early in August and companies were being engaged for the winter season at the provincial theatres, so I was engaged for the stock company at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, to play "General Utility" at a salary of fifteen shillings per week.

To avoid having to make an explanation of the late hours I was compelled to keep by my work at the Royalty Theatre, I had induced my mother to consent to my sharing the lodging of a fellow student in a distant part of the town, and I was thus enabled to make my preparations and leave London without her knowledge.

One evening, late in August, I drove down to the Great Northern Railway station with my luggage, passing my home on the way. My mother

was at the window. She could not see me, but I saw her, and for a moment was tempted to stop the cab, abandon my dramatic ambitions and follow the course her love and sacrifice had laid out for me; but the opportunity passed and I went on my way.

I had traveled little, the journey was long and tedious, and I tried to sleep; but my thoughts would continually revert to my mother's face at the window and the gravity of the step I was taking. I was barely seventeen years old, an unsophisticated, inexperienced boy, and as I look back now over fifty years of time I am amazed at the audacity and folly of that act. My mother had paid a large amount of money, which she could ill afford, to the firm with which I was articled; a considerable sum for books and examination fees, had supplied me liberally with clothes and pocket money for years, and I was ungratefully throwing it all away to enter upon a life and a profession of which I knew little or nothing and which stood in no favor in my native land.

Sunderland was and is today a small seaport town on the north east coast of England. I arrived in the early morning. I was a complete stranger, so I went to the principal hotel. I was received with the obsequious deference characteristic of English hotel servants and shown to my room by the porter, who was particularly deferential.

The greater part of my luggage I had brought with me on the cab, but I had left a case of swords

at the station. On mentioning this fact to the porter, he inquired if I would not prefer to have them sent directly to the barracks. I did not understand him at first, but finally discovered that he thought me a young officer of the army assigned to the local garrison. When I told him I was an actor, about to join the company at the Lyceum Theatre, his demeanor changed, and I realized that my chosen profession was not held in high esteem, at least by hotel porters in the north of England.

My stay at the hotel was brief as it was expensive and I found lodgings more in keeping with my limited means, and went to the theatre to the meeting of the company called for that morning.

I approached the theatre, a presentable looking building, with some trepidation. I read the bills announcing the opening with interest, and was very proud when I found my own name (Mr. F. B. Warde) among the list of the company. As this was the first time I had ever seen my name in print I was somewhat elated. I forgot my trepidation and sought and found the stage door with renewed confidence.

The stage doorkeeper was an old man with a ruddy face, full of humor but with an affectation of severity. I learned later that he had been an actor, had met with an accident, lost one of his hands, which had been replaced by a steel hook and which led to the soubriquet of "Mat the Iron Hand."

He regarded me with some curiosity, for I had

dressed myself with care and my clothes were fashionable and well made—an unusual condition for a provincial actor. He grinned when I said I was an actor, but admitted me when I gave my name with both initials as it appeared on the bill boards. I followed a dark passage which ran by the side of the theatre and entered my new world! I passed with some hesitation through the wings and found myself on the stage, as a professional actor, for the first time, and my "world of make-believe" opened before me.



Adelaide Neilson

CHAPTER II.

First Appearance as an Actor.

The company was assembled on the stage, standing in little groups, conversing, greeting old acquaintances and curiously observing their new surroundings. Finding no encouragement to speak to any of them, I retired into the comparative privacy of the wings and awaited developments.

The front of the house was like a dark cavern, but a standing pipe with a cross piece of gas jets like the letter T was attached to the footlights, and this gave a fairly good light on the stage itself. Near this pipe, in the center, was a table, which I subsequently learned was called the "Prompt Table," and was as sacred as a shrine. No one but the manager, stage manager or prompter were permitted to sit there, or to approach it, without permission, unless for very important business.

Punctually at ten o'clock, the manager, Mr. Clarence Holt, his wife, son and daughter came upon the stage; and shortly thereafter the prompter called: "All the ladies and gentlemen of the company to the front of the stage, please!"

The company gathered in a semi-circle at the prompt table and the formal business of the season began.

Mr. Holt first presented Mrs. Holt, his son and daughter to the assembled company; then each member to the other until we had all been introduced to one another. The stage manager was then presented, his position and authority defined with a request that we at all times follow his directions and implicitly obey his instructions. These proceedings were conducted with extreme politeness and were a most interesting and instructive object lesson in professional courtesy.

Clarence Holt was a serious tragedian of the so-called old school, a type made familiar to theatre-goers by the late E. A. Sothern in his comedy, The Crushed Tragedian. He has bushy, black hair and a heavy, black moustache which was not permitted to attain its normal length, but was clipped short that it might not impede his voice, which was exceedingly sonorous and clear.

At rehearsal and during the performance, in fact at all times in the theatre, Mr. Holt was very dignified; but outside he assumed a jaunty, devil-may-care manner entirely foreign to his professional self.

This was particularly indicated by the way in which he wore his hat, a tall, white one with a black band. In the theatre it was worn straight upon his head, but outside it was cocked at an angle that seemed to say: "I may be a tragedian on the stage, but I'm a devil of a good fellow off it."

So he was. He had traveled much and his fortunes had been varied, but success had not spoiled him nor adversity soured a naturally kind heart and buoyant disposition.

As I recall his work he acted upon conventional lines with more than average intelligence, was at all times earnest and sincere but very eccentric. If any noise or disturbance occurred in the front of the house he would drop his character and address the audience.

One evening while playing Cardinal Richelieu, he espied a man in the gallery smoking a pipe; he immediately drew himself up to his full height and, pointing to the man, exclaimed in his naturally heavy tragic voice: "Put that pipe out, sir; I don't allow smoking in my theatre." Then he resumed the bent form and voice of the old French statesman."

On another occasion, Mr. Holt was playing Hamlet. Two sailors were sitting in the front row of the Pit, near the stage; they had evidently been drinking heavily and had fallen asleep. During the delivery of the famous soliloquy commencing: "To be, or not to be," one of the sailors awoke and, hearing Mr. Holt's rather monotonous tones in this somewhat lengthy self-communion, good-naturedly suggested: "Oh! sing us a comic song." Mr. Holt indignantly answered: "I will not, sir!" to which the sailor promptly replied: "Then go to hell!" and resumed his slumber.

To return to the managerial family. Mrs. Holt, who played the opposite parts to her husband, was

tall and angular. She moved with great dignity and took life and herself most seriously.

Miss May Holt was the antithesis of her mother, up to date, young, more than pretty and with advanced ideas on the conduct of woman. She read French novels, smoked cigarettes on the sly and played the principal "boy's parts" in burlesque.

Joe, or Bland Holt, her brother, was a young fellow about my own age, and like myself about to make his debut on the stage.

The company were men and women of diverse characteristics and ability, but all earnest and sincere in their profession.

In those days the old system of lines of business was strictly adhered to, so we had our leading man and leading lady, the juvenile or second lady, the first and second chambermaids, as the soubrettes were then called; the first and second old women and several utility ladies. In addition to our leading man we had a juvenile and light comedian, a heavy man, first and second low comedians, first and second old men, two walking gentlemen and several responsible utility men.

From this it will be seen that, with the addition of the manager and his family, we were numerically strong enough to play almost any tragedy, comedy or drama that might be selected.

We also had a stage manager who sometimes acted; a prompter, a call-boy and a dancing master, who instructed us in dancing and played Harlequin in the Christmas pantomime.

After the ceremony of introduction Mr. Holt informed us that the season would begin on Saturday night with a performance of Macbeth, and that on Monday a new version of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," adapted by himself and called "Out of Evil Cometh Good," would be produced. This announcement caused considerable interest among the company, and much curious inquiry each to the other as to the characters of the new play, for it was evident the distinguished French author and novel were unknown to most of them.

One of the men, a rather stout young fellow with a serious face, asked me if I knew anything of the book. I acknowledged that I had read it. The statement aroused considerable interest in me, and several of the company questioned me as to the character of the book and the leading parts in it. I briefly described it and mentioned the characters of Jean Valjean, Javert, Cosette, Fantine, etc.

A mature lady in a poke bonnet and with much jewelry eagerly inquired: "Is there any first old woman in the book?" I did not quite understand this question, but I afterward found out that this lady, to whom I was subsequently indebted for much kindness and many useful suggestions, held the position of "First Old Woman" in the company and that her anxiety was to know the nature of her part, if any, in the new play, to find out if she could wear her stage jewels and old laces, of which she possessed quite a large collection, and which she wore upon all possible occasions.

The old lady's curiosity, however, was silenced by the announcement from the prompt table that we would at once proceed to rehearse Macbeth, after which Mr. Holt would read the new play to us in the Green Room.

The cast of Macbeth was then read, and I found myself cast for the part of the second murderer, the part of the first murderer being allotted to Joe Holt, the manager's son.

I learned that the casting of a standard play was a mere matter of form to the principals of the company who knew what parts would be assigned to them, but a source of great anxiety to the lesser members, and not infrequently the subject of disagreeable discussions with the management.

On the present occasion the young man who was cast for the part of the Thane of Rosse protested energetically to the management that he was entitled to the part of Malcolm. The management thought otherwise and a lively colloquy ensued. I did not hear the beginning of the argument, but the concluding dialogue ran somewhat as follows:

Manager: You play the part of Rosse!
Actor: I do not play Rosse.
Manager: Then you leave the company!
Actor: Then I do play Rosse!

And he did.

The rehearsal of Macbeth proceeded. It was another new experience and somewhat of a revela-

tion. Two of the three witches were played by men, the first old man and the first comedian; only the third witch was played by a woman. All of the principals were familiar with their parts and movements. They did not speak their lines, but came down to cues. They came on the stage, crossed and re-crossed each other as the business of the scene demanded, with an ease and confidence begotten of experience.

Mr. Holt was, of course, Macbeth, but he had little or no instruction to give the principals, as his business and movements were conventional with the traditions of the part. Mrs. Holt, however, as Lady Macbeth, spoke all of her lines and carefully went through all of the business to the annoyance of the principals, and in spite of the somewhat impatient protests of Mr. Holt, who was anxious to get to the reading of the new play.

Miss May Holt played the part of Hecate, and all of the company, without exception, went on in the witch scenes and sang Locke's music, which was always used in the play in those days.

The time for my entrance, with my associate murderer, came at last. I did not know the words, and had no part, so I was handed a small book with a dilapidated paper cover and told to read the lines. Being horribly nervous, in a dim imperfect light, I must have made sad havoc with the text of Shakespeare, with which I must admit I was not familiar. The eye and ear of every member of the company seemed to be concentrated on me. The stage manager was some-

what impatient, but Mr. Holt was kindly indulgent and assisted me to stutter, stammer and stagger through the lines in some fashion, and I left the stage feeling myself to be a miserable failure. I was shamed and humiliated at my apparent ignorance and stupidity. I was inclined to run out of the stage door and trust to luck to get back home, when the leading man, who was to play Macduff, came over to me and, after introducing himself with gentle courtesy, suggested that if I pleased he would read the part over for me and tell me what to do in the scene. His manner and speech were so kindly that I gratefully accepted his offer, which I afterward found to be but a single instance of the general interest and instruction which not only he, but all of the principals, gave to the subordinate members of the company.

My second and only other scene I got through better, and without any special incident the rehearsal came to an end.

We then adjourned to the Green Room, where the new play was to be read to us. This proved to be a very solemn proceeding.

A table and chairs were placed in one corner of the room for Mr. Holt and his family, and other chairs in a semi-circle facing them, for the company. It was the first time I had attended such a function, and the demeanor of the reader and the company interested me greatly. Mr. Holt read with the pride of authorship, especially emphasizing the dramatic points, while the company assumed an attitude of critical wisdom.



John McCullough

I learned later on that the paramount interest of the company was not in the play, but the dramatic value of the characters that would be assigned to them.

The reading done and the author, of course, congratulated, the parts were distributed with more or less satisfaction to the recipients and we were dismissed for the day.

Before leaving London I had been induced by an old actor to buy his wardrobe, as he then had no use for it and needed the money. He had enlarged upon its value and service to me and, as I remember, I paid him five pounds for it. It consisted of several pairs of worsted tights of various colors, some shoes and boots of different periods, a few wigs and several fragments of costumes, all considerably worn but serviceable still if arranged with ingenuity, an accomplishment I found to be possessed by most of the actors and one which I speedily found it necessary to acquire myself.

All costumes, except for strictly modern plays, were provided by the management, the actor furnishing only his tights, shoes, wigs, linen, laces, etc.

The wardrobe at Sunderland was owned by an old Scotchman who traveled with it as stock in trade from place to place, and engaged himself to provide the costumes for the theatre for a season on the basis of a weekly salary.

The old Scotchman, I think his name was McDougal—at any rate he was very proud of his

name—spoke with a strong accent, wore a Glengarry cap at all times to conceal his baldness, and never for a moment permitted you to forget the distinction of his name and nationality.

He had studied national and medieval costumes, at least he said he had. He also said that he had made all of his stock in trade with his own hands, a fact of which I had no doubt, for most of his pet dresses—and he had his pets—were fearfully and wonderfully made. He was very religious, could quote Scripture, didn't smoke, but took snuff constantly, and the greatest compliment he could pay you as an evidence of his appreciation was a pinch of his favorite rappee.

Before warned of the old fellow's characteristics, I approached him with deference and asked for the costume of the second murderer. He looked at me with some curiosity and said: "Ye're a pretty frail bit of a body to play sic ana part as the murderer. Ye should be a mon o' maturity."

This was rather discouraging, but I assured him I would try and assume those conditions. He then told me I would have to bare my arms, and asked to see them. I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves, when he exclaimed, "Saints alive, they're naught but pipe stems!"

It was unfortunately true, but, I suggested they might be concealed.. "Weel a weel, I'll aid ye if I can," he responded and selected a skirted garment of a rough brown material which he called a shirt—and a shapeless piece of cloth which he instructed me to drape at my back like a

cloak. He also gave me a Scotch bonnet. I was to wear a pair of flesh-colored tights and sandals with cloth or braid garterings to the knee, something like the puttee of our modern soldier. He also furnished me with a gray domino and hood, with which articles I was to cover the costume to appear as a witch.

Thus equipped, I awaited with increasing anxiety and nervousness the coming of the eventful night. I was letter perfect in my part, but I kept repeating it until the words seemed to be engraved upon my mind.

In those days, in England, the doors of the theatre were opened at half past six, and the performance began at 7 o'clock. I went to the theatre about five o'clock. Mat, the old stage doorkeeper, laughed as I came in, carrying a small bundle containing my tights, sandals, etc., but he wished me luck as I passed him down the passage.

The dressing-room was a long, bare room with dressers running its entire length on both sides. At the far end was a table with several wash bowls and pitchers of water and beneath the table several empty pails. A number of stools and chairs of various conditions were arranged in front of the dressers, and a plentiful supply of hooks was furnished by a frame running down the center of the room. The whitewashed walls had been decorated by faces and figures drawn with burnt cork and colored with rouge; some of these remarkably well done, the work of former occupants during their waits.

I modestly selected a remote corner and proceeded to dress for my part. I had some difficulty in getting into my tights and sandals, particularly the former, which, being a trifle large for me, would ruck and bag on my limbs. However, I succeeded in getting the costume on, and, with the addition of a wired beard and a long-haired wig, I was fully dressed and equipped by the time the first of my comrades arrived. He was followed shortly by others, all bringing their bundles or baskets. They selected their dressing places without confusion, the younger men yielding to the elder, and readily rendering assistance to each other in arranging draperies or in any other slight service that might be required. No mirrors were provided, but each actor furnished his own hand glass to make up, and when fully dressed went downstairs to the Green Room, where there was a full length mirror, to survey the effect.

I followed their example, and for the first time saw myself in costume and make-up. The result was somewhat startling. I must admit I had little knowledge of archæology or acquaintance with murderers, but I certainly looked capable of murdering anybody.

The call boy summoned the actors for the first act, and with last glimpses in the long glass they promptly responded. I followed to the stage and found myself in a crowd of Scottish Thanes and soldiers of Macbeth's army, and barely missed a premature appearance, for I seemed to get in everybody's way just at the time they were about



H. J. Montague as Capt. Molyneux in "The Shaughraun"

to make their entrances. I was requested to move by the principals, ordered to get out by the carpenters and jostled out of the way by the supernumeraries.

Sadly, I returned to the Green Room, where I found my associate murderer, Joe Holt. He had assisted his father to dress, and was now dressed himself. I looked him over and came to the conclusion that as a murderer "he had nothing on me."

CHAPTER III.

Experiences in a Provincial Stock Company.

Joe assumed an air of confidence I knew he did not feel. I tried to put on a bold front, but it was a poor attempt. We began to go over our lines together when the second act was called—the act in which Joe and I were to appear.

We went to the wings—the act progressed. Macbeth dispatched Seyton to summon the murderers. The cue was given and Seyton preceded us. Joe went on, and some one gave me a push and I was on the scene with him, before the audience! I felt a chill run through me, my knees trembled, my skin broke into gooseflesh, my sight seemed to fade, everything before me was black.

The lines of Macbeth in the acting version are somewhat curtailed and transposed from the full text, and run as follows:

Macbeth:

"Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours forever?"

First Murderer:

"I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world."

Second Murderer:

"And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't."

I have a vague remembrance of hearing the deep voice of Mr. Holt, as Macbeth, asking us the above question, and of Joe's trembling tones in reply:

"I am one, my liege——"

and there he stuck dead.

The voice of Macbeth rumbled "Go on! go on!" and a voice from the wings, "Speak, Warde, speak."

So, I spoke: "And I another——" then I stuck dead.

What followed is not very clear in my mind. Macbeth seemed to say in an angry voice, something like "Get off the stage, you idiots!" and at the same time the prompter from the wings shouted "Come off, come off!" and by some means or another we got off.

I looked ruefully at Joe, Joe looked at me, but our feelings were too deep for words. However, Miss May Holt (Hecate), who had watched the debut of her brother and my own with some interest, broke the silence and said: "Well, I have seen

a good many murderers in my time, but you two are the worst of the whole lot."

I anticipated nothing less than immediate dismissal by the manager, and ridicule from the company, after the terrible fiasco, and hurried in shame and humiliation to the dressing room to doff my costume and return to private life. But I met only good natured laughter and encouraging words from the company. Even Mr. Holt, at the conclusion of the play, smiled and said: "Forget it, my boy, you'll do better next time."

On the following Monday we produced Mr. Holt's version of Les Miserables and played it a week, a long run for a town like Sunderland. Then began the routine of the season's work.

Visiting stars in the dramatic firmament came at intervals, real stars, men and women who had won their places by ability and achievement, and who were supported by our resident company. At other times, the standard dramas and London successes were played by the company without a star.

Rehearsals were frequent and thorough, but never very long. The leading actors knew their business, required little direction, and invariably gave the younger members of the company the benefit of their knowledge and experience, and we received it with gratitude and appreciation.

On the days when no play was rehearsed, the utility ladies and gentlemen were called and the stage manager would rehearse them in a series of imaginary situations. For instance, he would order the carpenters to set a chamber scene, with

center doors and doors R. and L., and the property man to set tables and chairs upon the scene. Then he would instruct one of us to assume the part of a gentleman, to use his silk hat, light overcoat, cane, etc., another to act as a servant, and one of the ladies to assume the character of hostess. The footman would announce the gentleman, the gentleman would hand his hat and coat to the footman, the lady would advance to receive him, they would sit down, hold an imaginary conversation, the gentleman would rise, take his leave, the servant re-enter, give gentleman his hat and coat and show him out.

We would continue for two hours in such practice, with varying incidents, giving us an ease and knowledge of deportment and manners in polite society. Another morning we would rehearse struggles, seizures and arrests and the stronger action of melodramas.

I cannot remember at this time the sequence of our visiting stars, but I recall the personalities and performances of several of them, notably, Mr. Samuel Phelps, a tragedian, and a great actor. He belonged to the methodical school of Macready, his reading, movement and business being studied and precise; nothing left to chance or circumstance, but worked out like a problem in Euclid.

He played such parts as Hamlet, Macbeth, Wolsey, Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, etc. Mr. Phelps took himself seriously and never lost his dignity. He had a dresser or valet, a cockney, who with the typical humor of his class for invert-

ing personalities, used to call his master—of whom he stood in wholesome awe—"Playful Sam."

Mr. Phelps was rehearsing Macbeth, our heavy leading lady rehearsing the part of Lady Macbeth. It was not considered good form to act at rehearsal, there being an old saying, "A good actor at rehearsal is a bad actor at night," but our Lady Macbeth, desiring to make a good impression on the eminent star, acted at rehearsal for all she was worth. In the banquet scene where Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo at the table and suggests appropriate terror, Lady Macbeth fell on her knees and frantically grasped her husband round the waist.

Mr. Phelps, disconcerted by the lady's action, stopped the rehearsal and wounded the poor lady to the quick by exclaiming: "For God's sake, don't claw me about in that way, madam." The tragic stars were sometimes cruel and tyrannical in those days.

Mr. Phelps would never rehearse after 2 o'clock. His irreverent valet asserted with a strong cockney accent: "Playful Sam always goes to his garbage at two," meaning to convey the information that his master, Mr. Samuel Phelps, always took his luncheon at that hour.

It was during Mr. Phelps's engagement I received my first newspaper notice. I have lost the clipping, but I learned the words by heart and still remember them. The play was Hamlet; I had played Rosencrantz, and the notice was as follows:

"Mr. Warde as Rosencrantz deserves praise;

despite an evident nervousness, he spoke his lines clearly, with good discretion and in pure educated English. Let this gentleman, who is very young, study hard, observe human nature closely and concentrate his mind on the parts allotted to him in his novitiate, and he will one day make a name in the profession he has adopted.''

A large portion of my salary went that week for copies of the paper and in postage to mail them to my friends.

Another star who played with us was the beautiful Adelaide Neilson, who was making a tour of the smaller towns in the provinces before her London debut. What a beautiful woman she was and already a fine actress, though by no means the great artist that subsequently fascinated and captured the hearts of two continents. She had studied under a grand old actor named John Ryder, and not only played Juliet, Rosalind and other great Shakespearean heroines, but also appeared as ''Margery'' in a farce called ''The Rough Diamond.''

In this farce she had a very rapid change of dress from a lady to a country girl, and in the latter costume had to re-enter upon the stage, and discover another lady in a compromising situation with a gentleman. The latter was on his knee with his lips on the lady's hand, exclaiming: ''For the last time I kiss your hand.''

The lady and gentleman were in position, the cue was given, but no Margery appeared. A sec-

ond time the cue was given; no Margery. And again, for the third time, the gentleman spoke.

I was playing a footman, and thinking the gentleman had forgotten his line, threw it to him from the wings, when he turned to me, and said: "I have kissed the lady's hand three times. I don't propose to kiss it again."

Margery finally appeared and the farce proceeded to its conclusion.

Miss Lydia Thompson, the burlesque actress, played a week with us in several light or genteel comedies in which she sang several songs. She was another beautiful woman, with a very sweet voice.

In one of the comedies, I think it was "The Little Treasure," one or two songs were interpolated. Miss Thompson gave the cue for the leader of the orchestra to play the prelude to her accompaniment, but that gentleman was fast asleep on his seat. She gave the cue a second time in a louder tone, and one or two of the orchestra tried to arouse their leader, but without success.

Miss Thompson became very angry and, taking a good-sized book from a table near her, flung it with such accurate aim that it struck the leader fairly on the side of the head and knocked him off his seat. The poor man hastily retired amid the laughter of the audience, while the repetiteur took up the accompaniment and Miss Thompson sang her song to the delight and applause of the house.

Several other stars came to us during the Fall, including the American actor, George Fawcett

Rowe, who appeared in a really marvelous performance of Wilkins Micawber in a dramatization of Charles Dickens' novel of David Copperfield called "Little Em'ly."

So the season progressed, and from my brief enumeration of the number and variety of the plays produced it may readily be seen what a splendid experience it was for a young actor and what a solid foundation it laid for future study and work.

As a body the men and women of the company were not of especial culture, but they were all of a kindly disposition. Their experiences of life and familiarity with dramatic literature had been an education, and the strict observance of professional etiquette and politeness, which was an inexorable rule in the theatre, and the necessary training for deportment and elegance in the comedies of manners—which were then very popular—gave them an air of good breeding and a cordial good fellowship existed between them. At that time stock actors had little or no social standing, so we were dependent upon ourselves for social entertainment.

We lived in lodgings. We gave only six performances a week. There were no matinees, or "morning performances" as we call them, nor did we play or rehearse on Sundays; so we had considerable leisure to visit and enjoy many social hours together. Thus we became familiar with and interested in each other's personal and domestic affairs. Little teas and suppers were very

pleasant and interesting gatherings, filled with stories, anecdotes and experiences—to me, a neophyte, they were a revelation of the joys, sorrows and vicissitudes of an actor's life.

I do not think many of them knew the meaning or significance of philosophy, but with what a philosophic resignation they regarded their varying fortunes! They might all have indorsed Hamlet's assertion: "There's nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so." They accepted their successes as a matter of course and endured their misfortunes without complaint.

I have heard much at times of the jealousy among players and great artists. I have known many, but observed very little feeling of that sort among the players. On the contrary, I have found the most generous spirit of appreciation and mutual assistance among them. At Sunderland they were always ready to give a comrade points and business in a part with which they were familiar and to lend him properties and articles of wardrobe that might be of advantage to his appearance.

The wardrobe of an actor or actress was not as elaborate as it is today, nor were we quite as archæologically correct in our costumes as now. As I have said, the main wardrobe was provided for the gentlemen, but the ladies provided their own, and though it might have been limited, an experienced actress could make it very effective by clever management.

The principal and most prized possession of a heavy leading lady was a dress of black velvet.

This was worn, with slight variations and the addition of many jewels, for Queens, Dowagers, etc. The juvenile lady's pride was her white satin dress that served for most of the classic heroines, while a simple white muslin with different colored sashes and ribbons was very effective for modern young ladies; and a gray or black dress for the poor and persecuted ones.

The soubrette, or chambermaid, usually had a variety of short cotton dresses for servants, and neat little tuck-ups for the merrie mountain maids and pert little characters in comedietta and farce.

The difficulty with the men seemed to be with the modern wardrobe, especially when full evening dress was required, and I have seen many ingenious devices used to make a presentable appearance as a debonair man of fashion by an actor whose sartorial possessions were limited.

I especially recall the device of one ingenious gentleman, who, having no white shirt available for his full dress, took a large sheet of white paper, drew a few lines down it with a pencil to represent the plaits, stuck three small pieces of gilt paper down the front for the studs, and really made a most creditable appearance as a well-dressed gentleman.

On another occasion, the same actor, requiring a pair of epaulettes for a military costume, procured some tinfoil for the base and some gilt paper for the fringe, and with it cleverly attached to his shoulders was fully equipped in martial array. I have often, myself, sewed a gold stripe down the

sides of my evening dress trousers and with some frogs of cord pinned on my Prince Albert coat made a fair looking young officer in undress uniform.

I enjoyed the possession of a dark plum-colored velvet jacket, quite a distingue and fashionable garment at that period. It was the envy of the entire company. I had little opportunity to wear it myself for the unimportant parts I played, but before the season was very old it had been worn by nearly every male member for one part or another until the management finally requested me "to withdraw it from circulation."

At length it became time to prepare for the Christmas pantomime, the most important production of the season. The carpenters, scenic artists and costumers were busy with their preparations of the mechanical devices, scenery and dresses, which were to be very elaborate; the company rehearsing the lines and business; the ballet preparing their dances and the pantomimists their tricks. It was indeed a busy time.

The Christmas pantomime has never been popular in this country, but is an established institution in English theatres, or at least it was at that time.

It consisted of a burlesque opening, founded on a fancy of fairyland or Mother Goose stories, followed by a very elaborate transformation scene with elaborate mechanical effects and concluding with a harlequinade in which the clown, pantaloon, harlequin and columbine frolicked in prac-

tical fun. It was the joy of the children as well as of their elders, who forgot the cares and anxieties of life in the riot of exuberant fancy and nonsense.

I played the policeman in the latter part of the production and was the victim of all of the merry clown's tricks. To steal and belabor the poor "Bobby" with his own club, which at first was a harmless cylinder of canvas stuffed with straw, but which from constant use, became as hard as the real thing, was the clown's favorite pastime, and by the time the pantomime had run its course I was nearly black and blue all over from the drubbings I had nightly received at his hands. A pantomime ran for several weeks successfully, and we then resumed the routine of the earlier season's work.

About the middle of March we were disagreeably surprised by a notice from the management that the season would close at once. This was a very serious matter to many of the company who had reasonably anticipated that their engagements would continue until the end of May, which was the usual time for terminating a season; but domestic differences between Mr. and Mrs. Holt brought a premature finish to their management of the theatre.

CHAPTER IV.

Varied Experiences of Good and Bad Fortune.

Mr. Hudspeth and Mr. Loom were respectively the first comedian and the first old man of the company, and the prospect of a long interval of unemployment by the unforeseen closing of the season at Sunderland meant serious embarrassment for them. They decided to try a Spring and Summer season with a "Fit-up," and a small company of players who were willing to risk a chance of remuneration, to give comediettas and farces in the small towns of Durham and Northumberland. I was engaged to join them at a prospective salary of eighteen shillings per week.

Our "Fit-up" was a framework to serve as a proscenium from which lateral and cross pieces of wood, strongly supported, were built, on which we hung our drops and worked our wings. The drops and wings were painted on both sides, one interior the other exterior, and were easily turned as occasion required. The frame of the proscenium was covered with attractive wallpaper and we could usually make a gas attachment for footlights. The "Fit-up" was of simple construction, and could readily be put up in a small hall or

assembly-room, and when completed made a very pretty and effective setting as a theatre.

Our first stand was in the Town Hall at Morpeth, little more than a village. The main difficulty was to obtain lodgings, the local people having little confidence in or respect for play-actors; but we were finally located.

We gave several performances to very small houses and then moved to Berwick-on-Tweed, a somewhat larger and more important town. There we erected our "Fit-up" in the assembly room of the principal inn. It was one of those English inns that Dickens describes so delightfully. You entered a courtyard through a large stone arch. The assembly room was built in the rear at right angles with the main building, across and above the court-yard. It was in this room that the quarter sessions, assizes and public meetings were held.

We hired lumber to build the platform, which was to serve for our stage and erected our fit-up on the top of it. We opened to a rather encouraging house, and the management gave each of us a few shillings on account of our salaries, which, up to this time, had not been paid. In the interim I had parted with my watch, scarf pin and finger ring as collateral to meet current expenses and aid my less fortunate comrades.

The Berwick public, however, did not continue its patronage and our business was very bad indeed. The management then decided to make an extra effort to attract the public and announced a

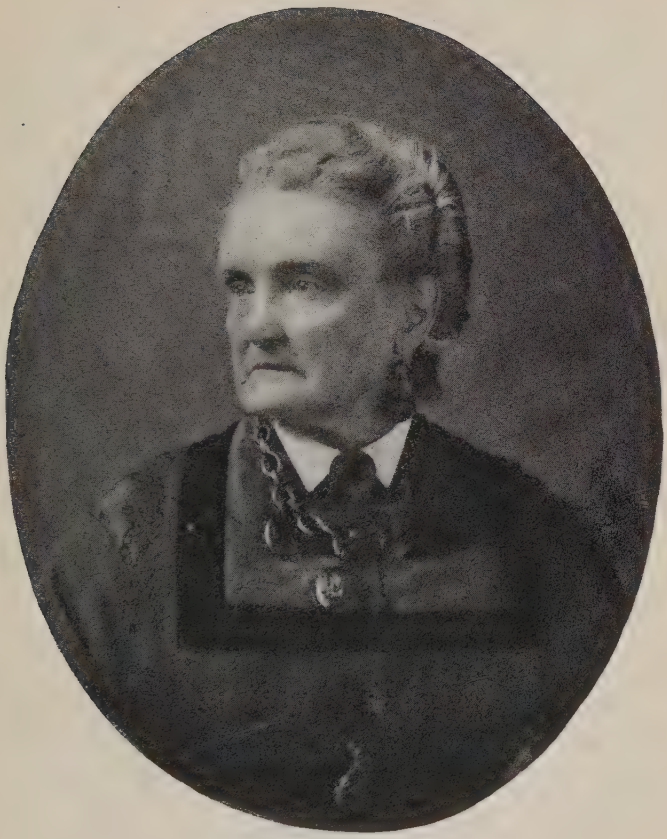
special performance of "The Colleen Bawn," a very popular Irish play, and procured some pictorial printing to advertise it.

Our scenery was adequate to the play with the exception of a cave supposed to be located on the Irish coast. This cave should have a practical rock in the center, surrounded by water. For the scene itself and the wings, we procured some large sheets of heavy brown paper, glued them together, cutting out the cave arch, and with some black and green paint coloring the paper to look like rocks, and then cut out the cave arch.

For the water we stretched strips of blue tarleton across the scene on strings. The difficulty was with the rock for the center, from which the villain, Danny Mann, was to push Eily O'Connor, the heroine, into the water. At last the difficulty was solved. My large wicker basket, in which I carried my costumes, was to be covered with brown paper, painted, and serve as the rock.

We had secured the patronage of the commander and officers of the county militia, then in training at Berwick, and had quite a good house. The play proceeded very well until we came to the cave scene, which looked real and received some applause. But we had no boat; in fact, with our limited accommodations we had no room for a boat. There was no help for it, and Danny and Eily walked through the water to the scene of the dramatic event.

This created some amusement, but it was nothing to what followed. Danny and Eily climbed



Charlotte Cushman

upon the "rock," but the weight of two persons was too much for the lid of the basket, which promptly gave way, and Danny and Eily sank knee deep into my wardrobe. The more they struggled the deeper they got and the more entangled in my clothes. They tried to speak the dialogue of the scene, but they could not hold their footing, and constantly fell against each other. Finally, with Danny's assistance, Eily scrambled out of the basket and fell in the water, and Danny fell in after her.

This was too much for the audience, who howled with laughter, and though we earnestly tried to interest them in the concluding scenes of the play, our production of "The Colleen Bawn" ended ignominiously.

The news of our mishap spread quickly and the ridicule it excited compelled us to close our engagement. The management gave us each a few shillings out of the receipts, but most of us were indebted for our food and lodgings so that when they were paid, we had little or nothing left; in truth we were practically stranded and penniless.

The management made every effort to do something for us, and finally succeeded in engaging the schoolhouse to give three little plays in a small town called Aytoun, some eight miles from Berwick, across the Scottish border. The rent, I subsequently learned, was to be five shillings. I pawned my sole remaining luxury of other days, my traveling rug, and furnished the means to pay the railroad fares of the three ladies who were to

take part; but the men, seven of them including myself, had to walk to Aytoun and carry their small belongings.

A young steward from the gunboat station in the Tweed, to protect the salmon fisheries, accompanied us. I had had little food for three days except some bread and butter, and I don't think any of the others had fared better; but we started off on our eight-mile walk with that hope and confidence which is so characteristic of the actor.

Our road lay along the cliffs, with the North Sea on one side and the Cheviot Hills, covered with heather, on the other. There were no houses by the road and only a few fishermen's huts down by the shore, but about half way we came to a roadside tavern. Our steward had a shilling—it was the only money in the party—and he spent it for two quarts of ale, which we drank between us, and merrily continued our journey, the steward playing a concertina he had brought with him and which was to be our orchestra for the evening's performance.

We arrived at Aytoun late in the afternoon, erected the "Fit-up" in the schoolhouse, hung the scenery and patiently awaited our fortune and a meal. The doors were to open at half past six and the performance to begin at 7 o'clock; but, much to our consternation, we learned there was to be a parade and review of the local Volunteer Company of Aytoun that evening. Nevertheless, we opened the doors at the usual time but at half

past seven, there was only three shillings and six pence in the house and no signs of any more.

It was useless to wait longer, so we returned the money to our would-be patrons and gave up the enterprise. We took down our "Fit-up," rolled up our scenery, laid it away, and, weary, hungry and discouraged, started about 9 o'clock on our return tramp of eight miles to Berwick-on-Tweed.

I don't know how the others got home, but I escorted Mrs. Hudspeth, her husband having gone to Liverpool in search of an engagement, and that poor lady, who expected soon to become a mother, was in deep distress, sobbing nearly all the way. It was certainly a long and weary return journey over that bleak north country road. We reached Berwick some time near midnight, and after taking Mrs. Hudspeth to her lodging, I retired to mine.

The life of an actor did not appear so attractive to me at that time, and I am afraid I yielded to tears when I was alone in my room, for I was very young, and oh! so hungry!

An empty stomach is a poor support for pride; it conquered mine. In the morning I decided to telegraph home for money. But how get the money to pay for the telegram? The fat, ruddy-cheeked landlord of the inn had been very kind, so I went to him. He was in apron and shirt sleeves, presiding at the taps in the bar parlor. I told my tale and asked for the loan of a shilling to send the telegram.

He was a shrewd north countryman and hesi-

tated between good nature and discretion, finally saying: "I'll talk to the missus," whereupon he called her from the kitchen. A plump, good looking woman, a fit companion in face and figure for her husband, she came into the bar parlor, wiping flour from her bare arms on her apron, and smiling with the content of health and prosperity. The landlord explained my errand. I suppose I looked rather woebegone, for his wife said: "Poor lad; thou look'st fairly sick." Then to her husband: "John, put on thy coat, and go with th' lad to th' office and send his telegram."

We went, the message was sent, and the landlord took me back to the inn. The good wife asked me if I had had my breakfast. This was too much for me. I broke down and confessed that I had eaten little for three days. She raised her hands in horror, and, seating me at one of the tables, spread a white cloth over it, brought in half of a pigeon pie, part of a boiled ham, bread, butter and cheese, and placed it all before me. The landlord himself fetched a pint of ale, but the wife remonstrated: "No, a mug of milk will do him more good," she said.

She trotted off and brought it, and I enjoyed one of the grandest meals I ever ate. I have attended many banquets and dined at many tables, but none can compare with that breakfast in the bar parlor of the inn at Berwick-on-Tweed. My host and hostess have long since passed away, but their memory is still cherished in my heart with love and gratitude.



George Rignold as Henry V.

The following morning I received a remittance of five pounds ($25) from home. I rescued my watch, ring and pin, and, of course, my traveling rug (for a prosperous gentleman could not dispense with that) from the pawnbrokers, gave a little something to each of the members of the company, said good-by to the landlord and his good wife—God bless them!—took the train to Newcastle and a boat from there to London.

And so ended my first season on the stage.

During the summer months I made application to the managers of the various theatres royal in the country and succeeded in obtaining an engagement for "Responsible Utility," a grade above my position at Sunderland, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, in Scotland.

The Theatre Royal, Glasgow, was one of the most important theatres outside of London. The company was a large one and included, in addition to the regular lines of business, ladies and gentlemen especially engaged for Scotch parts.

The Scottish people are very sensitive to the pronunciation of their national tongue and we gave many plays during the season that had a local appeal and required a correct expression of both the Highland and Lowland dialects, which, by the way, differ materially.

Several of the company at Glasgow had been many years at the theatre, notably Mr. Fitzroy, the first old man, and Mr. Lloyd, the first comedian. These gentlemen now were both well ad-

vanced in years, and at the beginning of each season were located in the same dressing room, but it was a tradition that before many weeks were over they would quarrel over some trifling difference of opinion and separate. This season was no exception to the rule. Yet they were both fine old actors, had a mutual respect and esteem for each other, and their differences were only a matter of temperament.

The policy of the theatre was similar to that of Sunderland, visiting stars, and stock performances.

The discipline and system of the theatre was admirable; punctuality imperative. To be late for a rehearsal was regarded not only as a dereliction of duty, but an insult to the stage director and the company. Ten minutes' margin was allowed for difference in clocks; after that you were subject to a reproof for the first offence, a financial forfeit for the second and probable dismissal for the third. To hold the curtain or make a stage wait was a crime.

There were two Green Rooms at Glasgow. One for the principals and another for the utility ladies and gentlemen, and the ballet. As I was engaged for "responsible utility," I had the privilege of the first.

The Green Room of the theatre is an institution that has unfortunately disappeared.

It was a large room usually located within easy distance of the stage, plainly but comfortably fur-

nished and intended for the personal convenience of the ladies and gentlemen of the company.

A full length mirror was generally found on one side of the room to enable the actor to see his full costume and make-up, and on a table a copy of Johnson's dictionary for reference in case of a disputed pronunciation.

It was to the Green Room that the actors came when called for rehearsal and when dressed for their parts in the evening. From it they were summoned by the call boy when required on the stage.

Conversation was subdued and perfect etiquette was observed.

On rare occasions visitors were permitted, but it was a courtesy extended to few. Now, in the old theatres the Green Room has been relegated to the property man and in the majority of new ones it does not exist.

At the beginning of my Glasgow season I commenced a diary, but I regret to say that I continued it for but a few weeks. I did, however, keep a record of the parts I played, and I find that during the season commencing September 7, 1868, and terminating May 28, 1869, I appeared in eighty different plays in parts varying in length from one to fifty lines. In explanation of this, it must be remembered that it was not unusual to give three plays in one evening. A light comedy or farce to play the audience in, then the featured drama or tragedy, and a broad farce to play the audience out.

Our performances may at times have lacked the finish of modern productions, but they were given with a spontaneous sincerity and vigor that was convincing and impressive.

Miss Bateman, our first star, was an American actress, who had made a great success both in England and her own country as "Leah, the Jewish maiden." She was the daughter of the Mr. Bateman who first presented Henry Irving, as a star, to the British public. It was the foresight and enterprise of an American that gave Irving the opportunity to demonstrate his genius, and started him on the road to distinction and success.

Charles Dillon, who followed Miss Bateman, was a great actor. His Belphegor was one of the most beautiful and pathetic performances I ever witnessed. I also had the advantage of playing with him in Othello and King Lear. His presentation of Othello was a noble performance, full of oriental color in all its earlier phases. In the tenderness and pathos of the later scenes, I have never seen it surpassed. His Lear was superb!

Lady Don and Miss Augusta Thompson played and sang in musical comediettas.

John L. Toole, of whom I shall speak at length later, played a brief engagement in his comedy parts, and Miss Marriott in tragedy. Among other parts Miss Marriott played Hamlet. I have never seen a woman as Hamlet before, and I cannot say that it impressed me favorably. Miss Marriott was mature, and her feminine figure was largely in evidence, which somewhat marred the

illusion of a youthful prince, but her reading of the lines was splendid.

Miss Marriott in private life was the wife of Mr. Robert Edgar, a humorous gentleman, whose delight it was to amaze and confuse Shakespearean scholars, and theorists on Hamlet, by asserting that "Hamlet was a married woman and he could prove it by official records." When called upon for his authority, he would produce his certificate of marriage to Miss Marriott.

The Christmas pantomime followed. A gorgeous production founded on "The Travels of Gulliver," which ran for more than six weeks, the principal part in which was played by G. W. Anson, a young actor who subsequently achieved distinction in England, in Australia and in this country, and I am happy to say is still delighting audiences here with his fine ability, mellowed by time, study and experience.

The principal actors in the company usually took "Benefits" toward the close of the season—a custom now happily extinct, but then a part of their contract. The actor chose his play, with the approval of the management, and took a clear third of the night's receipts, his particular friends and admirers rallying to his support.

There was also a "general ticket night," when the subordinate actors received half of the value of the tickets they could sell. It was a recognized institution, and I must admit I have taken advantage of it, but it always seemed to me, except in a case of actual necessity, to be a humiliation to

the actor and an imposition on his friends. However, in some instances it gave the public an opportunity to show their appreciation of the actor's talents and to demonstrate their esteem for him.

CHAPTER V.

Progress and Promotion.

The loyalty of British theatre-goers to their favorite actors is a characteristic of that country. It is not the case of being idolized today and discarded tomorrow. Esteem and respect grow with time; admiration begets affection, and the actor is not merely the entertainer of the passing hour, but a friend who has a place in their hearts, and is a factor in their lives.

During the Spring season Sims Reeves, the great tenor, came to us appearing in Rob Roy and Guy Mannering, drawing immense audiences and charming them with his wonderful voice in the incidental and interpolated songs.

Herr Formes, a popular operatic basso with dramatic aspirations, played a week with us in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. He gave a remarkable performance of Shylock with a deep guttural German accent. Before the end of the week Herr Formes' ambitions as a tragedian had ceased to be.

Our season of forty weeks came to an end about the last of May, and with it, the existence of the old Theatre Royal. The patent which gave it the title "Royal" was transferred to the Prince of

Wales' Theatre in the Cowcaddens, which afterward enjoyed the distinction.

Rob Roy was the play chosen for the last night. The house was packed. At the conclusion of the play the entire company and the audience stood and sang "Auld Lang Syne," on the last notes of which the curtain of the old Royal, in Dunlap street fell for the last time.

A tour of the industrial towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire with a company supporting John L. Toole, the comedian, in which Henry Irving was the leading man, delightfully commenced the following season. I say delightfully, for Mr. Toole was a most genial gentleman, and the principals of the company were ladies and gentlemen of personal charm and great ability.

Mr. Irving had not then achieved his great success that culminated in his knighthood, but he was a fine, well trained actor of striking personality that gave great distinction to every part that he played.

Our repertoire consisted of a number of little comedies and farces, including "Dearer Than Life," "Uncle Dick's Darling," especially written for Mr. Toole, "Oliver Twist" and several others. I was engaged for the walking gentleman, but another young man (E. T. Webber) about my own age and experience was also engaged for the same line of parts, it being understood that the one of us who was the best dressed on and off the stage should have the better parts.

The company assembled at Rochdale, in York-



Adelaide Neilson as Juliet

shire. Tom Webber and myself found lodgings in a small hotel kept by a typical Yorkshireman. On Sunday morning Tom and I came downstairs together to go to church, both dressed in our best, and each eyeing the other critically. The landlord, standing at the foot of the stairs exclaimed: "Eh! lads! thou doesn't favor actors, thou look'st like gentlemen." We both laughed heartily, forgot our rivalry and were close friends for the remainder of the season.

There was an old saying among the actors of that time, paraphrased from the Litany: "From Hell, Hull and Halifax, good Lord deliver us." We did not visit the first named place, but we did fine business at Hull and Halifax. At the latter town, Irving asked me if I would like to join him in the morning and walk to Huddersfield, our next stand, a short journey of twelve miles. I eagerly accepted his invitation, and, leaving our hand baggage with the property man, we started on our tramp. It was a lovely autumn morning, and at a good pace we strode along the splendid roads of old England, smoking our briar root pipes and swinging our heavy walking sticks.

We came upon a roadside inn, stopped for a bite and a sup, sat under a "spreading chestnut tree," and with the appetites of plowmen tackled a meal of bread, butter, cheese and a mug of ale; the bread and butter, home made and fresh, and the cheese and ale mellowed by time.

Some years later, Sir Henry Irving (he had then been knighted) entertained me at an elabo-

rate dinner in this country, and we talked over the rustic meal two prospective tragedians had taken on the road to Huddersfield years ago, and both agreed that the former meal was the most enjoyable.

At the termination of our tour with Mr. Toole, the company, with the exception of Mr. Irving, went to the Amphitheatre at Leeds for the season, under the same management. The Amphitheatre was an old house that had been devoted to lurid melodrama, and the more refined policy of the new management was not successful, so they gave it up, and the proprietor decided to run it on the old lines.

I was retained as leading man and stage manager, a wonderful promotion for a young actor of my brief experience, but thanks to the co-operation of the company and the indulgence of the public, I held the position satisfactorily.

I had many amusing experiences with our melodramatic stars, one of which I recall.

The star for the week was a "Dog-man," that is to say, he brought with him two trained dogs that appeared in the play. They seized the villain when he was attacking the hero, rescued the heroine in distress, brought in the lost will at the critical moment, or something of that sort. The play was "The Forest of Bondy, or the Dog of Montargis." It was to have run for the week, but it did not please.

The proprietor sent for me and instructed me to

change the bill. I knew the star had no repertoire, so I asked what play he would suggest.

He replied: "Give 'em some Shakespeare, put up Hamlet."

I found our Dog-man star, and told him of the manager's suggestion. He was delighted with it. Said he: "A good idea. Use the dogs,—Hamlet's dog, let him seize the King in the last act."

I inquired if he had ever played Hamlet. He replied, "No, but that's all right, I'll wing the beggar," meaning that he would read over the lines in the wings and then go on and speak them before they had left his memory.

As Hamlet speaks considerably more than a thousand lines, this was a startling proposition. However, I called a rehearsal for the following morning. Our Dog-man came with a book of the play he had bought on his way to rehearsal. He separated the uncut leaves with a letter opener and began to read the part. Its length surprised him, and turning to me he remarked in a strong Cockney dialect, "The bloomin' Dane cackles, don't he, Cully?"

He floundered through the first scene until he reached Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "Oh, that this too solid flesh would melt," etc. That was too much for him. He admitted defeat and departed abruptly, taking his dogs with him. We substituted stock plays to fill out the week.

Fortune took me to a minor theatre in Manchester in the spring, and I was so fortunate as to attract the attention of Mr. Charles Calvert,

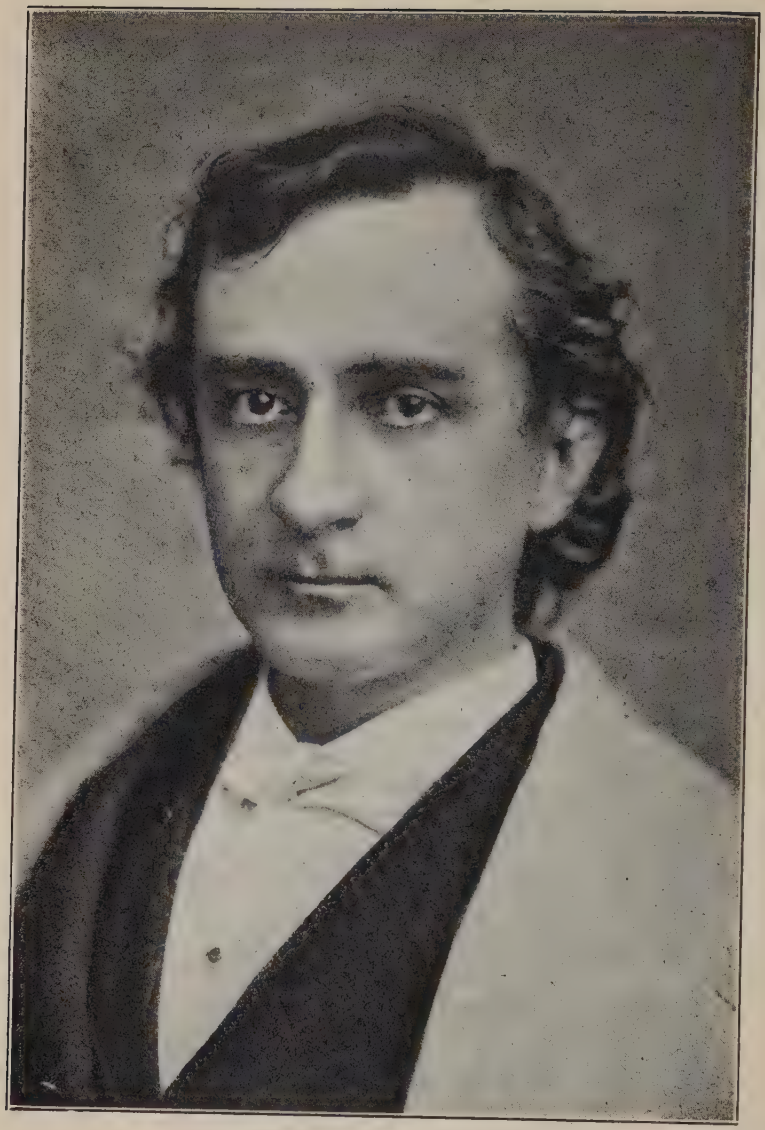
manager of the Prince's Theatre in that city. He offered me an engagement, which I gladly accepted.

The Prince's Theatre, Manchester, was probably the finest in England, outside of London. It was owned by an American, Mr. Boston Brown, whose means, liberality and good taste beautified the front of the house, while the ability and culture of Mr. Calvert controlled the stage.

The distinguishing features of the Prince's Theatre under Mr. Calvert's management were revivals of Shakespeare's plays, which were produced with so much elaboration of detail, archæological accuracy and wealth of scenery that they attracted the attention of the entire country.

It was in this splendid atmosphere I spent the next two years. Mr. Calvert was good enough to take great interest in my career and gave me the advantage of his ripe experience and scholarship, encouraging me to study the great characters of Shakespeare, and really laid the foundation of what subsequently became the ambition and work of my life.

The first Shakespearean production in which I was engaged was "Richard the Third" played from the full text of the poet. The usual acting edition of "Richard III" is a greatly curtailed version of the play, with passages from other plays, and interpolations by Colley Cibber. This version has been used by tragedians for many years and is very popular still, but many of the characters and incidents of the original text are



Edwin Booth

omitted, and many passages and climaxes made exceedingly melodramatic and theatric.

Our production was very massive and elaborate. The dresses, armors, weapons, banners and heraldic devices were all reproduced from competent authorities and a panorama and pageant of medieval splendor was the result.

I do not remember the cast of all of the characters, but Mr. Calvert played Richard and gave a splendid performance of the part. Mrs. Calvert was Queen Elizabeth, and I was cast for Lord Hastings.

"Richard the Third" ran for twelve weeks to enormous business, after which Mr. Toole, the comedian, played a brief engagement and then the Christmas pantomime was produced.

The subject was "Bluebeard," and I was cast for that much married reprobate. I played it in a vein of burlesque tragedy, and in spite of the fact that I had both to sing and to dance, accomplishments in which I was sadly deficient, I was quite a success. The production was a spectacle of oriental splendor and magnificance, the transformation scene being especially beautiful. This particular scene was called "The Nativity of Venus," and at the conclusion of our run was purchased by Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, the American managers, and brought to New York.

Following the run of the pantomime, Miss Adelaide Neilson, then the most beautiful and popular actress on the English stage, came to us for a lengthy engagement.

Her repertoire included "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Lady of Lyons."

When I had met the lady some four years before I played very small parts with her, but now I was Romeo, Orlando and Claude Melnotte, the opposite leading parts to the star.

Miss Neilson played with realistic emotion and passion, and as I was a young man full of vigor and enthusiasm, I responded. The result was quite a sensation, particularly in "Romeo and Juliet." Juliet's tears and kisses were real and her embraces earnest and sincere. One critic remarked to me: "You were both so intense in the garden scene I fully expected to see Juliet jump down from the balcony into your arms, or you to climb up to hers, and I wouldn't have blamed you if you had."

"Romeo and Juliet" ran four weeks. We then presented "As You Like It," and I don't think Rosalind ever had a better representative than Miss Nielson.

In the part of Orlando, in "As You Like It," I had to wrestle with, and finally throw, Charles, the Duke's wrestler, in a bout in the presence of the Duke. A huge athletic man, who posed for Hercules and other heroic figures in the art school, had been engaged for the wrestler.

Our wrestling business had, of course, been all arranged and rehearsed, and for the first few nights all went well, but one day Charles had been indulging too much in old ale, or possibly something stronger, and came to the theatre very much

the worse for liquor. But he was able to appear, though in a very bad temper. We skirmished for our grip, finally closed and wrestled as arranged until it was time for Charles to go down; but he wouldn't go down, and I couldn't make him. I whispered: "Go down—let me throw you," but he replied: "If you talk to me I'll throw you in the bloody orchestra." The worst of it was, he could have done it. Yet ultimately he permitted me to throw him. For a few minutes, however, it looked as if Charles the wrestler was to be the hero of the occasion, instead of Orlando.

I recall at this late day the exquisite setting Mr. Calvert gave us for "As You Like It." He was a master of stagecraft, had a most refined taste, a love for the beautiful, and our sylvan scenes in the Forest of Arden rivalled nature itself. How my youthful imagination revelled in the scene as Rosalind in her boy's dress of doublet and hose wandered through those leafy aisles under the interlacing branches of the trees! It seemed to me the perfect realization of the poet's ideal.

A production of Lord Lytton's play, "The Lady of Lyons," in which I was Claude Melnotte, the hero, brought Miss Neilson's engagement to a close.

It is remarkable with what skill the distinguished author has clothed the young scoundrel Claude Melnotte in a garment of poetry and concealed the villainy of his assumption of the character of the Prince of Como. It is said that Lord Lytton was deeply chagrined at the lack of success

of some of his former plays, which had great literary merit, and that he wrote "The Lady of Lyons" from a purely theatrical point of view. The result, however, was one of the most popular romantic dramas of the day and the success of our production was another instance of its popularity.

An unfortunate incident occurred on our first performance of the play. In the fourth act, the parents of the heroine, Pauline, having discovered the imposition practiced on their daughter, come to the humble cottage to which Claude has taken his bride, and demand her release. But Pauline does not wish to leave her peasant husband, and proposes that her parents adopt Claude as their son. Her father, an upright business man, declines to do this, and insists that Claude return to his station and give Pauline a divorce. Pauline exclaims with indignation:

"And you would have a wife enjoy luxury while her husband toils?"

Then turning to Claude, who is standing penitently in the left hand corner, she continues: "Claude! Claude! thou canst not give me titles, rank and station, but thou canst give me a true heart. Take me, I am thine and no word of reproach shall ever pass my lips," and rushes into Claude's arms.

This was the situation. Pauline rushed toward me, but I was unprepared. She struck me full in the breast, I fell backwards, and Pauline fell with me. There was, of course, considerable amusement

in the audience and confusion on the stage. We were assisted to our feet, and with considerable embarrassment resumed our position, when I, without thinking, spoke the next line of the text, which unfortunately happened to be, "This is the heaviest blow of all."

I don't think I ever heard such hysterical laughter in my life. Actors, audience and musicians were convulsed. It was impossible to proceed with the play. We endeavored to continue but our voices were drowned in laughter. The curtain fell, and the audience dispersed, feeling amply repaid for the loss of the conclusion of the play.

At the conclusion of the season at Manchester I obtained a summer engagement at the Theatre Royal, Douglas, in the Isle of Man, under the management of Mr. John Coleman, an eccentric gentleman, but a scholar and a very fine actor.

The company was a good one, the work easy and our stay on the island more like a vacation than a working season. We rehearsed every morning at 10 o'clock and were through by 12. The gentlemen would then go down to the dock, take an eight-oared gig and row over to Port Skillion Creek, a delightful bathing place secure from public intrusion, with every facility for just wetting your feet or diving into water forty feet deep.

There, in the simple costume of a pair of bathing drawers, we would enact the most wonderful extemporaneous melodramas that fun and nonsense would suggest. The villain would throw the heroine into the water, the hero would leap in

to save her, we would duck the villain and indulge in the wildest fun for an hour or so, then return for dinner, study, rest and preparation for the evening performance.

Among many parts I played that summer was Mathias in "The Bells," Henry Irving's great success. I was the first actor to play it outside of London.

Mr. Coleman directed our rehearsals with skill and ability, but he was very fond of using long and sometimes confusing terms in his directions. For example, he was instructing some supernumeraries who were to represent villagers to laugh at him as he came upon the scene, and he said: "I want you to give me a laugh as I come on, a greasy laugh of truculent defiance."

On another occasion when an actor asked for a small advance on account of salary, he responded: "Sir, you are always in a state of dire impecuniosity." It was a slight affectation, but in spite of it we all had a profound respect and esteem for John Coleman, the actor, the director, and the man.

CHAPTER VI.

Shakespearean Ambitions. America in Prospect.

On my return to Manchester for my second season, Mr. Calvert made a most elaborate production of Shakespeare's comedy of "The Merchant of Venice." The scenes were reproductions of Venice in the sixteenth century, the costumes copied from portraits in the old Italian galleries, and real gondolas were imported from Venice for the production.

New incidental music, including a Venetian Masque, was composed for the production, by Arthur Sullivan, who conducted the orchestra for the first week.

Arthur Sullivan, who was afterward knighted, is perhaps better remembered by his association with W. S. Gilbert in the composition of H. M. S. Pinafore and other comic operas. Sullivan had a charming personality and was a great favorite with us all.

Many actors who play Shylock terminate the play with the exit of that character in the trial scene; but we used the full text as it is printed in the usual published editions.

It was in this production I saw tableau curtains used for the first time. Heretofore, a green baize curtain that descended in folds opened and closed

the play, while a painted drop, with a heavy roller, rose and fell between the acts. Mr. Calvert used heavy velvet curtains, with appropriate Venetian decorations, parted and closed by Italian pages between the scenes, making each one a tableau.

Mr. Calvert played Shylock. Mr. Henry Vanderhoff the Gratiano, Frank Archer, Antonio; Miss Carlisle, Portia; Miss Rose Coghlan, Nerissa, and I was the Bassanio.

Miss Rose Coghlan was a young and beautiful girl, who subsequently came to this country, for many seasons was leading lady at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and is still playing, dignifying her parts with the consummate art that only great ability, allied with ripe experience, can give.

Another Shakespearean revival, though on a less elaborate scale, was a condensed version of "The Taming of the Shrew" called "Katherine and Petruchio," in which Miss Coghlan played the shrewish Katherine and I appeared as the roystering Petruchio.

The Christmas Pantomime followed "Katherine and Petruchio." I did not play in it, but appeared in the farce or comedietta that preceded it, performances to which the audience paid little attention, being impatient for the brilliant spectacle they had come to see. A production of a new play by Tom Taylor, author of "The Ticket of Leave Man," called "Handsome Is That Handsome Does," followed the Pantomime.

Mr. Compton was the star. He played a village schoolmaster. I was a young aristocrat on

a reading tour. The late Mr. E. S. Willard, whose performances in "The Middleman" and "The Professor's Love Story" are so delightfully remembered, was also in the cast.

In one scene, a village festival, there were three wrestling bouts between Mr. Compton and myself. Mr. Compton was to win the first bout, I the second and Mr. Compton the third, winning the match. The wrestling had been carefully rehearsed and the falls arranged, but Mr. Compton was an elderly man, and on the first night I threw him so heavily in the second bout that it almost broke the poor gentleman's back. After this the contest was limited to one bout to decide our physical superiority.

Mr. Compton has long since passed away, but what a fine unctuous comedian he was! His Touchstone, the roynish clown in "As You Like It," still lingers in my mind as the best I ever witnessed.

An engagement of Mr. Dion Boucicault, the author of "The Colleen Bawn," "The Shaughran," and other Irish plays, filled several weeks, and I profited greatly from his instruction. He was a master of stagecraft and dramatic detail.

In a little play called "Kerry" I had to eat a couple of lamb chops and drink a glass of brandy and water. Mr. Boucicault insisted on having the real thing. They were sent nightly from the Queen's Hotel and I was compelled to devour two chops and drink brandy and water before the audi-

ence, speaking my dialogue between mouthfuls, swallowing unmasticated food and drinking ardent spirits from a tumbler that Mr. Boucicault as "Kerry," the faithful servant, constantly replenished.

I have to thank Dion Boucicault for my first attack of indigestion, but I am also indebted to him for an indorsement that won me my first engagement in this country, so in the balance of things I esteem myself his debtor.

Two interesting visitors were Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence, who will be remembered here for their unique performance of the Hon. Bardwell Slote and Mrs. Gen. Gilflory in The Mighty Dollar some years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Florence were advertised as "The Irish Boy and Yankee Girl." We had many Irish comedians on the English stage, but the Yankee Girl was a new character to us, and Mrs. Florence greatly pleased our Manchester audience. Mr. Florence was more successful as Cap'n Cuttle, in a version of Charles Dickens' novel "Dombey and Son."

Another visiting star and very great favorite was Mr. E. A. Sothern, who played Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," "The Crushed Tragedian," "David Garrick" and "A Regular Fix." Mr. Sothern was a man of distinguished appearance and of complete savoir faire. He had lived some years in America and was thoroughly democratic with the company and dearly loved a practical joke.

A monster benefit was given at the Prince's for the sufferers by the great fire that had almost destroyed Chicago. Everything was donated, the house was packed and a substantial sum of money was sent to America to aid in the relief of our American cousins.

A revival of Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," in which Mr. Calvert played Timon and I one of his faithful serving men, brought the season and my engagement to a close.

What a wealth of experience those two years at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, had given me! What a variety of parts I had played! And, better still, what a love and reverence for Shakespeare and an ambition to adequately present his characters and plays had been aroused in my mind and heart! Many, many times in the years that have passed since those early days I have blessed the happy chance that took me to Manchester and the good fortune that gave me such a master, preceptor and friend as that admirable actor, scholar and gentleman, Charles Calvert.

Another piece of good fortune fell to my lot in Manchester. While I was playing Romeo to Miss Nielson on the stage, I was playing Romeo in real life to the sweetest little woman in the world. Like "Romeo and Juliet," we were married, but there the similitude ends, for in our case the lady and myself have enjoyed a long life of happiness; and that same little woman, with a silver halo round her sweet face, sits by my side and smiles at me as I am writing these lines.

When the season had closed in Manchester I made my first essay in management. I leased the Theatre Royal, Oldham, in Lancashire, for a month. I produced "Faust," "Little Em'ly," "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" and several other plays. For the final week I presented Mr. Charles Calvert in "Louis XI," a part he played with great effect and skill. The result of my management was a great store of experience, but very little profit.

Brighton is but a short distance from London, yet the Theatre Royal is called a provincial theatre, in fact, the term "provincial" is applied to everything and everybody outside of the metropolis.

It was at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, under the management of Mr. Nye Chart, I obtained an engagement for the next season.

Mr. Chart was an excellent gentleman, but a confirmed invalid. He had formerly been an actor of considerable reputation as a comedian. He had practically retired from the stage and played but one part with us during the season, Nat Gosling, an old jockey, in Boucicault's racing drama, "The Flying Scud."

The great scene in "The Flying Scud" is the race course on Epsom Downs. Mr. Chart, who was anything but an accomplished equestrian, had to enter the scene on horseback, having won the great race for the Derby. The stage was filled by a shouting crowd as the old jockey, in his racing

colors, mounted on the winning horse, was led on by the grooms.

It was a great climax and some admirer in one of the boxes threw a large bouquet upon the stage. Mr. Blakeley, playing one of the characters, picked up the flowers and handed them to Mr. Chart, but in doing so struck the horse on the nose. The horse, unaccustomed to floral tributes and already excited by the lights and the noise, reared on his hind legs and backed into the crowd, almost unseating Mr. Chart, who frantically grasped the animal round the neck to avoid falling off. The act drop descended. Mr. Chart angrily asked Mr. Blakeley: "What the devil did you do that for?" to which Mr. Blakeley replied with asperity: "Why don't you ride a horse that knows his business?"

Several new plays were produced during the season, notably "Gilded Youth," by Sir Charles Young, author of "Jim, the Penman," etc., and "Marlborough," by Henry Vining. We had few stars in Brighton, but one very interesting visitor was the American comedian, J. K. Emmett, who played "Fritz, Our Cousin German." As I remember, he was the first actor to present the character of the newly-arrived emigrant with a German dialect to the English public. The play was original, Mr. Emmett sang several catchy songs and was a substantial success.

I did not play in the pantomime, although a most elaborate one was produced, but we encountered a very unpleasant experience.

A young lady was specially engaged for the leading boy's part in the burlesque opening. At the rehearsals it was found she had no knowledge of music and could not sing. Mr. Chart protested at her lack of vocal ability, but the young lady asserted, "It was the province of the orchestra to furnish the music, she would speak the words." Mr. Chart demanded her resignation. She insisted on the engagement being kept, so Mr. Chart compelled her to rehearse, dress, make up and go through her part every day in a large room at the back of the stage, with only the prompter for an audience, while another actress was engaged to appear in the public performance.

The young lady heroically complied with these conditions for a week, but finally succumbed to discipline and left us. It was rather a drastic remedy for incompetency, but not without an element of justice.

My last winter season in England was spent at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Liverpool, under the management of Mr. Edward Saker. The Alexandra was a splendid theatre standing next to the Lime-Street railroad station and is well known to many visiting Americans.

The company was a fine one and included Mr. Fred Thorne, the comedian, who shortly afterward came to this country and made such a pronounced success as Fluellin, the Welsh captain, in "Henry the Fifth"; Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Constantine, who both appeared here later in various companies. Mr. Harry Loveday was our musical di-

rector and subsequently accompanied Sir Henry Irving to the States in the same capacity.

All of the principal stars came to us in the course of the season, and at Christmas the annual Pantomime was produced, the opening founded on Moore's poem and called "Little Lalla Rookh."

I played a part in it called Fadladeen, in which the author had written a song, "Oh! Mother, Part My Curly Hair," a parody on the tenor songs of the minstrel companies. As I have before confessed, my vocal ability is very limited and I anticipated the fate of the young lady at Brighton. Mr. Loveday was very patient with me, and though I must have driven him nearly to distraction, he finally managed to get the tune into my head and I got through with it, but I noticed Mr. Loveday invariably left his conductor's seat and his repetiteur to conduct before I reached my vocal number.

We produced some new plays in the spring, notably "The Avalanche," by Miss Braddon, the novelist, and "Sithors to Grind," a domestic drama by George Ralph Walker. The latter play was intended as a vehicle for Mr. Saker to star in, and after our Liverpool production it was taken to the Globe Theatre in London for metropolitan endorsement.

A London engagement was, and still is, the goal of every English actor's ambition, and I considered myself very fortunate in having such a good part as Ned Bluff in "Sithors to Grind" in which to make my first metropolitan appearance.

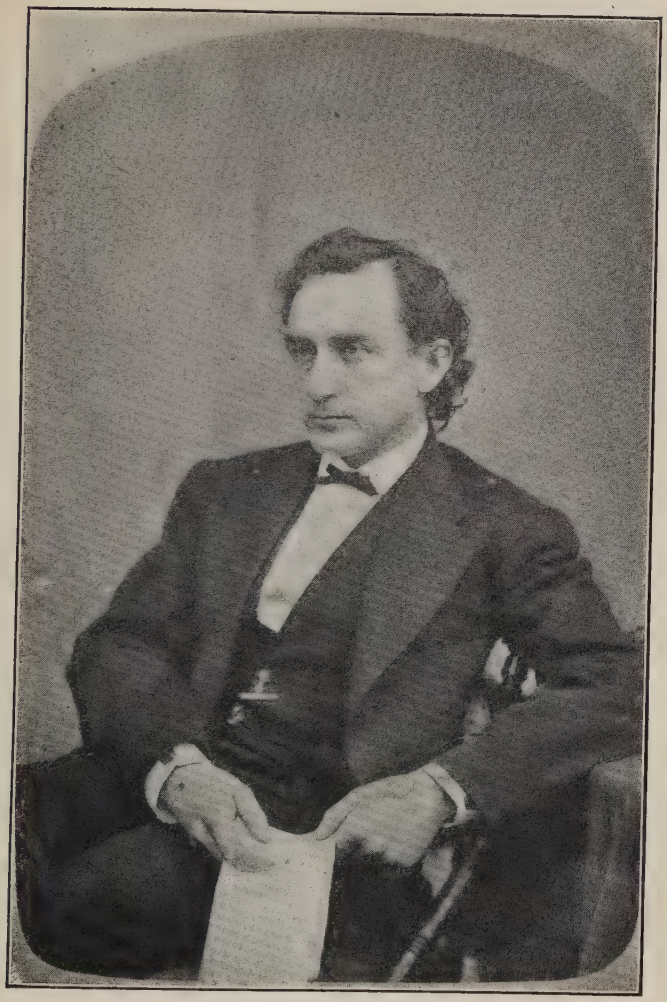
Ned Bluff was a brawny young blacksmith, in love with a little girl, a cripple and an apparently hopeless invalid. He was rugged and manly, but sympathetic and tender, and I was in love with the part.

The play was well received. I was called before the curtain and we all thought we had a success, but awaited with anxiety for the verdict of the critics in the newspapers of the following day.

I was living at home and was sleeping late after the excitement of the preceding night. My mother brought all of the morning papers to my bedroom. I woke at her entrance, looked at her anxiously, knowing she had read them all, when she said: "Well, my dear, they say you are very bad." But her pleased expression belied her words. I glanced over them, these fateful criticisms, rapidly at first, then read them word by word.

The notices were all very favorable, and John Oxenford, the celebrated dramatic critic of the "Times," was good enough to say: "Mr. Warde, as Ned Bluff, looked as if he had stepped out of one of Charles Dickens' Christmas books and acted his part with sincerity and skill."

Mr. J. H. Barnes, more familiarly known as Jack Barnes, one of the handsomest actors in England, played an important part in "Sithors to Grind." He subsequently came to America in support of Adelaide Neilson and has more recently appeared here in several productions of modern plays with credit and distinction.



Edwin Booth

At the close of my London engagement I accompanied a young and ambitious lady star with a new play to try her fortunes in Scotland. She had assembled together a number of good actors, it being late in the season, and we played in Aberdeen, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

In the company was a young man of about my own age named Robert Brough, a nephew of Lionel Brough, the distinguished London comedian. Bob and I became great friends.

One morning at Aberdeen we had gone some little distance out of town to the shore to bathe. While we were in the water it suddenly occurred to us that the royal train carrying Queen Victoria to her Scotch castle at Balmoral was to pass the Junction, about two miles distant, at 12 o'clock. We hastily made for shore, looked at our watches and found we had but a short time to make it, but as neither of us had ever seen Her Majesty we decided to make the effort.

We had no towels, but rapidly dressed and started on a run for the Junction. When we arrived we found the royal train at the platform and a semi-circle of people bareheaded standing respectfully round the royal carriage. The Queen and her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, were at the window, and John Brown, her Highland servant, on guard at the door. We pushed our way through the crowd to the front and took off our hats. Our movement attracted the attention of the Queen and Princess, who both burst out

laughing at our appearance, and the crowd joined in the fun.

We were without collars or ties; we carried them in our hands. Our clothes were disarranged. We were puffing with our exertions, flushed with exercise, and our hair dishevelled and damp, standing every-which-way from the salt water. We were embarrassed by the attention we attracted, but we saw the Queen and our object was gained.

In the company was a gentleman named Mr. George Warde. Both he and I lived in the same square in Edinburgh. These squares are like a cul de sac having only one entrance. George Warde, Bob Brough and myself were starting out for a walk one morning—I think we were bound for Holyrood—when we met a telegraph boy coming into the square.

As telegrams were infrequent we inquired whom his message was for. He answered: "A play actor named Warde." "Which Warde," we asked, "George or F. B.?" "F. B.," he replied. I took the message and found to my delight it was a proposition from Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, managers of Booth's Theatre, New York, through their London agents, asking me the salary I required to come to America and play the juvenile leading parts at their theatre.

CHAPTER VII.

My Arrival and First Experiences in America.

I was surprised and delighted at the prospect of going to America. Visions of emolument and success in a new world rose before me. My friends congratulated me. We continued our walk, discussing the telegram, the salary I should ask, the plays in which I should probably appear, life and expenses in New York and every angle of the proposition without either of us knowing a thing about life and conditions in the United States.

I replied to the telegram, and after some negotiations received a contract for a year's engagement at a salary of more than four times the amount I had ever received for my services in England.

Our season closed in Edinburgh and I hastened to my home, then in the suburbs of Liverpool, completed arrangements for my family, who were to join me later, if I were successful, and prepared for my voyage.

I sailed from Liverpool early in July on the Inman steamship City of Richmond.

It happened that Mr. Toole, the comedian, was

to sail for New York at the same time, but aboard another ship, the Republic, of the White Star Line. The tenders of both vessels left from the same landing stage. There were a great number of friends to wish God-speed to Mr. Toole, and I shared in their good wishes. Just before going aboard Mr. Toole in his genial way came to me and said: "Warde, I'll bet you a bottle of wine I get there first." I accepted the challenge and won by five hours.

Our last good-bys were said, the signal "All aboard" was given and, with a benizon of love that shone through the tears of the dear ones left behind and the cheers and good wishes of friends, I embarked on the ship that was to take me to the new world, when I was destined to make my future home and to find the prosperity and happiness I have so abundantly enjoyed.

The City of Richmond was a fine vessel, splendidly officered and manned, and, being midsummer, we had a very smooth passage. I did not, however, escape the discomfort of seasickness, but an old veteran of the navy, Sir John Britton, took me in hand. He kept me walking the deck and nibbling a ship biscuit till I got over it, and I suffered no more on the trip.

I was particularly fortunate in sharing my stateroom with Lawrence Hutton, a New Yorker, and practically my first American acquaintance, which resulted in an intimate friendship that continued for many years.

Lawrence Hutton was a man of literary taste,



Frederick Warde as Iago

an author, a dramatic critic and a traveler; in fact, he was then returning to the United States from Iceland, where he had accompanied Dr. Kane's expedition.

Hutton used to say the first favorable impression I made upon him was by the sight of a pair of very symmetrical limbs descending from the upper berth in the stateroom, which he subsequently recognized with renewed admiration in a pair of rose-colored silk tights on the stage of Booth's Theatre.

On the voyage I was introduced to the American game of poker, and I was quite fortunate, at least I thought so at the time; but a disastrous experience later led me to change my opinion. Altogether the voyage was very pleasant, and my fellow travelers exceedingly courteous and agreeable.

In the morning of Sunday, July 26, I awoke to find myself in New York harbor. We had arrived during the night, and were anchored at the quarantine station, having made the trip in ten days, an excellent record at that time.

I was in America. In the distance I saw the city of New York, and the tall towers for the Brooklyn Bridge, not yet completed. I saw the big ferry boats with their huge walking beams; the tugs bustling about; the ships at anchor; the great round emigrant building at Castle Garden, everything seemed so big and so busy. A feeling of awe, akin to fear, seemed to possess me as I looked round the harbor. What would be my fate in this new land? Would they like me? Would I

be successful? These were my thoughts as we came up the bay.

We reached our slip, a crowd was on the dock to welcome us. Before the gangways were lowered, a big tall man on the dock shouted to the captain: "Have you got Fred Warde aboard?" Surprised beyond measure, I inquired who he was and learned he was an officer of the customs, known as "Baby" Bliss, a great friend of my new managers, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer. Subsequently he became a great friend of mine. Many greetings of welcome, and many good wishes were expressed as I landed on the dock. "Baby" Bliss passed my baggage and piloted me to the Metropolitan Hotel, then on Broadway, near Houston street.

The following day I reported at the theatre and met my new managers for the first time. I found them most affable and friendly. They treated me with more familiarity than I had been accustomed to from managers in England, made me feel very welcome, and I began to realize the meaning of American democracy.

This impression was emphasized at the first rehearsal, when I met John McCullough, little dreaming that our first meeting was to be the beginning of several years of close association.

John McCullough was one of the leading tragedians of the American stage; a big broad-shouldered man with a large head and strong features. He looked to me more like a farmer than an actor.

His manner was akin to his appearance; frank, open and honest.

He gave me a most cordial greeting and made me feel that I had met a friend; in fact, every member of the company received me with the warmest expression of good will, and before the first rehearsal was over I was very much at home with them.

On Monday evening I joined a party of gentlemen that included Mr. Toole and Mr. Loveday to see the first performance on any stage of Rice's "Evangeline," at Niblo's Theatre. The cast included Mr. W. H. Crane and Mr. George L. Knight, both of whom enjoyed great popularity for many years. Mr. Knight has passed away, but Mr. Crane, affectionately known as "Billy" Crane, still lives, and with hosts of admiring friends throughout the country I join in the hope that he may long remain with us and enjoy his distinguished position as the Dean of American Comedians.

After the performance at Niblo's we were taken across Broadway to Tony Pastor's Theatre to see and be presented to the most beautiful girl on the American stage, Miss Lillian Russell. After our introduction we were all ready to acknowledge the lady fully justified the distinction, and time has matured but not diminished the beauty of her youth.

Booth's Theatre, New York, in 1874, was probably the most complete and beautiful in the coun-

try. It had been built some years before by Edwin Booth without consideration of the cost.

The entrance was imposing, the foyer and staircases lofty and wide, and the entire scheme of decoration of the theatre proper, dignified and beautiful.

The stage had all of the latest mechanical appliances and inventions, the Green Room was attractive, the dressing-rooms spacious, convenient and comfortable.

The entire building was worthy of its distinguished founder and the purpose he had in view, which he told me later was to leave a lasting monument to the name of his father, the late Junius Brutus Booth, and himself.

It was a calamity, not only for Mr. Booth, but to the drama and to the country when financial reverses, caused by the great obligations he had incurred in its erection, compelled him to give it up.

The theatre was now leased by Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, and was reopened under their management on August 10, 1874, with a new play by Dion Boucicault, called "Belle Lamar," in which John McCullough was to make his first appearance in a modern part, and I to make my first appearance in America.

Belle Lamar was a play of the Civil War period. John McCullough played the part of Col. Philip Bligh, and I, that of Capt. Marston Pike, both officers in the Union army. The cast also included Katherine Rogers Randolph, an English actress of

repute, and Frank Mackay, a very brilliant character actor who played the part of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, the celebrated Confederate leader.

Mr. Mackay afterward was a prominent member of the Union Square Company, was the original of the character of Pierre, the cripple, in the "Two Orphans," and is now more than 80 years of age, yet is still in active life, a teacher of acting and public speaking and officer of the Actors' Fund of America.

Dion Boucicault, of course, directed the production of his play, and introduced some novel effects in the battle scenes, but how he could have permitted John McCullough to appear in a brand new and modern uniform of the United States cavalry with bright gilt buttons and brilliant epaulettes, when on active service in a long and strenuous campaign, I could never understand, but he did.

I was fortunate enough to make a favorable impression and received very flattering notice from the press; but the play was not a great success and was withdrawn after a short run.

Shortly after the production of "Belle Lamar" at Booth's Theatre, Mr. John L. Toole, the English comedian, made his American debut at Wallack's Theatre in a play by Henry J. Byron called "Wig and Gown."

The choice of this play for Mr. Toole's first appearance was unfortunate. The plot was based upon the love and loyalty of a poor, briefless barrister for his wig and gown, the symbols of his

profession, which he is obliged to sacrifice on account of poverty. As neither wig nor gown were used in American courts of law at that time, the audience could not sympathize with his grief at the loss of such apparently superfluous articles, and the play did not please.

There was then no international copyright law. Mr. Toole's popular plays "Dearer Than Life" and "Uncle Dick's Darling" had already been played in this country by American comedians, and it was not until he presented "Off the Line," a play of universal human sympathy, that Mr. Toole received the recognition his talents deserved.

After Mr. Toole's engagement, a new Irish play by Dion Boucicault called "The Shaughran" was produced at Wallack's in which Mr. H. J. Montague, a very handsome and popular young English actor, made his first appearance. He was an immediate success and remained at Wallack's Theatre playing a number of parts for several years.

Mr. Montague died in San Francisco in 1878, under circumstances that I shall describe later.

But to return to Booth's Theatre. "Belle Lamar" was followed by the revival of a very old play, "Venice Preserved," by Thomas Otway. Mr. Boucicault had revised the play and introduced a very eloquent passage of powerful invective from Byron's Marino Faliero, which John McCullough delivered in the character of Pierre. I played the part of Jaffier.

"Venice Preserved" introduced a young Eng-

lish actress, Miss Fanny Brough, to America in the part of Belvidera.

Belvidera was a very heavy tragic rôle. Unfortunately Miss Brough, who was charmingly effective as a domestic heroine, was utterly inadequate to the demands of a part like Belvidera, and the poor little lady terminated her engagement and returned to England at the end of the first week.

At the time of which I am writing there were four important theatres in New York, all bearing the individual stamp of their respective managers, gentlemen of culture and purpose, who took great pride in the excellence and personnel of their companies, notably Wallack's Theatre by Mr. Lester Wallack, Daly's Theatre by Augustin Daly, the Union Square Theatre by Messrs. Sheridan, Shook and A. M. Palmer, and Booth's Theatre, by Mesrss. Harry Palmer and Henry Jarrett.

The principal members of these companies tabulated below include the names of many ladies and gentlemen who were held in great esteem at the time and several of whom subsequently achieved national distinction. Their loyal service and personal integrity gained for them an affectionate regard, which the present system of itinerancy, except in a few instances, does not afford:

Wallack's—H. J. Montague, John Gilbert, Harry Beckett, Joseph Polk, Ada Dyas, Madame Ponisi, Effie Germon.

Daly's—George Clarke, Louis James, James Lewis, W. J. Lemoyne, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Gilbert, Ada Gilman.

Union Square—C. R. Thorne, Jr., McKee Rankin, John Parselle, Stuart Robson, Kate Claxton, Mrs. Wilkins, Kitty Blanchard, Ida Vernon.

Booth's—F. B. Warde, E. K. Collier, H. A. Weaver, Charles Leclerq, H. A. Langdon, Rosa Rand, Mary Wells.

Each theatre had a distinct policy and a clientele that took not only an interest in the play but in the individual performances of each member of the cast.

A memorable event occurred at Booth's Theatre during my first season there—the farewell performances of Charlotte Cushman, and her final appearance on the New York stage.

Charlotte Cushman was a wonderful woman, masculine and strong in spite of her advanced years, with a homely face, but with gentle manners and a gracious kindness to all with whom she came in contact.

At the time she was rehearsing and playing with us she was suffering from a very painful disease that ultimately caused her death, and we were cautioned to be very considerate and careful if the business of the play necessitated any personal contact with her.

Miss Cushman belonged to what is known as the "Macready School." She spoke her lines with great precision and with remarkable clearness of



Edwin Booth as Richelieu

enunciation, especially emphasizing her O's and R's. Her business was definitely studied, and all of her movements and gestures significantly exact.

The engagement, as I remember, was for three weeks, and Miss Cushman appeared in three of her greatest parts: Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII," Meg Merrilies in a dramatic version of Sir Walter Scott's novel "Guy Mannering," and as Lady Macbeth.

George Vandenhoff, a tragedian of note, was specially engaged for the parts of Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII," and "Macbeth." Mr. Vandenhoff's Wolsey was an impressive performance, but in "Macbeth" a rheumatic or gouty condition of his nether extremities compelled him to wear soft felt shoes and to walk with difficulty, which somewhat destroyed the illusion of that hardy Scottish chieftain, the Thane of Cawdor.

I had the privilege of playing the parts of Cromwell in "King Henry VIII," Macduff in "Macbeth" and Henry Bertram in "Guy Mannering" with this wonderful woman and great actress.

Our houses were packed to the doors at every performance and on the last night of Miss Cushman's engagement, November 7, 1874, a great demonstration of esteem and affection, in which the Mayor and leading citizens of New York participated, took place at the end of the performance.

The play was "Macbeth." At its conclusion

Miss Cushman appeared on the stage in modern dress, surrounded by the company and a large number of citizens. An address was read and presented to her on the part of the city by William Cullen Bryant, an original poem especially written by Richard Henry Stoddard was recited, a laurel wreath presented by the Arcadian Club, and after the response the curtain fell to the music of a great orchestra and the cheers and bravos of the immense audience assembled to do honor to probably the greatest actress that ever trod the American stage.

But that was not all. When Miss Cushman left the theatre and entered her carriage the people in the street took out the horses and attaching a long rope to it, dragged it from the theatre to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where another demonstration took place that included music, speeches and a grand display of fireworks in Madison Square.

The same company that had supported Miss Cushman at Booth's Theatre went with her to play a final week at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

The same plays were presented, and the great academy was packed at every performance. The enthusiasm was great, and her final appearance an ovation.

On the last night of our Philadelphia engagement Miss Cushman paid me the great compliment of saying: "It was reserved for her last performance of 'Macbeth' to witness the best

rendition of Macduff she had ever seen," and unsolicited, gave me an autographed portrait of herself, which I still possess and which occupies an honored place on the walls of my library.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Season of Important Productions and Distinguished Successes.

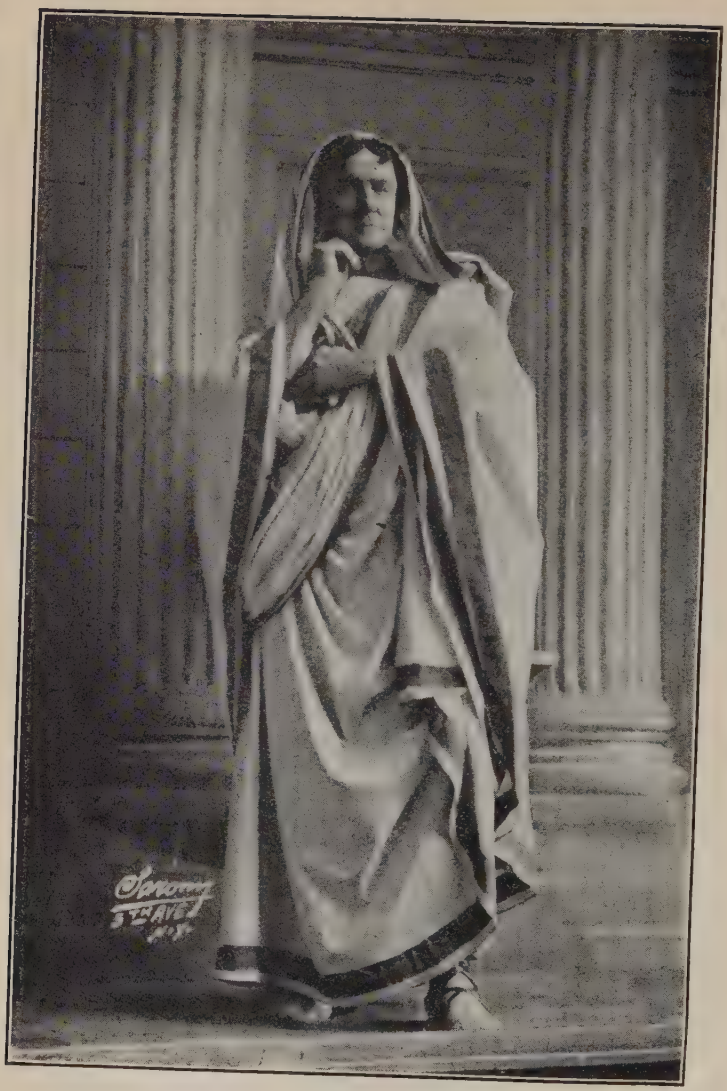
The next production at Booth's Theatre was a very picturesque and romantic melodrama called "The Hero of the Hour," introducing a young French actor, Henri Stuart, to America, but although M. Stuart made a most favorable impression the play failed to please and was withdrawn in favor of an adaptation of Dickens's novel "David Copperfield" by Andrew Halliday and called "Little Em'ly."

George Fawcett Rowe in a most unique and effective impersonation of Wilkins Micawber was the feature of the production.

I was originally cast for the part of Ham, but I desired to play old Dan'l Peggotty as I was very familiar with that type of character, having lived at Yarmouth and known many of the old boatmen on the beach, and had learned their dialect.

After some discussion, the management yielded to my wishes, and I am happy to say I justified myself by making a most emphatic success in the part.

The cast was a splendid one and included Miss



E. L. Davenport as Brutus in "Julius Caesar"

Maud Granger as Little Em'ly, Helen Tracy as Rose Dartle, Mary Wells as Betsy Trotwood, H. A. Weaver as Ham, Charles Leclerq as Uriah Heep and Claude Burroughs, who afterward met his death in the Brooklyn Theatre fire, as David Copperfield.

The play was intended to run for one week only, but its success was so great it was retained in the bill for six weeks and played to splendid business.

It was in this play that I was confirmed by practical experience in my theory that the province of an actor is to simulate feeling, not to feel—in other words to act, and not to be.

I was taking luncheon with my friend Lawrence Hutton, when he said: "I am told you have made quite a hit as old Peggotty. I am coming to see you this afternoon, so don't give a modified matinee performance, but do your best."

I went to the theatre determined to impress my friend, and threw myself with intensity into the part, so much so, that in the scene where I had to describe with deep pathos my wanderings in search of my erring niece, I lost control of my emotions and fell sobbing on the shoulder of Claude Burroughs, who was on the stage with me. It was some moments before I could proceed. The stage manager thought I was ill, and sent the call boy running for water. The leader of the orchestra left his seat and wanted to call a physician. Poor Burroughs tried to restore me and the audience was getting restless and uncomfortable until by a supreme effort I controlled myself and pro-

ceeded with the dialogue, but the effect of the scene had been entirely lost.

By simulating emotion I had moved my audience to tears, but by suffering the same emotion I had lost control both of myself and them, and instead of seeing Dan'l Peggotty and hearing his pathetic recital of his travels, they saw only an actor apparently in pain, struggling to speak his lines.

On meeting Mr. Hutton afterward he complimented me on the general performance of the part, but asked: "What was the matter with you in that scene with Claude Burroughs? You were incoherent and mixed it up completely. Some people sitting behind me said you had been drinking. I knew that was not so, but what was it? Were you ill?"

I explained the situation to Mr. Hutton, and ever since have acted on the theory that the province of an actor is to thoroughly understand the emotions he has to portray and then act, not feel them.

It was David Garrick who asserted, "The greatest actor was the man who could make the audience cry and the prompter laugh at the same time," and I cordially agree with him.

I was privileged to see and meet quite a number of prominent American actors and actresses at Booth's Theatre during my first season there, notably Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in Irish plays, Mr. Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle,

Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, the comedian, and Miss Matilda Heron.

Miss Matilda Heron was quite an eccentric lady. She had been the great Camille on the American stage, but on the occasion to which I refer she played Lady Macbeth. Mr. Vandenhoff was the Macbeth, and I played Macduff.

The sleep walking scene of Lady Macbeth follows the one in which Macduff receives the news of the murder of his wife and children, and terminates with the agonized father swearing to avenge them as he rushes off the stage. Miss Heron was standing in the entrance clad in a white garment and holding a lighted lamp in her hand, watching the scene. As I rushed off, she dropped the lamp, opened her arms, threw them round my neck, kissed me on both cheeks, exclaiming, "By God, Warde, you're a trump!" recovered her lamp before I recovered from my surprise, and went on with her scene.

The feature production of the season was Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," brought over in its entirety from the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., and reproduced here under the direction of Mr. Charles Calvert, who came over from England for the purpose.

"Henry V" was probably the most elaborate revival of any Shakespearean play that had been made in this country. The scenery was magnificent; the properties, armors, heraldic devices and costumes were copied from authoritative sources,

and the company especially selected for its presentation.

Mr. George Rignold, a prominent English actor, was engaged for the King, Mr. Fred Thorne for Capt. Fuellin, and Mrs. Charles Calvert for Rumor, as Chorus.

I was cast for Williams, a blunt English soldier, a relatively unimportant part, if any speaking part in Shakespeare's plays can be unimportant, on the promise that as soon as the play was running smoothly I should be permitted to retire from the cast to go to England to bring my family over.

The cast of Henry V included Henri Stuart, as the Dauphin of France, Henry Weaver as the Duke of Exeter, E. K. Collier as Mountjoy, Charles Leclerq as Bardolph, C. B. Bishop as Pistol, Miss Mary Wells as Dame Quickly, and many others.

The play was a very great success, but George Rignold, who subsequently made the success of his career as the King, was far from satisfactory on the first night.

In appearance he was the perfection of handsome, heroic manhood, a veritable Greek god in his regal robes and shining armor, but the magnitude of the production, and the importance of the occasion, made poor George excessively nervous. He forgot his lines, was confused in the business and completely lost his self-control.

The management became alarmed, so much so, that I was instructed—as soon as I was through with my part—to go home, study the part of the

king and report for rehearsal the next morning, as perfect as possible.

I spent the night in concentrated study, keeping awake by the aid of black coffee and cracked ice, and by the time for rehearsal was practically perfect, but a night's rest after the excitement of the first performance had restored Rignold to his normal condition; he rehearsed splendidly, and on the second night and thereafter played the part with so much dignity, grace and skill that he established himself as one of the most popular actors England had sent to this country.

Frederick Thorne, the comedian, made a most distinguished success as Capt. Fuellin, second only to that of Mr. Rignold. His slight, trim figure, martial bearing, and Welsh accent fitting the part perfectly.

I cannot conceive of the three rogues, Pistol, the braggart, the bibulous Bardolph and Nym, the pickpocket, being in better hands than those of C. B. Bishop, Charles Leclerq and Edwin Irving. In fact the entire cast was admirable and well deserved the success achieved.

The heavy plate armors worn by the actors were somewhat uncomfortable, and several minor accidents occurred from the mailed feet which were very long and pointed.

One unlucky warrior tripped at the top of a flight of stairs leading to the stage and rolled down to the bottom, making a noise like a thousand tin cans in motion. It happened in a quiet scene, of course. King Henry was on his knees and had

just begun the prayer with the line, "Oh, God of Battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!" when the crash came. The interpolations by Mr. Rignold, into that prayer, as the poor warrior struggled to recover himself, were vivid and picturesque, but not adapted for publication.

An amusing incident occurred in the scene in which Fluellin compels Pistol to eat the leek that he (Fluellin) wears in his cap on St. David's Day, and which Pistol has insulted. It has to be done near the footlights, and pretense is impossible. A property leek with a tube in which a piece of apple was inserted was the usual method employed, and Mr. Bishop, who had a great aversion to onions in any form, ate the apple without discomfort, but one night the property leek was lost or misplaced; a real leek was substituted, and poor Bishop had to eat the nauseating vegetable at which his stomach revolted in full view of the audience. Pistol's concluding line in the scene, "All hell shall stir for this," had a stronger significance than usual.

"Henry V" had quite a long run on its first production and later in the season was revived and was played successfully for five weeks more.

By this time I had many warm friends in New York, and on my twenty-fourth birthday, February 23, a dinner was given in my honor at the Arcadian Club, of which I had been elected a member. The guests included Lawrence Hutton, Clarence Livingston, Henry Palmer, Dan Gillette, J. L. Toole, J. J. O'Kelly, the dramatic critic of

the New York Herald, who afterward became a member of the British Parliament, George Rignold, Dan Harkins and George W. Howe, the dramatic critic of the Evening Express, who read the following poem:

"Come and award to Warde the praise that's due
For Williams, Pegotty and Macduff too.
But yesterday we George's praises rang
But yesternight on Frederick's praises sang.
Thus to good men we all do show regard,
And George and Frederick both had their reward.
So with the Motherland we all shake hands,
And fasten closer true and filial bands,
So does the Motherland adorn our stage,
And so do we accept the gentle gage.
Thus let it ever be, 'twixt mother, son,
And we thank England for the good she's done
In sending us across the stormy sea
Actors who claim the critic's fealty.
Let us bestow upon them kindly words,
And give to Frederick B. his just rewards."

"Henry V" had been running four weeks with every prospect of continuing for some time when, on a Monday morning, Mr. Jarrett sent for me and said: "You want to go to England to bring your wife over. We can spare you from the cast, so now is the time to go. The Abyssinia of the Cunard Line sails on Wednesday. Take that steamer, but be sure and return in time to support Miss Neilson, who follows 'Henry V.' " Then as an afterthought: "You had better cable your wife that you are coming."

Two days seemed a short time to prepare for an ocean voyage, but I had already discovered that things were done rapidly in America, so I as rapidly made my arrangements to follow Mr. Jarrett's instructions.

In spite of the fact that I was in receipt of a good salary, dollars were none too plentiful with me and transatlantic telegrams were expensive, so I made my cable to Mrs. Warde as brief as possible, simply saying: "Sail on Wednesday," and I sailed.

On arriving at Liverpool—I had wired again from Queenstown the time of my arrival—I was met by my wife's sister. I inquired for my wife. "She's gone!" "Gone where?" I asked. "To America!" "When?" "On Wednesday, a week ago as you directed in your telegram!"

Mrs. Warde had taken my cable for instructions instead of information and had sailed on the Guion Line steamer Idaho from Liverpool the same day I had sailed from New York.

To make the play of cross purposes complete, we had passed the Idaho in mid-ocean and saluted her according to custom, neither my wife nor myself dreaming of the comedy of errors that was in progress.

I cabled immediately to my friend "Baby" Bliss of the customs, who met the Idaho, fortunately a slower ship than the Abyssinia, explained my absence to my wife, and took her to some mutual friends who cared for her until I returned.

I disposed of my house in Liverpool, took a hasty trip to London, and in four days was on my return trip by the White Star steamer Republic, arriving in New York within twenty-four days of my departure with the firm determination to practice economy in other ways than by abbreviating telegrams in the future.

The story of my misadventure, was, of course, too good to keep. The newspapers published it and for some time I had to endure with the best grace I could assume the jesting of my friends who saw more humor in the incident than I did.

The first run of "Henry V" came to an end, and Adelaide Neilson appeared as Amy Robsart, in a dramatization of Sir Walter Scott's novel "Kenilworth," in which I played the Earl of Leicester.

My reappearance was announced "after his trip to Europe" and a number of friends, including a delegation from the Arcadian Club, were present to greet me.

Following several lines of eager anticipation spoken by Amy, the Earl of Leicester makes a quick entrance enveloped in a large riding cloak, concealing a very handsome, heavily jeweled costume beneath. After an affectionate greeting, Amy should lead the Earl to a seat on a slightly raised dais, remove his cloak disclosing his gorgeous dress, and then sit at his feet in adoring admiration.

My entrance was through an arched opening. A bar of wood about three inches high was the

base of the arch. I caught my foot against this bar and pitched headlong on the stage, leaving a shoe behind me. My cloak flew in one direction, my hat in another, whilst I lay like a spread eagle in all my finery on the floor in the center of the stage.

The audience roared with laughter. Miss Neilson was convulsed. I scrambled to my feet, abashed and mortified. The good-natured audience gave me a hearty, encouraging round of applause. Miss Neilson controlled herself and we proceeded with the play, but the historic dignity and pride of Robert, Earl of Leicester, was not greatly in evidence for some time.

In spite of my unfortunate accident the play was a success. Miss Neilson was a beautiful Amy Robsart and acted the part with charming simplicity in the earlier scenes, and with a deep pathos in the later ones, that completely captivated the audience.

The cast was a remarkably strong one, and included "Jack" Studley, a great Bowery favorite as Sir Richard Varney, and Miss Ida Vernon, a splendid actress, who is still living and now over 80 years of age, as Queen Elizabeth.

On the last night of Miss Neilson's engagement she played Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." I played Claude Melnotte. It was the last time I had the privilege of playing with her. She made one or two tours of this country with her own company, returned to Europe and died shortly after in Paris.

As I look back over the intervening years, I recall her performances of Juliet, Rosalind and Pauline distinctly, and though I have seen many excellent renditions of these parts by ladies of great ability and personal attraction, I have never seen the equal of Adelaide Neilson. The charm of her personal beauty, the sweetness of her voice, her clear, well modulated enunciation and her capacity for deep emotion, combined with her sincerity and earnestness, gave a quality to her acting that was convincing and impressive.

At the conclusion of Miss Neilson's engagement, an unfortunate performance of "Macbeth" was given, with George Rignold in the title rôle, and Clara Morris as Lady Macbeth. George Rignold had made a remarkable success as King Henry the Fifth, and Miss Morris was a great emotional actress of national reputation, but neither of them was adapted to this great Shakespearean tragedy. Mr. Rignold was picturesque and virile as Macbeth, but entirely lacking in poetic imagination; while Miss Morris as his wife sought to charm her husband by feminine fascination rather than to dominate him by her will.

The performance attracted a very large audience by the prominence and popularity of the principals, but it was a general disappointment.

Miss Morris subsequently appeared in a very old tragedy called "Jane Shore" in which she was quite successful as the unhappy mistress of King Edward the Fourth.

One or two benefit performances followed and

brought the season, my first in America, to a close. It had been a happy one to me. I had met several of the most prominent stars in America. I had played a variety of parts with general satisfaction. I had made a number of warm admirers and friends, and I was engaged for the following season at an increased salary.

CHAPTER IX.

I Meet Edwin Booth, America's Greatest Actor.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, a tragedian of Irish birth and striking personality, inaugurated our second season. He played an engagement of three weeks in "Richard III," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," and "The Gamester."

Mr. Sullivan was not a genial gentleman in the theatre. He was aggressively domineering and inclined to be very sarcastic. He did not admire American democracy; but he was a fine actor, the best Duke of Gloster in "Richard III" I ever saw.

Mr. Sullivan did not approve of elaborate scenery. We were rehearsing "Richard III." A very fine mediaeval street scene that Mr. Booth had used in the same play, with quaint gables and characteristic architecture was set for the second act, but Mr. Sullivan would not have it. He said, "Take it away. Give me a simple street drop and an arch. I want the audience to look at me, not at the scenery." Throughout his engagement he insisted on the same principle of simplicity, asserting "Elaborate scenic display attracts the attention of the audience from the play. As long as the scenery is not inappropriate their imagination will supply the details."

Mr. Sullivan was a very skillful swordsman. At the close of the play of Richard III, he fought a terrific broadsword combat with Mr. James Cathcart who traveled with him, playing the Earl of Richmond. It was a fitting climax to his wonderfully virile performance of the bloodthirsty king.

Beverley, in "The Gamester," was another striking performance of Mr. Sullivan. "The Gamester" was a very old-fashioned tragedy, and only the powerful acting of the leading part by this distinguished actor made it attractive.

I played the Duke of Buckingham, in "Richard III"; Laertes, in "Hamlet"; De Mauprat, in "Richelieu"; and Stukeley, in "The Gamester"; with Mr. Sullivan.

An attempt was made by the management of the Grand Opera House in New York, which was only two blocks removed from Booth's Theatre, to arouse national rivalry and prejudice against Mr. Sullivan by announcing the engagement of Mr. E. L. Davenport, and emphasizing the fact that he was an American tragedian and was supported by an American company in practically the same repertoire of plays given by Mr. Sullivan, who was announced as "The Irish Tragedian."

Mr. Davenport was a very fine actor, and his company individually and generally excellent, but the attempt to create any feeling of national prejudice was fortunately unsuccessful.

The engagement of Barry Sullivan was followed by that of George Belmore, an English character

actor of great reputation and ability, who came to this country under the management of Samuel Colville.

Mr. Belmore appeared as Nat Gosling, an old jockey, in a production of Dion Boucicault's racing drama, "The Flying Scud." It was his original creation in London, and he made a great success in New York in spite of the fact that he was a very sick man during the entire engagement. Mr. Belmore also appeared as Newman Noggs in a dramatic version of Nicholas Nickleby.

I played in both productions and at the conclusion of the New York engagement accompanied Mr. Belmore to the Brooklyn Theatre in Brooklyn, where on the Saturday matinee he became so ill it was with the greatest difficulty he finished the play. At the night performance I played the old jockey, studying the part as best I could between the two performances.

I got through very well under the circumstances until I came to a song and a dance with the younger jockeys. The dance I managed fairly, but the song—well, the composer would not have recognized it.

"The Flying Scud" introduced Miss Rosa Rand as leading lady to Booth's Theatre, New York, and Miss Maud Harrison to the stage at the Brooklyn Theatre. Both ladies subsequently became very popular in their profession.

The Booth's Theatre Company were then sent on a short tour of the New England towns in "The Two Orphans." This play had been produced at

the Union Square Theatre in New York, and had made a great hit, which I am proud to say we duplicated on our tour.

Our cast was an exceptionally strong one and included: H. A. Weaver, as the Count de Linieres; Frank C. Bangs, as the Chevalier de Vaudrey; E. K. Collier, as Jacques Frochard; F. B. Warde, as Pierre, the cripple; Rose Rand, as Louise, the blind girl; Rose Lisle, as Henriette, her sister, and Mary Wells, as Mme. Frochard.

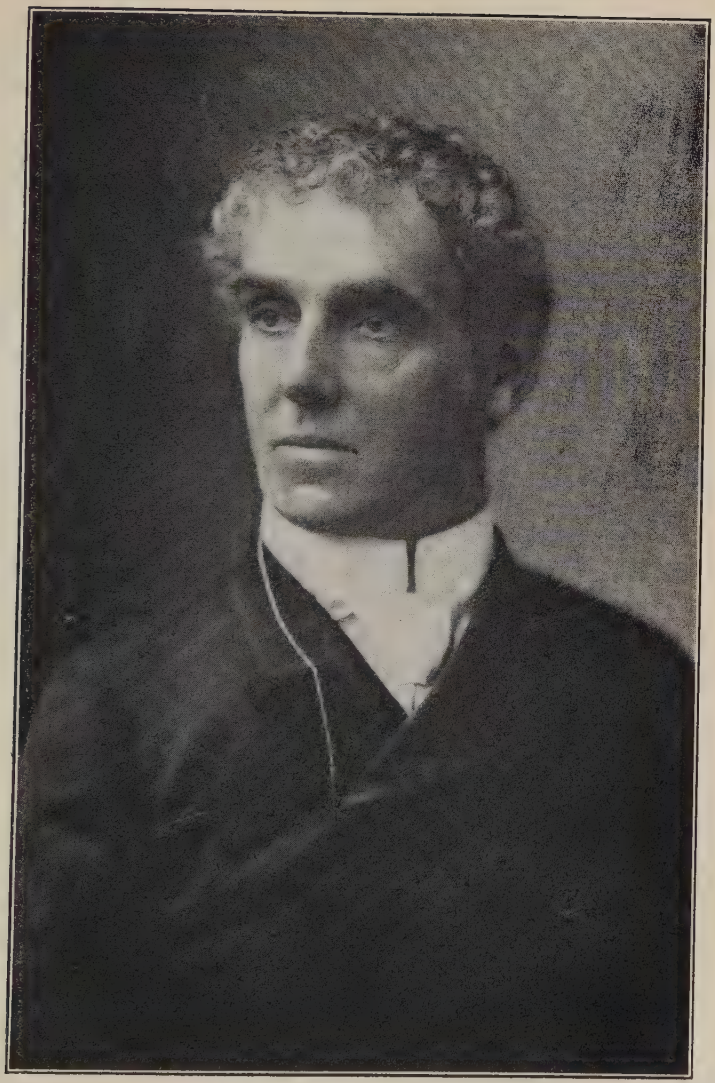
We gave the first performances of the play outside of New York, visiting New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Providence, and then returned to the city.

During the run of "Henry the Fifth," the preceding season, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer had engaged George Rignold to play Marc Antony in a grand revival of Julius Caesar they had in contemplation. The proposition being a quintette of stars in the five principal characters, viz.:

E. L. Davenport, as Brutus; Lawrence Barrett, as Cassius; George Rignold, as Marc Antony; F. B. Warde, as Julius Caesar; Frank C. Bangs, as Casca.

In the meantime George Rignold made a visit to England and discussed the proposed arrangement with his friends, who advised him not to place himself in such direct association and contrast with two such popular American actors as Lawrence Barrett and E. L. Davenport.

They also pointed out to him how dependent an actor playing Marc Antony was for his success



Lawrence Barrett

upon the efficient support he received from the mob in the scene of his address over the body of Caesar, commonly but erroneously called Marc Antony's oration, and suggested that a feeling of jealousy on the part of the American actors might work to his disadvantage.

Mr. Rignold was evidently impressed by these arguments, for on his return to America he declined to play the part.

Jarrett and Palmer then decided to make it a three star combination with Davenport, Barrett and Frank Bangs as Marc Antony.

I was to play Julius Caesar, as the leading man of the company, but was not to be starred.

Though I was by no means entitled to stellar dignity that honor had been promised me and I had been proudly anticipating it for months. I was deeply mortified and tendered my resignation.

Much influence was brought to bear on me to reconsider the matter, but my pride, or perhaps my vanity, was deeply wounded and I would not do so, but left the company.

Mr. Milnes Levick was engaged in my place. The revival of Julius Caesar was a great success and had a very long run, due in a great measure to the activities of Mr. Joseph Tooker, better known as Commodore Tooker, the acting manager of the theatre.

Commodore Tooker was a man of much originality in the way of advertising, and I say it with great esteem that I was very fond of him. He

displayed considerable audacity in carrying out his designs.

He secured the co-operation of Sam Carpenter, the good natured General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and they induced that great corporation, as well as the other connecting transcontinental railroads to sidetrack their regular passenger trains to permit "A Special" carrying Lawrence Barrett, and Jarrett and Palmer's "Henry the Fifth" company to make the journey from New York to San Francisco in eighty-four hours. The feat was accomplished, establishing a world record and resulted in an advertisement for Jarrett and Palmer and the play of Henry the Fifth that attracted the attention of the entire country.

He endeavored to induce the State Legislature at Albany to adjourn and come to New York to witness a performance of Julius Caesar.

Other scehemes of more or less magnitude he originated and in many instances succeeded in carrying them to a successful issue.

I have seen and heard of much of the work of the modern publicity or press agent, but I do not think that any of them have ever conceived and carried out such great advertising schemes as did the good old Commodore.

As I look back, I question the wisdom of my action in resigning from that distinguished cast of Julius Caesar, but discreet or otherwise, fortune favored me, for I was immediately engaged by John T. Ford of the Grand Opera House at Balti-

more to act as principal support to Edwin Booth on a tour of the South to begin at once.

Nothing could have been more agreeable to me than to meet and be so prominently associated with the most distinguished American actor, and to play in such a congenial repertoire of Shakespearean and classic plays that included "Hamlet," "Othello," "Richard the Second," "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Richlieu," "The Apostate," and "The Lady of Lyons." I was to play Laertes in "Hamlet," Iago in "Othello," Bolingbroke in "Richard the Second," Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," Edgar in "King Lear," Don Pedro in "Much Ado About Nothing"; De Mauprat in "Richelieu"; Hemeya, a Moor, in "The Apostate," and alternate Othello and Iago.

I had played many of the parts with other tragedians, and knew the lines and business, but Othello, Bolingbroke and the part in "The Apostate" were new to me.

My first meeting with Edwin Booth was on the morning of Monday, January 3, 1876, on the stage at Baltimore. John T. Ford practically controlled the theatrical business in the entire country south of Baltimore, and it was Mr. Booth's first tour in that section of the country since the war and the assassination of President Lincoln by his brother, John Wilkes Booth.

Our opening play was "Hamlet." The rehearsal was called for 10 o'clock. Mr. Ford's stock company completed the cast. All were per-

fect in the words, familiar with the business of the play, and only one rehearsal was necessary.

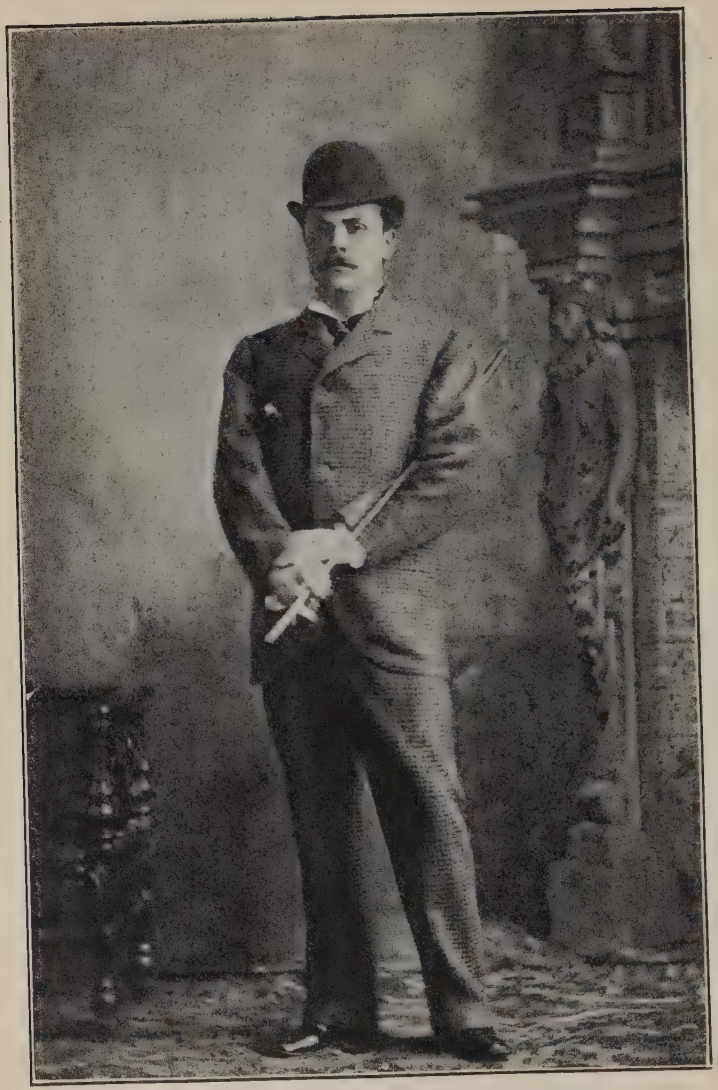
Henry Flohr, Mr. Booth's personal attendant, rehearsed the company, but Mr. Booth himself was generally present, as he was on this occasion.

Before the rehearsal began, I was presented to Mr. Booth, and I distinctly recall his appearance. He was of medium height, spare of figure and had an oval face, rather longer than ordinary, with a prominent nose and a sensitive and expressive mouth. His eyes seemed large and eloquent, and his face appeared quite pale; more so, perhaps, from contrast with his dark hair that hung in clusters, quite over his ears. He wore, as I remember, a light overcoat, which he held together at his waist with his hands, over a dark suit; and a soft felt hat.

His greeting was gracious and kindly, inspiring me at once with confidence and placing me at ease amidst my new surroundings.

Our rehearsal proceeded smoothly and without incident. The company was a thoroughly competent one, and the few suggestions made by Mr. Booth were given with gentle courtesy, and received and followed with well trained and respectful consideration.

I had played Laertes with many stars, both in this country and in England; so I was quite familiar with the usual business of the part, and as our only contact in the play was in the struggle by the grave of Ophelia, in the churchyard, and the con-



Frederick Warde in 1876 as the Young Englishman in "Fifth Avenue"

test with the foils at the conclusion of the tragedy, little direction or instruction was necessary.

In the former scene a brief explanation of his desires sufficed, and as both Mr. Booth and myself were familiar with the foils, a few moments' practice left me with a clear understanding of his wishes as to the business of the latter episode.

Night came. I was exceedingly nervous. I had played nearly two years in New York, and was fortunate enough to be popular there, but here was another city. How should I fare with a strange audience, to whom my personality was unknown, my temperament strange, and my methods an experiment?

What an audience it was! That grand old Baltimore theatre was packed from the orchestra rail to the last row of seats in the gallery. The boxes and the parquet filled with the culture, the beauty, the aristocracy of the city. What a glorious reception they gave Mr. Booth! The entire audience rose in their places and cheered. It was a spontaneous tribute of love and esteem for the man. Then, they sat down to appreciate the actor.

My words, as Laertes, were few in the first scene—a mere formal request to the King for permission to return to France. So, I had an opportunity to observe him, too.

"Booth's Hamlet" was a familiar phrase to my ears, but I had been unable to find any written or published account of his conception of this much discussed character, and I anticipated the pleas-

ure of witnessing the performance with great interest.

I saw a slight youthful figure in a black tunic and drapery, with dark waving hair clustering around a pale, thoughtful face, apparently free from "make-up" of cosmetics, moving with a quiet dignity, his eyes indicating the deep sorrow of his heart, and speaking in a sweetly modulated colloquial tone, suggesting rather than expressing the emotions of his soul.

There was apparently no attempt to solve any psychological problem, or illustrate any abstruse scientific theory. It was nature's self, clothed in a garment of reflective poesy and enveloped in a mantle of refined intellectuality that mirrored the sweet and gentle nature of the heart and mind within.

Edwin Booth's Hamlet was a man swayed and controlled by the sequential incidents of the play, moved and influenced by natural emotions, evolving his philosophy by spiritual contemplation of current events, and reaching the final catastrophe by cumulative conditions that led but to one inevitable result.

Mr. Booth loyally adhered to the simple and obvious meaning of the words as written, confining his conception to them and to them alone. He did not seek profundity, nor suggest obscurity. The result was a clear and direct exposition of the character, beautiful to the imagination and convincing to the intellect. He did not act; he was Prince Hamlet.

How modestly he received the applause of the audience. How generously he insisted on his comrades sharing it with him. The audience remained in their places at the conclusion of the play; all of the actors in the last scene had bowed their acknowledgments, but Mr. Booth was recalled again and again, and each time insisted on my accompanying him before the curtain.

It was an occasion to remember, an event to be recorded, an inspiration to be followed and a memory to be cherished.

It is more than forty-three years ago now, but it is as vividly impressed upon my memory as though the incidents I have related occurred but yesterday.

The following morning we rehearsed "Othello," with Mr. Booth as Iago, myself as Othello. I was dead letter perfect in the part, but the responsibility of acting such a great character made me dreadfully nervous.

It is usual for the star to tell his supporting actors the positions he desires them to take, the crosses to make, the tempo and inflections of their lines and the business he wishes them to do. I was anxious to receive these directions, but Mr. Booth gave none. At last I asked, "Have you not instructions to give me, sir?" He replied, "No. You seem quite familiar with the play."

We progressed as far as the great scene between the Moor and Iago in the third act, which is practically a dialogue, and still no instructions. I was feeling quite uncomfortable. Finally I asked,

"Are my positions satisfactory to you, Mr. Booth?" "Don't be nervous, my boy," he answered. "I'll find you, wherever you are."

Night came. Iago and Roderigo began the play in a scene before the house of Brabantio. Iago retires and re-enters with Othello in the following scene, a street in Venice. I was standing in the first entrance waiting for the change of scene, and although it was a cold winter night, I was bathed in perspiration. Mr. Booth came off the stage and noticing my condition, placed his hand on my shoulder saying, "Courage, my boy, you are going to play the part splendidly."

Throughout the play Mr. Booth acted as if I were the star, and he was supporting me. He adapted himself to my movements and action with the greatest consideration, and at the conclusion of the performance said I had fully justified his good opinion.

The following night our parts were reversed. Mr. Booth was Othello, and I played Iago. It was an ambitious undertaking for a young man to alternate such great parts with so great an actor, but Mr. Booth's considerable kindness was both an aid and an inspiration, and the success I was fortunate enough to make was entirely due to the generous encouragement of that splendid American gentleman.

Mr. Booth's Iago was a truly great performance, fascinating in its intellectual villainy, sinuous and graceful in movement and intense in its malignity.

Mr. Booth was not suited to the character of Othello, either by physique or temperament. He lacked the virility of John McCullough and the ferocity of Salvini.

He played the part with the grace of an accomplished actor within his physical limitations, skillfully substituting pathos for passion. The same conditions prevailed in his King Lear. His lack of strength could not reach the heights of Lear's passion in the earlier acts, but in the later scenes the suffering of the poor distracted King was pathetic in the extreme. His delivery of the lines, "I am a man more sinned against than sinning" brought tears to my eyes, and his recognition of his daughter Cordelia, as reason partially returns to his disordered mind, was one of the most beautifully tender scenes I have ever witnessed.

CHAPTER X.

Tour of the South with Edwin Booth.

Shakespeare's historical play of "Richard the Second" is seldom seen on the stage. Its revival by Mr. Booth was an interesting novelty; and his performance of the weak and unfortunate King beautiful and effective. It was a picture of a man of imaginative temperament and high ideals that are rudely shattered by the stormy and contending elements by which he is surrounded; his weakness and incapacity finally resulting in the loss of his crown and his life.

The character of Richard is brought into striking contrast with that of Bolingbroke, which I played and modelled my make-up and performance after Mr. George Rignold in "Henry the Fifth," giving it a vigor and force of character that I found very effective.

I always thought Cardinal Richelieu to be one of Mr. Booth's most successful performances. In make-up he seemed to have stepped out of one of the pictures of that eminent ecclesiastic in the Louvre. In manner he was the French exquisite, dainty and delicate as a woman, in action stern and relentless. The subtlety and craft of the

statesman outwitting his enemies was superb, while the light touches of humor were given with an ingenuous charm that gave variety and relief to the gravity of the situations.

The Semitic cast of Mr. Booth's features gave a very natural and appropriate character to his appearance as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." His rendition of the part differed materially from that of Sir Henry Irving and, to my mind, was a more consistent performance.

Mr. Booth did not seek for any new meanings of the words of the text, and in few instances used any new business. He accepted the traditions that three centuries of great actors had established, differing only in minor details influenced by his own temperament and personality.

"The Apostate" is a very old tragedy of the vintage that our great grandfathers enjoyed. It is written in the exaggerated blank verse of the beginning of the last century, and was a very popular play at the time. Today it would excite ridicule. Its revival by Mr. Booth commanded respect from his wonderfully intense performance of the villain of the play, Pescara, a part similar to Iago, but much more malignant and treacherous. I had never seen the play before, nor have I heard of its performance since.

Mr. Booth also played Benedict in "Much Ado About Nothing," Petruchio in "Katherine and Petruchio" and Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," during his engagement.

It was a remarkable repertoire of plays, and a

wide range of characters to give in two weeks, but Mr. Booth's versatility was remarkable. It seemed to me that with Edwin Booth acting was not only an accomplishment but an instinct. With the greatest ease he would step, as it were, from the relentless malignity of Shylock to the rollicking Petruchio in the same evening; from the lover Claude Melnotte in the afternoon to the "heart-strook" King Lear at night.

After two great weeks in Baltimore we started on our southern tour. Our first stop was at Richmond, Va., where we played an entire week in the historic old Richmond Theatre. It was on the stage of this theatre that Edwin Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth, when playing "Richard the Third," had refused to be conquered by the Earl of Richmond and ferociously continuing the combat had driven the actor playing the part off the stage, through the stage door into and across the street to a livery stable. There he was only subdued by the combined efforts of several men, who, after a terrific struggle, finally disarmed him, and restored him to reason.

From Richmond, we continued south, visiting Charlotte, N. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Atlanta, Macon, Montgomery, Mobile, Columbus, Chattanooga and Nashville, closing our tour at Bowling Green, Ky.

After Richmond, we traveled by a special train, not the train de luxe of the present day, simply a passenger coach and a baggage car attached to a wood-burning locomotive. The roadbeds were



Marie Wainwright

soft, the rails of iron, so our progress was necessarily slow, and at intervals we stopped at wood piles and all the gentlemen of the company would alight and assist the trainmen to throw the wood on the tender.

Mr. Booth smoked a pipe, a corn cob, and carried his tobacco, etc., in a small satchel suspended from his shoulder like the case of a field glass. I also smoked a pipe, an English briar. Mr. Booth and I would go into the baggage car, sit on a trunk before the open side door, and smoke and chat. It was my first trip in the South, and Mr. Booth would point out to me the growing tobacco, the cotton fields, the cane brakes, and explain to me the conditions of southern life.

At other times, as we grew more intimate, he would tell me of his own early life and experiences, of his first visit to England. He gave me much information not only of interest but of value and service.

In the meantime Mrs. Booth and Mrs. Warde would sit together in the passenger coach and discuss children. Mrs. Booth (Mary McVicker) was Mr. Booth's second wife. His first wife (Mary Devlin) had died, leaving a daughter, Edwina. Edwina suffered from an ophthalmic affection that prevented her from reading or studying, and her stepmother was educating her orally, and as Mrs. Warde was the mother of three children, they found a mutually agreeable subject of conversation.

Mr. Booth was a great favorite throughout the

southern country, and many people would congregate at the stations at which our train stopped to see that distinguished gentleman, but Mr. Booth, who was extremely modest, would remain in the car. The company, however, would get out for a little exercise.

We had with us a little old man, an actor in the company, whom we called "Billy" Bokee. He was a great admirer of the late Edwin Forrest, and endeavored to imitate the appearance and manner of that great and robust tragedian. He had a mustache and a tuft under his lower lip, and wore a black Talma cloak over his shoulders. He took his exercise with a tragic air and a dignified walk that no amount of ridicule could influence. The company took great delight on these occasions to address him as Mr. Booth, and attract the attention of the spectators to him. The little man enjoyed this distinction, and he saved Mr. Booth from the embarrassment he would have felt under the circumstances.

We carried no scenery with us, but depended on the equipment of the theatres where we played. In consequence we were guilty of many anachronisms. Hamlet interviewed the spirit of his dead father in a dense wood, and Shylock bargained the terms of his bond with a background of a modern American street with local advertisements painted on it.

These trifles, however, were lost sight of in the strength and excellence of the acting.

I remember one instance in particular. In the

play of Othello, the first scene should represent a street in Venice, with the mansion of Brabantio on one side, from which the gentleman is aroused by Iago, and who appears at a window to demand the reason of his disturbance.

In the theatre to which I refer the stock of scenery was very limited. The nearest approach to a mansion was a small square set-piece about eight feet high and twelve feet long, painted to represent a rustic cottage with a door and window, the chimney appearing above a roof thatched with straw.

The stage manager selected this for the purpose, and its impropriety would not have been noticed had not Brabantio from behind the scenes, mistaking the line of the roof for the ledge of the window, popped his head out of the chimney and in response to Iago's alarm called out, "What is the meaning of this terrible summons?"

Even this might have caused little comment, but the gentleman who played Brabantio, Mr. M. Lanagan, of Ford's Grand Opera House company, was over six feet in height and thin in proportion. He had to stoop to enter from the door, and as he rose to his full height the humor of the situation made itself apparent, and the audience enjoyed a hearty laugh at Brabantio's expense.

In Charleston, S. C., we had another humorous experience with another Brabantio. The gentleman was a substitute for Mr. Lanagan, who was ill. Some friends in that hospitable city had entertained him so generously that at the evening per-

formance his speech was somewhat thick and uncertain—very suggestive of conviviality. But he managed to get through his part until he struck the word "preposterously," in the Senate scene, and that proved too much for him. He hiccoughed at the consonants and struggled with the syllables for some time but finally gave it up, sat down and fell asleep.

I have played in Othello many, many times since, but never without recalling the incident of the unfortunate actor who was wrecked at Charleston, S. C., on the rock "Preposterously."

At Columbia, S. C., the theatre was located in the Municipal Building, over the City Hall. There was no grave trap in the platform that served for the stage, nor were we permitted to cut the floor to make one. We played "Hamlet" and in the churchyard scene, where Ophelia was to be buried, the stage manager placed a set rock on the side next to one of the wings, behind which the grave digger went down on his knees to indicate an excavation, and he shoveled the earth from that position. When it came to the burial of Ophelia, we pushed the body behind the rock instead of lowering it into a glave, slightly paraphrasing the lines to make them consistent with that method of disposing of the poor lady's body.

It was a great tribute to Mr. Booth and a credit to the audience that these incongruous conditions failed to cause any diversion from the serious interest of the play.

In the play of "Hamlet," it is necessary to use



H. J. Montague

two human skulls in the graveyard scene. One is merely thrown out of the grave with the soil and a substitute serves the purpose, but Hamlet has to take the other in his hand and apostrophise it as Yorick's skull, and it should be real. The company did not carry one as there was a superstition against having a human relic in the baggage, but we were usually able to borrow one from a local physician.

In one town we were unable to do this, so the property man procured a very large turnip, carved it into the shape of a human skull, covered it with earth and some paint until it really looked remarkably like the real thing, and placed it in the grave. The gravedigger threw it out with the soil, and at the proper cue handed it to Mr. Booth as Hamlet. The natural moisture of the vegetable, and the paint made it very slippery, Mr. Booth failed to grasp and it fell with a heavy thud on the stage, quite inconsistent with the weight of a hollow skull.

It then rolled rapidly down to the footlights and knocked off the tip of one of the gas jets. The gas flamed up, some one in the audience yelled "fire," and a panic was only averted by the prompt action of the leader of the orchestra, who extinguished the flame with his handkerchief.

Horatio recovered the turnip and returned it to Mr. Booth, but his tender apostrophe to the memory of his early playmate, Yorick, lost much of its pathos by the unfortunate revelation of the very substantial formation of the poor dead jest-

er's skull that was supposed to have "lain in the earth for three and twenty years."

We played an entire week at the old Masonic Theatre in Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Booth dressed in a small triangular room at the side of the proscenium. A cigar box with his tobacco and some pipe-lights ready at hand were always on his dressing table.

We were playing "Richelieu." I had occasion to go to his room between the acts, and the picture I saw is fresh in my memory. Mr. Booth was sitting before the mirror, made up and dressed in the full crimson robes of the great cardinal, the biretta on his head, the jeweled cross on his breast, smoking a corncob pipe. The incongruity of the situation struck me forcibly and we both laughed heartily as we recognized the humor of this informal meeting of the chevalier and the cardinal behind the scenes.

In spite of his usual melancholy manner, Mr. Booth had a keen sense of humor, and not infrequently would make sotto-voce remarks to me even in the most tragic scenes.

We were in Mobile, Ala., and had been somewhat troubled by mosquitoes. The play was "King Lear." Mr. Booth as the demented old King was sitting on a log. I, as the assumed madman Edgar, was lying at his feet. Lear, taking Edgar to be a learned philosopher, asks him: "What is your occupation?" to which Edgar, humoring the old king, answers: "How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin." To my intense as-

tonishment, Mr. Booth, without a change in the vacant eye, or a muscle of the pain-drawn reverend face, asked: "Skeeters and sich?"

It was another demonstration of my theory of acting, that, however tragic the part or intense the emotion, the actor must always be master of himself.

Mr. Booth's health was not good, so we did not play every night, and I had considerable leisure. I took advantage of this to see the country, and frequently rode out several miles on horseback, visiting the old southern homes, cotton plantations and points of historic interest, invariably meeting with the greatest courtesy and on more than one occasion enjoying the splendid hospitality for which that section of the country is proverbial.

Savannah is noted for its old historic theatre, one of the oldest in the country, and its beautiful system of squares and monuments. I narrowly escaped getting into trouble there. I was riding on horseback about the city, and took the car track through the center of a square instead of going around by the roadway, when I was stopped by a policeman and escorted to the police station. I pleaded ignorance of the traffic regulations, made myself known and was released from custody, but courteously told not to do it again.

In several of the cities I found evidence of the late Civil War conflict, notably in the old city of Charleston, S. C., where on the beautiful esplanade I saw many of the old family mansions battered and disfigured by the bombardments, a sad re-

minder of the horrors of war. They have since been restored, and few more interesting and attractive spots can be found today than the esplanade at Charleston.

So our southern tour continued with ovations to Mr. Booth and cordial greetings to the company everywhere until we reached Bowling Green, Ky., where we were met by Mr. Barney Macauley, manager of the Louisville Theatre, who took Mr. Booth from us for a visit to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and then to Louisville, where he was supported by the resident dramatic company.

I accompanied Mr. Ford and the company to Baltimore, stopping at Cumberland, Md., to open a new opera house. We played "Jane Eyre" and two modern comedies for our three night engagement. I was requested to make the inaugural address. It was the first public speech I ever made, and I distinctly remember my suffering in anticipation of that dread ordeal, but we have in the dramatic profession a comforting philosophy that "Twelve o'clock must come," and the opening ceremonies of the new theatre passed off successfully.

I left the company at Baltimore and after a brief vacation went to Chicago to play a week at McVicker's Theatre, and then resume my support of Mr. Booth on a tour of the northern cities under Mr. McVicker's management.

Chicago was a very different city in 1876 than it is today, but vibrant with life, animation and enterprise. Vacant lots filled with scattered debris

of the recent fire disfigured the blocks on the streets where now magnificent business and office buildings crowd each other in stately array. Wooden sidewalks of varying levels necessitated care by the pedestrian, even in daylight, and wooden sheds served as terminals for the railroads.

It was my first visit to the Middle West, and I was greatly impressed with the vital energy of its people.

From the windows of my room at the old Sherman House I watched the powerful machinery driving long piles soaked in creosote in the ground to make a secure foundation for the great Municipal Building to be erected there. A building that was subsequently found inadequate, and a still greater one has taken its place.

I opened at McVicker's Theatre in Buckstone's comedy, "Leap Year" for three nights, followed by the old drama, "All That Glitters Is Not Gold," for the remainder of the week. The cast included Mr. Thomas Whiffin, the comedian, and Miss Ellen Cummins, and the resident stock company.

The following Monday Mr. Booth began a two weeks' engagement in the same repertoire we had played on our southern tour. Mr. J. H. McVicker, who was Mr. Booth's father-in-law, played the comedy parts with traditional business and a sententious humor that was delightful. I think his grave-digger in "Hamlet," and Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing" the best I ever saw. Mr. Leslie Gossin, Miss Ellen Cummins and the

stock company of McVicker's Theatre completed the casts.

After Chicago, we played Detroit, then crossed the river to Canada, playing London, Hamilton, Toronto and St. Catherines. I was pleased to find that Mr. Booth was received in Canada with the same enthusiasm as in the United States. This was the more gratifying from the fact that he had expressed some anxiety as to his reception there. He had told me his visit to England in his younger days had not been as successful as he could have wished, and he was greatly pleased with his reception in Canada.

It has been said that art has no nationality, it is universal. In the case of Edwin Booth this was certainly true. Such ripened and perfected art as his belongs not to a nation but to the world.

We left Canada by the Suspension Bridge and finished our tour with a week's engagement at Meech's Academy of Music in Buffalo, N. Y.

During our week in Buffalo I was presented to and met on several occasions Grover Cleveland, then the Sheriff of Erie county. He was a great admirer of Mr. Booth and much interested in the drama. Our meetings were usually after the performance when, under the social influence of a cigar and modest liquid refreshment, we would discuss the actors and the stage of the two countries. At those little democratic meetings I little thought, and I doubt if he did either, that I should one day greet him in Albany as the Governor of New York State and later in Washington as the

President of the United States. I did so, however, and found in the Governor of the State and the President of the nation the same genial democratic friend I had met as the Sheriff of Erie County.

I have dwelt at some length on my association with Edwin Booth. It approximated twenty-two weeks in all, but they were so filled with interest and pleasure that I have ever regarded them collectively as one of the most enjoyable periods of my professional life. The modesty of a truly great man was the distinguishing feature of Edwin Booth's personality, allied with a sweet and gentle nature that won the esteem and affection of all with whom he came in contact.

I did not play with Mr. Booth after the tour I have described, but it is a privilege to record the fact that I enjoyed his personal friendship and the advantage of his advice and encouragement until he passed away.

The Players' Club of New York stands as an enduring monument to his memory, and his generosity to the members of the profession he so conspicuously adorned.

Recently a bronze statue representing Mr. Booth in the character of Hamlet standing on a granite pedestal has been erected in Gramercy Park and presented to the city of New York by the members of the Players' Club as a loving tribute to the memory of its founder.

CHAPTER XI.

A Return to Booth's Theatre, New York.

In the meantime the revival of "Julius Caesar" had been a great success in New York, and Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer decided to send it on a tour of the country with E. L. Davenport and Lawrence Barrett as the stars. On my return from the tour with Mr. Booth, I was engaged for the part of Marc Antony and to be substarred. Mr. Bangs was retained in New York to play Sardanapalus in a big production of Byron's poetic play of that name at Booth's Theatre.

This was another congenial engagement and I considered myself very fortunate, for next to Mr. Booth, Lawrence Barrett and E. L. Davenport were the most distinguished tragedians in this country.

We rehearsed "Julius Caesar" under the direction of Willie Seymour, then quite a young man, but who has since become one of the most accomplished dramatic directors of the day.

Our cast was an excellent one, all of the gentlemen being men of ability, fine physique and ripe experience. I append the cast of the principals as a matter of interest and record:

Marcus Brutus, Mr. E. L. Davenport; Caius Cas-

sius, Mr. Lawrence Barrett; Marcus Antonius, Mr. F. B. Warde; Julius Caesar, Mr. E. K. Collier; Publius Casca, Mr. Harry Langdon; Trebonius, Mr. J. P. Clarke; Portia, Miss E. V. Proudfoot; Louis Barrett, a brother of Lawrence, played the First Citizen.

We began our tour at Bay City, Mich., on September 25, 1876. Both Mr. Barrett and Mr. Davenport were exceedingly gracious, and generously invited me to share the carriage provided for them to and from the railroad stations. They also suggested that we should endeavor to obtain three bedrooms and a mutual sitting room at the hotels, an arrangement that proved very agreeable whenever we were able to obtain the accommodations.

We carried quite an equipment of costumes, arms and armors, but no scenery or properties, with the exception of a number of long sections of stove piping, which, painted to represent logs of wood, were used to represent the funeral pyre in a tableau which had been introduced to close the play—"The burning of the body of Brutus on the plains of Phillipi."

Many of the towns we visited were small, and the so-called opera houses were merely halls with small stages, and a limited stock of scenery. Not infrequently I delivered Marc Antony's address over the body of Caesar on a dry goods box or a packing case covered with a white cloth, my head reaching to the sky borders, while a modern street with local stores and advertisements, served for a background.

It was impossible to obtain supernumeraries in these towns, so our armies were made up entirely of officers and never strong in numbers, while our Roman populace and Senators were represented by members of the company who could double them with their parts.

I have had as few as five violent citizens urging Marc Antony to "read Caesar's will," and have heard Brutus command his soldiers, "Stoop, Roman, stoop, and bear the body hence," and have seen two of his officers take the dead Cassius by the head and heels and carry him off.

In spite of these conditions the play was received with the most respectful attention, and the splendid acting of both Mr. Barrett and Mr. Davenport was appreciated with critical discernment and applauded with enthusiasm.

Marc Antony is a very popular character and I was fortunately very successful in my part in the play.

We traveled west as far as the Mississippi River. Many of the towns we visited have now become large and prosperous cities with splendid opera houses equipped with every modern, scientific and mechanical device for the adequate presentation of great dramatic productions. Even in the days of which I am writing there was a fine theatre—Tootle's Opera House in St. Joseph, Mo., and another, The Coates Opera House in Kansas City, both built by enterprising merchants whose foresight anticipated the growth of these now large and important cities.

Mr. E. L. Davenport was a fine old actor. He read the lines of Brutus with great distinction and acted the part with great effectiveness and deep feeling.

Lawrence Barrett was an ideal Cassius. He assumed a hard, metallic voice and used a spasmodic action that admirably suited the part, making a strong contrast to the quiet contemplative reserve of the gentle Brutus.

Mr. Barrett had risen to his prominence in the dramatic profession from very humble circumstances, unaided, and acquired his knowledge and culture in the face of many obstacles.

The tables in the dining room of the old Russell House in Detroit were quite long. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Davenport and myself were dining together, Mr. Barrett sitting at the head of the table, Mr. Davenport and myself on either side. We were taking some wine with our dinner, I think it was Mr. Barrett's birthday. At the other end of the table, opposite to Mr. Barrett, sat an elderly man, who, I noticed, looked at us from time to time, with, as I thought, a sneering smile upon his face. He finally finished his meal and left the table.

After he had risen, Mr. Barrett called our attention to him and said: "I was an errand boy in that man's dry goods store some years ago. He caught me imitating him one day and discharged me, saying my proper place was on the stage."

Mr. Barrett also told us he had been a bell boy in one of the Detroit hotels, and had taken the ends

of candles that the guests left in their candlesticks and by their light read and studied books and plays in his garret room and thus acquired an ambition to become an actor.

How he succeeded, those who remember him well know, and the history and records of the American stage will bear testimony to his honorable career.

Mr. Barrett was engaged in writing the life of Charlotte Cushman during his leisure, and read us the result of his work as he progressed. He was not given to humor as a rule, but was not without a ready wit.

There was usually a peephole in the curtains of the theatres in which we played, through which Mr. Barrett, as well as others, would survey the audience before the play began. When the audience was large, Mr. Barrett would say with great satisfaction, "There is a great deal of culture in this town." This occurred quite frequently as our business as a rule was very large; but on one occasion, after a look through the curtain, he turned away without remark. This omission caused a wag in the company to take a peep and he found a very small audience. Turning to Mr. Barrett, he said with some sarcasm, "Quite a great deal of culture here, sir," to which Mr. Barrett replied, "Yes, agri-culture."

Barrett was very sensitive both of his personal dignity and of his professional position. He resented familiarity, and the terms "show," "show-

people'' and ''show folk'' were especially offensive to him.

We were leaving the hotel at Peoria, Ill., one morning, the old Peoria House near the river. Mr. Barrett went to the desk and asked for his bill. ''What name?'' inquired the clerk. ''Lawrence Barrett,'' was the reply with some hauteur. ''Oh, you're with the show: One dollar, please: same rate to show folk all round.''

The clerk meant no disrespect, but poor Barrett's dignity received quite a shock.

Arriving one day at Lansing, Michigan, we reached the hotel a few minutes only before the time for closing the dining room after the dinner hour. The tables already had been cleared and prepared for the evening meal. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Davenport, myself and practically the entire Julius Caesar company came in and sat down, greatly to the disgust of the waiters, who had imagined their mid-day work completed.

Barrett ordered roast beef and potatoes for dinner. The waiter, an Irishman, brought him corned beef and placed it before him. Barrett, annoyed, handed the plate back to the waiter, protesting, ''I want roast beef.'' The waiter promptly replaced the plate before him and in a rich Irish brogue asserted with decisive emphasis: ''It's roast beef ye want, but it's corned beef ye'll get.'' It was all he got and he had to make his dinner of it.

During our tour an unfortunate difference arose between Mr. Barrett and Mr. Davenport. It orig-

inated in a trifling circumstance, but both being very sensitive, it aroused much ill feeling between them and they would not speak to each other. Both gentlemen made a confidant of me. It was a very painful position, but I used all the diplomacy I could and was fortunate enough to retain their friendship; but I regret to say the breach between them was never closed.

We visited no less than fifty-four towns before returning to New York. The principals then went to the Brooklyn Theatre with the complete scenic production of "Julius Caesar," the subordinate parts being played by members of Mr. A. M. Palmer's company.

The part of Octavius Caesar was played by a young actor of comparatively brief experience, and that only in modern plays, Mr. Walden Ramsey. The Roman sandals provided for him were somewhat complicated and he could not adjust them to his feet. I was in my dressing room when he appeared at my door in complete Roman armor, helmet and all; a pair of eyeglasses on his nose, feet bare and holding a sandal in each of his outstretched hands and helplessly asked: "How the devil do you put the confounded things on, Mr. Warde?" I solved the problem for him, but did not succeed in removing his prejudice against the footwear of the ancient Romans.

The week at the Brooklyn Theatre closed our Julius Caesar tour. The following attraction there was Miss Kate Claxton and Mr. A. M. Palmer's company in "The Two Orphans." Dur-

ing the week the theatre burned down. Mr. Claude Burroughs and Mr. Murdock of the company were lost in the fire and many of the audience perished in their efforts to escape from the burning building, which was destroyed.

Our entire scenic equipment from "Julius Caesar" had been left in the Brooklyn Theatre and was lost in the fire.

Mr. Barrett, Mr. Davenport and myself returned to Booth's Theatre for a production of "King Lear" with Mr. Barrett as the old demented king. The cast was a strong one, and the production adequate, but Mr. Barrett was not suited either by physique or temperament for King Lear. He lacked dignity and grandeur in the earlier scenes, his passion was petulance and his grief fretful rather than pathetic. The supporting cast was:

Edgar, Mr. E. L. Davenport; Edmund, Mr. F. B. Warde; Earl of Kent, Mr. W. E. Sheridan; Earl of Gloster, Mr. H. A. Weaver; Albany, Mr. E. K. Collier; The Fool, Mr. Willie Seymour; Cordelia, Miss Stella Boniface; Coneril, Miss Gertrude Kellog, and Regan, Miss Dora Goldthwaite.

At the end of the first week, Mr. Davenport retired from the cast and I took the part of Edgar, and Mr. Collier that of Edmund.

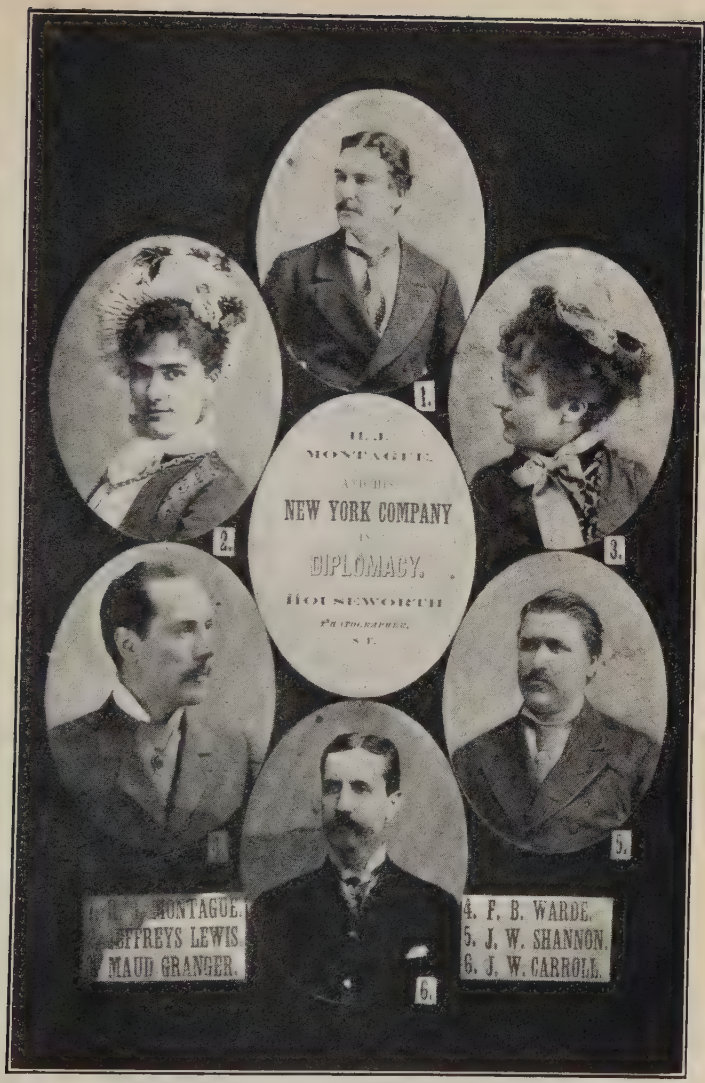
Our next production at Booth's Theatre was of an entirely different character. A domestic drama of the Cromwellian period in England by W. S. Gilbert called "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith." The story was similar to that of George Eliot's "Silas Marner." It was a pretty little play and

proved very successful. Mr. Lawrence Barrett played the part of Dan'l Druce, I was Geoffrey Winyard and the cast included W. E. Sheridan, J. W. Jennings and Miss Minnie Palmer. Miss Palmer was a very sweet and attractive little actress, who subsequently traveled the country in a play called, "My Sweetheart," under the management of Mr. Rogers, to whom she was afterwards married, and is now, I believe, living in retirement.

At that time there were two popular leading men in New York of contrasting type and temperament, Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., of the Union Square Theatre, and Mr. H. J. Montague of Wallack's. The former was of robust physique, great personal magnetism and virility; the latter delicate, polished and refined. Both were deservedly popular with the public.

George Fawcett Rowe wrote a play for these two actors with characters in which they would appear to equal advantage according to their personal characteristics. Thorne was to play a great big hearted generous American, and Montague, a well-bred chivalrous young English nobleman. Unfortunately neither Thorne nor Montague could obtain release from his engagements, so Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer accepted the play for production at Booth's Theatre.

The play was called "Fifth Avenue." George Rignold was engaged to play the American, and I was cast for the young Englishman. The selection of Mr. Rignold for the American was not a



H. J. Montague and his New York Company in "Diplomacy" playing in San Francisco

happy one, as his bearing, manner and speech were essentially British, and no acting on his part could conceal the fact. The contrast was, therefore, lost. The character though, was manly and heroic and Rignold played it with fine effect. I was equally successful in my part, but the honors of the play were carried off by Johnny Wild and George S. Knight, two gentlemen from the variety stage, and Mr. Charles Parsloe, a comedian.

I quote from the New York Express of the following day which aptly described the circumstances: "The heroes of the hour, though, if long continued and vociferous cheering be any criterion, were John Wild, George S. Knight and Charles Parsloe, who impersonated respectively a negro, a German, and a street arab. The boys in the gallery seemed to go wild in the frenzy of seeing their old friends, and applause almost shook the building."

Johnny Wild sang negro songs, George Knight gave a wonderful acrobatic imitation of a German emigrant seized with an epileptic fit, and Parsloe contributed his share of the fun by a characteristic sketch of a Bowery boy.

All three of these comedians have long since passed away, But Wild will be remembered by many old theater-goers for his negro characters, George Knight for his German dialect plays, and Charles Parsloe for his Chinaman in Bartley Campbell's play, "My Partner," in association with the late Louis Aldrich.

But to return to "Fifth Avenue." George Rig-

nold and I would stand in the entrance waiting to go on, he with growing impatience, I with amusement, as the audience encored the work of the comedians again and again until they were too exhausted to do more and we were permitted to proceed with the play.

"Fifth Avenue" had an exceedingly good cast which included a fine old actor, Mr. James H. Taylor, Mr. Vining Bowers, the comedian, and Miss Maud Granger, the leading lady.

After the run of "Fifth Avenue" at Booth's Theatre, it was taken to Philadelphia with the same cast.

That Philadelphia visit left me some very sad, yet sweet and tender memories. During my absence from my New York home, my wife had received a cable from England announcing the death of my mother. She did not repeat or send the message to me, but came to Philadelphia bringing with her our little baby daughter, ten months old, and only when I was holding the little girl in my arms did she break the sad news to me with the gentle sympathy that only a devoted wife and mother could feel.

The grief for the dear one that had passed away was softened by the realization of the new life that claimed my care and love and the filial affection of a son that was now a tribute to the dead must be replaced by the loving care of a father to the living.

I had no understudy, so I was obliged to assume my part as usual, and unfortunately had to refer to

"my mother" in several scenes, greatly to my distress; but no matter how heavy the actor's heart may be, the play must go on and the grief he feels must be hidden from the audience under the mask of smiles and laughter.

How gentle and kind all of the company were to me that night. They had learned of my loss, and all expressed in manner more than in words their tender sympathy.

Dear old comrades of the stage, you may have many faults, but when it comes to human sympathy, I know of no profession or calling where the hand and heart are more ready to respond to the call for help or to lighten the burden of sorrow!

CHAPTER XII.

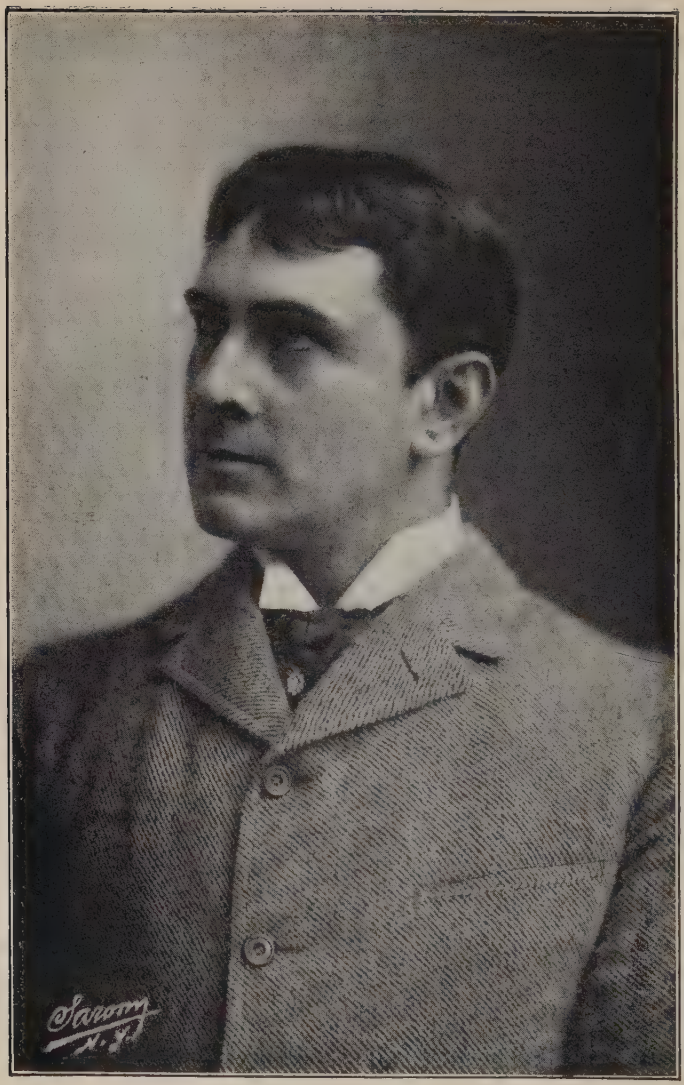
The Last Days of Booth's Theatre.

After our Philadelphia engagement, the company returned to New York, most of them being retained to support John McCullough in a repertoire of heavy classic plays that included "Virginius," "Richelieu," "The Gladiator" and "Metamora."

I played Icilius, De Mauprat, Phasarius, and the young hero in Metamora, whose name I have forgotten. Maud Granger was the leading lady and Mr. E. K. Collier played the heavy parts.

Mr. McCullough was much better suited both by physique and temperament to the virile parts of Virginius, Spartacus and Metamora than to the part of the modern soldier in "Belle Lamar," in which I had first met him. He had supported Edwin Forrest for some years before starring himself and had adopted the sterling methods of that robust and distinguished tragedian.

There was little subtlety in McCullough's acting —it was not in his nature, but in the impersonation of the elemental conditions and passions of the human heart he was admirable. His Virginius was a splendid presentation of the Roman



Maurice Barrymore

patriot and father. The tender love of the earlier scenes, the indignation at the outrage on his child, the horror of the dreadful alternative in the Forum and the bereaved and distracted father in the later scenes were finely portrayed.

His Richelieu lacked the delicacy and finesse of Mr. Booth's performance of the character, but he was powerfully effective in the great curse scene.

It was admirably summarized in the review in the New York Herald: "It suggests the lion rather than the fox."

Spartacus in "The Gladiator" was an especially strong performance of Mr. McCullough's, every personal attribute of the actor, voice, physique, manner and movement contributing to a realization of the Thracian captive and subsequent champion of the arena.

Mine was an especially strong part in "The Gladiator," Phasarius, brother to Spartacus. In my last scene I had to deliver a long and vivid description of the crucifixion of three thousand gladiators. It was well written by Dr. Bird, the author, and I was fortunate enough to grasp its spirit, and give it with good effect. Mr. McCullough was so pleased with my performance that he offered me an engagement at the California Theatre in San Francisco, of which he was then the manager, but I was unable to accept it.

"Metamora" was an old-fashioned melodrama with exaggerated language and situations, depending largely on the personality of the leading

character for its success. It had been a popular part with the late Edwin Forrest, and his pupil and successor, McCullough, followed Mr. Forrest's methods and conception of the Indian Chief whose name gave the title to the play.

Mr. Collier and I found it somewhat difficult to remember the Indian names in the play, having had brief time to familiarize ourselves with them. The leading lady's part, played by Maud Granger, was Nahmeokee, but much to the amusement of the lady and the indignation of Mr. McCullough, we would insist on calling her Tapiokee.

The tenure of Booth's Theatre by Jarrett & Palmer was drawing to a close and following the McCullough engagement several of the officers of the theatre took benefits; notably Commodore Tooker, our popular acting manager. "The Lady of Lyons" was the bill. Miss Rose Eytinge, a splendid actress, played Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of Mr. Edwin Adams for the occasion.

Edwin Adams had been a very popular actor for some years, particularly in "Enoch Arden," a dramatization of Tennyson's poem of that name. He gave a romantic and magnetic performance of Claude. He was quite ill at the time, and greatly to the regret of his many admirers, died shortly afterward.

Another benefit was given for our stage manager, Leon J. Vincent, at which McCullough appeared as Othello, and I as Iago, with Maud Granger as Desdemona and Madame Ponisi as Emelia.

In the part of Othello, McCullough was at his best. I liked him better in the part than Salvini, the great Italian actor. The latter gentleman may have been more true to the character of a Moor in his overmastering masculinity and tigerish ferocity, but McCullough was more consistent to the character as drawn by Shakespeare. The simple majesty of manhood in the earlier scene, the deep sorrow of the thought of Desdemona's infidelity and the pathetic passion of the distracted soul that killed and yet loved the object of its sacrifice seemed to me the realization of the poet's conception.

Finally the night of my benefit came, May 30. With a generosity that was a characteristic, John McCullough volunteered his services. We gave John Banim's old play "Damon and Pythias," with McCullough as Damon and myself as Pythias. Following the play Miss Maud Granger and I gave the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," concluding with Douglas Jerrold's drama, "Black-eyed Susan," in which I played William, the British sailor.

It was a long and varied bill that proved very attractive. The house was crowded, and I quote with some pride an extract from the New York Herald of the following morning: "The dashing young beneficiary must be a great favorite with the ladies, for they mustered in grand force, and their symathetic faces and spring bonnets made the parterre glow like a garden."

The reviewer did not record an embarrassing

incident that occurred in "Black-eyed Susan." My young son, aged six, was sitting in a box with his mother. In one of the scenes I, in the character of William, had to take Susan in my arms, and embrace her affectionately. Apparently realizing the impropriety of this proceeding the young rascal exclaimed in his shrill, childish treble, that was heard all over the house: "Oh, mamma, look at papa and the lady." The boy received a bigger round of applause for his speech than had been given during the evening.

The lease and management of Booth's Theatre terminated with my benefit performance.

Shortly afterward, on May 14, the theatre reopened for a brief spring season under the management of George Rignold, Tillotson and Brown. I was engaged as stage manager.

We produced "Alone," a little three-act domestic drama in which Mr. Rignold had been successful in London, with "Black-eyed Susan" as an after piece, in which Rignold played William and danced an old-fashioned sailor's hornpipe, playing his own accompaniment on the violin.

This accomplishment was quite a revelation to theatre-goers, but Rignold's experience had been varied. In his youth he had traveled with his father's company in the small towns of the English provinces and frequently had to act the leading parts in the plays, and between the acts, play the violin in the orchestra, wearing a cloak to conceal the costume of his part.

On May 17 the debut of a distinguished amateur

was announced in the character of Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." She was a very beautiful woman, the granddaughter of a bishop, the wife of a wealthy New York gentleman, and sister to a well-known naval officer. Her name was Mrs. Harry Slaughter, but she appeared under her maiden name, Miss Marie Wainwright. Rignold rehearsed the part of Romeo with her, but at the last moment declined to play it, and I was substituted; Mark Bates, the father of the present popular actress, Blanche Bates, being engaged for Mercutio.

Miss Wainwright made an emphatic success as Juliet, so Rignold decided to play Romeo the second and succeeding performances and I was relegated to Mercutio.

Miss Wainwright was a lady of culture and refinement and the following season played the French Princess in "Henry the Fifth," and all of the leading female parts with Rignold on his tour of the country. Subsequently she was leading lady at the Boston Theatre, and for several years supported Lawrence Barrett in his repertoire of classic plays. She then starred for several seasons with Louis James, and more recently played Truth in the symbolic play, "Everywoman."

After Miss Wainwright's engagement we produced "Amos Clark," and on May 30, George Rignold took a farewell benefit and gave one of the most extraordinary and unique entertainments it was ever my fortune to witness or to take part in.

The play was "Romeo and Juliet." Rignold played Romeo. I was Mercutio, but the part of Juliet was played by seven different ladies. Miss Neilson was to have appeared in the balcony scene, but excused herself at the last moment and, if I remember rightly, Miss Lily Eldridge was substituted. The rest of the part was divided as follows:

The Nurse and Marriage scenes by Miss Ada Dyas; the Potion scene, Miss Fanny Davenport; the Banishment scene, Miss Maud Granger; the Parting scene, Miss Marie Wainwright; the Masquerade scene, Miss Grace D'Urfrey; the Tomb scene, Miss Minnie Cummings.

The first problem that presented itself was the assignment of dressing rooms. Being the stage manager, that task fell to me. Do you realize it? Seven visiting, volunteer stars and only one star dressing room! Yet they were all located satisfactorily without friction or discontent. Where was the alleged temperament of the star and the leading lady? In those days it was almost an unknown quantity.

Most of the names in the above cast were as familiar to New York theatre-goers as their own. Years of faithful service had made them favorites with the public and comrades in the profession. They came to the theatre to play a part, to oblige a comrade and please the public, and the color of the wall paper or the style of the furniture of their dressing-rooms did not affect their conception or performance of their part.

As Mercutio, I met Juliet but once, in the Masquerade scene, so my task was easy, but Rignold as Romeo had to meet one lady at the ball, greet another on the balcony, marry a third in the Priory, take leave of a fourth, and find still another dead in the tomb of the Capulets. In the meantime a sixth lady bewailed his banishment and the seventh, driven to desperation, defied her parents and swallowed a sleeping potion in the hope of awaking and meeting him again.

The physique and complexion of the ladies differed. I did not learn how Rignold felt about it, but it must have seemed strange to have wooed a petite brunette on the balcony, married a mature lady of dark complxion like Miss Ada Dyas, taken leave of a lithe beautiful blonde like Miss Wainwright and find a buxom lady with chestnut curls in the tomb of her family.

The occasion attracted an immense audience and the several ladies and handsome beneficiary were vigorously applauded, but—I quote from a review in the press the following morning: "It was a fearful and wonderful performance."

The Rignold-Tillotson management closed shortly after the above performance and I played no more at Booth's Theatre. It was subsequently leased by Mr. Stetson of Boston, several big productions made, but in a few years the property was sold, and the magnificent theatre that Edwin Booth had built to perpetuate the most honored name in the annals of the American stage, became an office building and a dry goods store.

The outer walls are still standing in their architectural beauty and dignity. Only a small bronze tablet on the Twenty-third street facade reminds old theatre goers of the splendid institution that once flourished there, and of the indifference of the people of New York to the efforts of that worthy gentleman and great actor who had founded it to provide a worthy home for the drama in the metropolis of his country.

I had spent practically three years at the theatre, established myself in the regard of New York play-goers there, and been associated with the historic dramatic events that had occurred on its boards, and the ignominious termination of its existence was a source of deep sorrow to me.

The following season I was engaged by Mr. J. C. Duff, as leading man for the Broadway Theatre, formerly known as Woods's Theatre. Mr. James Morrisey, quite a worthy rival of Commodore Tooker as a publicity agent, was the acting manager.

Our season was to open on August 22 with Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in a new play by Joaquin Miller, entitled "The Danites." I was cast for the part of a western gambler called "The Parson"; but I had never been in the extreme West, where the scene was laid, nor had I ever seen the type of character to be found in the mining camps of that far country, so after the reading of the play, I was relieved of the part and Louis Aldrich engaged to play it. He was most successful, laying the foundation of fame and fortune which he



John McCullough as Othello

subsequently achieved in a similar character in a play called "My Partner" by Bartley Campbell.

"The Danites" was quite a success and ran for several weeks in New York and for several years was the vehicle in which Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin toured the country with great success and substantial financial results.

The regular season of the Broadway Theatre opened on November 2 with a very strong dramatic company that included Miss Jeffreys Lewis as the leading lady, Miss Ada Gilman as the soubrette, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Charles Leclerq and several other able and popular actors.

Our first star was Mme. Janauschek, a very fine actress who spoke with a strong German accent. She played "Lady Dedlock's Secret," an adaptation from Dickens' novel, "Bleak House," in which she played two parts of striking contrast, Lady Dedlock, and Hortense, a French maid, with great effect. Another play in which she appeared was "Brunhilde," a dramatization of one of the Nibelungen legends. Next to the Meg Merrilies of Charlotte Cushman, it was one of the most realistic performances I ever saw.

I played the part of Siegfried, a young warrior, who would not respond to the amorous advances of Brunhilde. In a very powerful scene with her, my cap fell off, and remained on the scene at its close. The stage manager instructed a supernumerary to go on and remove it. The young man, ambitious to be an actor, walked on, expressed surprise when he saw the cap, took it up,

and exclaimed: "Ah! The noble Siegfried's cap, I will wear it," put it on his head and walked off, much to the amusement of the audience and the indignation of the stage manager, who promptly suppressed the young man's aspirations.

CHAPTER XIII.

First Visit to California.

On November 26, Mr. Duff made quite an elaborate production of Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra," with Miss Rose Eytinge as the Egyptian Queen and myself as Antony.

Miss Eytinge was a very fine actress and a very handsome woman. Her dark complexion and physical charms gave her an ideal appearance for the part of Cleopatra, and her splendid acting fully realized the "Glorious serpent of the Nile" that had captured the hearts of three of the greatest warriors of the world.

During our run of "Antony and Cleopatra" Mr. Augustin Daly gave his annual benefit for the Catholic Orphan Asylum at the Academy of Music. Most of the actors in New York, including Miss Eytinge and myself, volunteered their services. Miss Eytinge was to give a recitation and I was to deliver Marc Antony's address over the body of Caesar. The bill was a long one, and we were to appear late in the evening.

My costume for Marc Antony's address being the same that I had worn at the Broadway Theatre I went to the Academy in a carriage fully dressed as the Roman orator, my dresser accompanying

me and carrying my modern clothes in a suit case.

I concluded the performance and proceeded to change my Roman costume to modern dress, when I discovered to my horror that my dresser had failed to put my trousers in the suit case, and the only garment I had to cover my nether limbs was my underwear, or a pair of flesh colored tights.

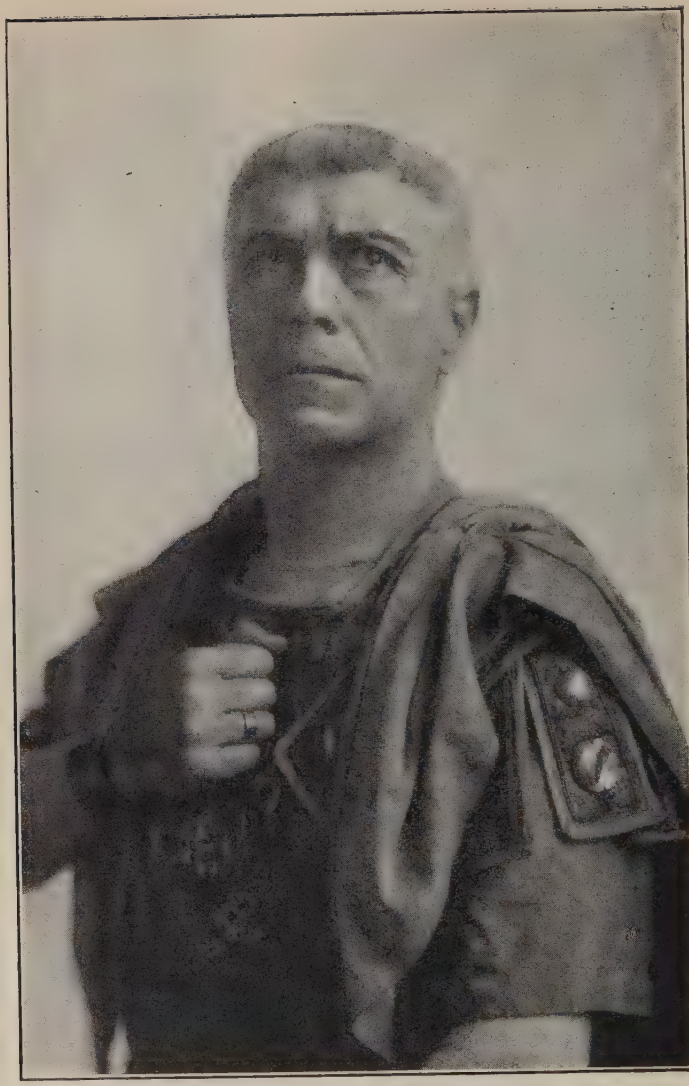
It was now past midnight and my friends were waiting for me to join them at a supper on the stage.

My dresser took a carriage back to the Broadway Theatre, fourteen blocks away, and when he got there the stage door was locked, and the night watchman on his rounds. It was a long time before he returned to his post, and when he did so, it took a still longer time to make him understand the circumstances and admit my man; nearly two hours passed before I was relieved from my embarrassing situation. In the meantime my friends were enjoying themselves on the stage, with considerable mirth at my expense while I sat alone in my dressing room in a combination costume, the upper part modern, the lower antique.

I reached my home at about 3 a.m. with feelings that can be better imagined than described.

"Antony and Cleopatra" was followed by the engagement of the great French romantic actor Charles Fechter, who appeared in "Monte Cristo," "No Thoroughfare," "Ruy Blas" and "Hamlet."

In spite of Fechter's advanced years and obese figure, he was an actor of great charm, and in cer-



Frederick Warde as Brutus in "Julius Caesar"

tain characters unapproachable. He had all the delicate finesse of the French school, with a verve and dash in romantic parts that was simply captivating. He was an excellent swordsman, an accomplishment that gave grace to his every movement. He acted from the tips of his fingers to his feet, and his business in all of his characters was most elaborate.

In his hands the romance of Edmond Dantes, the Count of Monte Cristo, became a convincing reality. Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare" lived, and Ruy Blas was the unhappy youth that "hid beneath a lackey's garb the passions of a king."

Fechter's Hamlet was French in conception and portrayal. A man who yielded to intense grief, that all his philosophical reflection could not soothe. It seemed in his performance that instead of "the native hue of resolution," being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," it was drowned in tears.

In the final scene of the play, he awoke to action, his business of killing the king was most effective and his death scene tenderly pathetic.

He wore a long blonde wig, and made up with a slight mustache and beard, a striking contrast to the raven locks and smooth face of Edwin Booth in the same character.

This engagement was Fechter's last appearance in New York. Even at that time he was a very sick man and was only able to get through his parts with the aid of stimulants. He died the following year. He was a great romantic actor, and

brought to the American stage a consummate art that left its impress, and served as a model of delicacy and finesse to our young actors whose methods were founded on broader lines, but with lesser detail in dramatic impersonation.

Our next visitor was an English actor who had spent some years and achieved quite a success in Australia, Mr. Alfred Dampier. He was accompanied by his two young daughters. They appeared in a humorous adaptation of a book that had been very popular called "Helen's Babies." The play was amusing but of little dramatic value.

Subsequently Mr. Dampier appeared in the dual rôles of Lesurges and Dubosc, in "The Lyons Mail," a French melodrama that Henry Irving had recently revived in London, but neither the play or the actor made any great impression.

Possibly the most important production of Mr. Duff's season was "The Exiles," a Russian melodrama that had made a great success in Paris and London. Controversy in the courts as to Mr. Duff's right to produce the play had given it a splendid advertisement, the management had taken every advantage of the opportunity for publicity, and its advent was anticipated with great interest.

George Fawcett Rowe had made our version of the play; elaborate scenery had been prepared and the long list of characters were represented by a very strong cast that included: Milnes Levick, as Schelm, Chief of Police; Alfred Dampier, as Count Lanine; F. B. Warde, as Muller of Mullerhausen;

Robert Brower, as the Czar of Russia; Miss Jeffreys Lewis, as the Countess Lanine; Miss Emily Rigl, as her sister, in addition to Mr. Charles Leclerq, Mr. B. T. Ringold, W. J. Coggswell, Miss Minnie Cummings, Miss Alice Grey and Ada Gilman.

"The Exiles" was a melodrama pure and simple, but it possessed the very necessary quality of sympathetic human interest and in consequence was a substantial success.

I note that I have failed to record above some very important characters in the play—two reindeer and six dogs, that were used to draw the sleds in one of the snow scenes.

The dogs acted very well, but I can't say as much for the reindeer; in fact, one of them nearly brought the play to an abrupt conclusion, and almost stampeded the audience on the first sight.

Instead of following the trail of the dogs, the animal, frightened by the glare of the footlights, broke from his harness and leaped clear over the head of the leader of the orchestra into the center aisle of the theatre, and started for the doors.

Fortunately some of his harness remained on him and he was captured before any great harm had been done, other than to scare the members of the orchestra almost out of their wits and give the audience a sensation not anticipated by the management. Later the same reindeer became more tractable and really acted with reassuring docility.

"The Exiles" ran successfully for several

weeks, and closed our dramatic season at the Broadway, after which we took the play to St. Louis and Chicago, where it repeated its New York success.

On my return to the city, I was offered the part of Henry Beauclerc in "Diplomacy," by T. Henry French and H. J. Montague, who were to take the play to the California Theatre, San Francisco, for a four weeks' engagement, and to play in Chicago on our return trip. Eagerly I accepted the proposition.

"Diplomacy" was an English adaptation of a French play by Sardou called "Dora." It had been a great success in Paris, in London and in New York, where it had a long run at Wallack's Theatre, Lester Wallack playing the part for which I was now engaged.

The company with whom I was to be associated was a delightful one and included Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Miss Maud Granger, Mr. H. J. Montague, Mr. John Carroll and Mr. J. W. Shannon, all experienced actors and old friends.

We went directly from New York to San Francisco, then a journey of seven days.

What a charming trip it was across the great continent of America. I had never been west of the Missouri River and everything was new and of the greatest interest to me. There were no dining cars. We stopped at meal stations which relieved the monotony of travel and in the interim studied and rehearsed our parts.

After we reached Omaha, a new world seemed

to open before me—the broad prairies of Nebraska gradually rising till we reached the crest of the Rockies, then the descent on the western slope through Echo and Ogden canyons to the Great Salt Lake, across the great American Desert to the Sierra Nevadas—up again and across those majestic mountains until we descended into the Sacramento Valley with its flowers and fruit to the great western metropolis on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

I saw the American Indian in their almost primitive condition, squatting in the shade of the freight sheds, their tepees clustered in the distance or riding on the steps of the cars, as they were then permitted to do. The buffalo had practically disappeared, but in Nebraska we saw several herds of antelope in the near-by hills, and in the evening it was not unusual to see wolves and coyotes slinking away in the gloaming.

It was a wonderful journey that would take a far abler pen than mine to describe and a volume to encompass.

At Sacramento the train as met by representatives of the press who took the names, the business and places of residence of the overland passengers and wired them to the San Francisco papers.

In our case we were met there by Mr. Barton Hill, and some friends, who loaded us with flowers and fruits, and gave us the first suggestion of the greeting and welcome we were to receive on our arrival at our destination.

Then came the final stage of our journey. The

trip from Oakland on those wonderful ferry boats. The great bay of San Francisco and our first glimpse of the city. The glorious welcome, which surpassed anything I have ever experienced in its warmth and cordiality, and then the splendid Palace Hotel, so worthy of its name. It was all so wonderful it seemed more like a dream from the Arabian Nights than an actual reality.

We opened at the grand old California Theatre on Bush street to an audience that tested its capacity. The full cast of the play was as follows:

Julian Beauclerc, Mr. H. J. Montague; Henry Beauclerc, Mr. F. B. Warde; Count Orloff, Mr. John Carroll; Baron Stein, Mr. J. W. Shannon; Algie Fairfax, Mr. Nick Long; Markham, Mr. John Wilson; Dora, Miss Maud Granger; Countess Zicka, Miss Jeffreys Lewis; Marquise de Rio Zares, Miss Emily Mestayer; Lady Henry Fairfax, Miss Hattie Roch; Mion, Miss Jennie Arnot.

"Diplomacy" was an instantaneous success and played to splendid business for nearly four weeks. We were all very happy, receiving compliments and courtesies on all sides.

The critics gave us lavish praise, notably Peter Robinson of the Chronicle, George Barnes of the Call, and George Dinsmore of the Bulletin, who claimed "Diplomacy" to be "a perfect play of its kind" and of the acting, he said, "It was fine art all through."

Tony Pastor's variety company from New York was playing at the Bush street Theatre at the same

time and on Wednesday afternoons Mr. Montague, myself and sometimes the ladies would occupy a box and enjoy the splendid entertainment provided by the Kernell brothers, Johnny Wild, Primrose and West, the Fontainbleu sisters, Kitty O'Neil, Frank Girard, the Irvin sisters and that fine coterie of fun makers Mr. Pastor used to take across the continent every summer. I think they enjoyed our presence there as much as we appreciated their clean and wholesome comedy.

Of course Mr. Montague, Shannon Carroll and myself enjoyed the hospitality of the world famous Bohemian Club, of which I am proud to be a life member. What a splendid set of whole-souled clever men they were. How generous they were to ability, how keen to pierce the bubble of pretense. Their club rooms were over a fish market then—now they have a palace on the hill, but the same spirit of good fellowship is there. Worth and Wit are welcome, but wealth is no claim to recognition.

In the beginning of the fourth week, Montague developed a cold but paid no serious attention to it. "False Shame," a comedy by Marshall, was to be substituted on the Friday night which was announced as Mr. Montague's benefit. He rehearsed daily and began the performance of his part, Lord Chilton, with no indication of illness, but had scarcely spoken a dozen words, when he stepped forward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not well; excuse me." The curtain fell, poor Montague was assisted to his dressing-room,

where he was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs. He was subsequently taken to the hotel under the care of a physician.

The audience was a large one, and the management was anxious that they should not be deprived of a performance—so I undertook to play the part of Lord Chilton (having previously played it in New York) and Mr. Barton Hill read the part I was to have played, Captain Bragleigh, from the manuscript, and to quote the press of the following morning, "the strange, fickle, capricious audience positively enjoyed the performance, and went home well satisfied."

Late that night the physicians reported Montague to be recovering, giving us all great encouragement.

For the matinee and night of Saturday, we substituted makeshift performances of scenes from various plays and closed our engagement; in the meantime Mr. Montague's condition appeared to improve.

We were scheduled to leave San Francisco on Monday for the East, so on Sunday I went across the bay to Sausalito to spend a portion of the day with some friends, returning to the city late in the afternoon, having a dinner engagement for the evening.

I went to Montague's room and found him greatly improved and in fine spirits. He urged me to stay and dine with Mr. Carroll, Miss Granger and himself. I pleaded my engagement with a mutual friend at the club, but he was so insistent

in urging me to pass our last evening in San Francisco together that I sent a note of apology to our friend and remained.

Our dinner was served in his sitting-room, and we were enjoying a very happy time when Gen. Barton and Barton Hill, the managers of the California Theatre, came in, and together with Mr. Montague went into his adjoining bedroom to settle some business matters connected with our engagement.

In a few minutes Barton Hill came to the door and cried, "Send for Dr. O'Toole, Montague has another hemorrhage." I seized my hat, ran to the elevator, descended to the court, took a cab and hurried to Dr. O'Toole's office. He was not there. I went to his house and his club but could not find him, then I returned to the hotel and to Montague's room. He was lying on the bed, our friends and a resident physician of the hotel standing around him.

I went to his side, raised his head to my shoulder and called him by name. The physician said "It is useless, Mr. Warde, he is gone." It was true. He gave a half sigh, and poor Harry Montague was dead on my breast.

Instead of leaving the next day, we held funeral services over the body of our dead comrade and friend. How kind and considerate everyone was. Grief at his death was general, and many ladies and gentlemen of social and professional prominence attended the services. The room was a perfect bower of flowers. Miss Sharon, daughter of

the Senator, who afterward became Lady Hesketh, arranged the blossoms and gentle sympathetic friends attended to the details. The Episcopal service was rendered, the last look taken at the still quiet face and tears fell freely as the casket closed.

Montague had never married. Many women had admired and some had loved him. Of his personal affairs I knew little, but I found among his effects a carte de visite of an English lady, an actress, with an inscription on the back that led me to believe he had loved her, and I placed it on his breast when the body was dressed for burial.

The following day the same company that had arrived so happily five weeks before started on the homeward journey—one of the company only a memory, the rest oppressed with sorrow.

Time, like sleep, is the "balm of hurt minds" and has softened the sadness of those days and left only the remembrance of the generous welcome, the great big broad hospitality and sympathetic kindness of the people who have made that great empire of the West—a land flowing with milk and honey, blossoming like the rose, with a past that can boast of courage, endurance and enterprise that like Caesar—came, saw and overcame, and a future so bright, that the strongest eyes are dazzled by the vision.

My wanderings have brought me to the Golden West many times since my first visit recorded above, each visit strengthening old friendships, gaining new ones, and increasing my esteem and

affection for the people who have ever been so indulgent toward my faults, and generous in their substantial appreciation of such ability as I am fortunate enough to possess.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Warde-Barrymore Diplomacy Company.

On reaching Chicago on our return journey, Miss Granger, Mr. Shannon and Mr. Carroll decided to accompany Mr. Montague's body to New York. Miss Jeffreys Lewis had remained in California.

Having paid all the respect and given all that esteem and affection could give to the dead, I felt it my duty to fulfill my obligations to the living; so I remained in Chicago, rehearsed, and after a week's postponement produced "Diplomacy" at McVicker's Theatre.

I played Henry Beauclerc as before, Maurice Barrymore was engaged for Julian, and the other parts were cast to the members of the stock company of the theatre as follows:

Dora .....Miss Meroe Charles
Countess Zicka.....Miss Affie Weaver
Lady Henry Fairfax.....Miss Alice Hastings
Marquise .....Mrs. Carrie Jamieson
Baron Stein.....Mr. Harry Pearson
Count Orloff.....Mr. Edwards
Algie Fairfax.....Mr. Roland Reed

The play ran two weeks to capital business, but Mr. T. Henry French, Montague's surviving part-

ner, decided not to continue the tour. Barrymore and myself entered into partnership under the name of Warde and Barrymore and bought the rights of the play for the United States and Canada.

Without loss of time we made our plans, engaged our business staff and selected the company. Two Italian artists of great ability, Signor and Madame Majeroni, who had not been as successful in this country as they deserved, were in Chicago and, fortunately for us, at liberty, so we engaged them for the parts of Count Orloff and the Countess Zicka.

Our full cast was as follows:

Julian Beauclerc	Maurice Barrymore
Henry Beauclerc	F. B. Warde
Baron Stein	H. Rees Davies
Count Orloff	Signor Majeroni
Algie Fairfax	John Drew
Markham	Herbert Ayling
Dora	Georgie Drew Barrymore
Countess Zicka	Madame Majeroni
Lady Henry Fairfax	Miss Annie Edmondson
Marquise de Rio Zares	Mrs. E. F. Baker

Mr. Ed. Zimmerman was our agent in advance and Mr. Phil Simmonds our business manager.

The company was an excellent one and gave a splendid performance of the play, but the title, "Diplomacy," conveyed little meaning to the country at large at that time (1878). Neither

Barrymore nor myself were known as "stars," and in spite of the fact that our performance greatly pleased our audiences and received the warmest expressions of praise from the press, our business was not financially satisfactory.

On reaching Washington, D. C., Mr. Barrymore and I differed as to our future policy. He desired to go South and West, I to the North and East. We decided to separate and form two companies, which were cast as follows:

Northern company		Southern company
Julian Beauclerc	F. B. Warde	Maurice Barrymore
Henry Beauclerc	Henry Dalton	
Baron Stein	Geo. Jordan	H. Rees Davies
Count Orloff	Harry Lacey	
Algie Fairfax	Herbert Ayling	
Dora	Annie Edmondson	Josephine Baker
Countess Zicka	Gabrielle du Sauld	Ellen Cummins
Marquise	Carrie Jamieson	Mrs. E. F. Baker
Lady Fairfax	Adelaide Cherie	

My company followed the route laid out for us with moderate success without any special incidents of interest, but Barrymore's company met with a terrible tragedy that resulted in the violent death of Mr. Ben Porter, the serious wounding of Barrymore and the breaking up of the company.

It was at Marshall, Texas. The company had played at the Opera House there and were waiting

for the north bound Texas and Pacific train that was to leave some time after midnight and take them to Texarkana.

Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Porter and Miss Cummins were seated at the lunch counter having some supper. The counter, backed by a long mirror, ran the entire length of the room, which was also used as a bar divided only by a standing screen. One man was serving both bar and lunch counter, and the patrons of each department were visible to the other by means of the mirror.

An employee of the railroad named Jim Currie, was lounging at the bar, somewhat the worse for liquor. He made several offensive remarks directed at Miss Cummins. The bartender endeavored to quiet him, explaining who the people were. Currie refused to be quieted, and coming round the screen made another insulting remark directly to them. At this Barrymore protested, asserting that they were passengers waiting for their train, taking refreshment in a place provided by the railroad company for that purpose and they desired to do so unmolested.

Currie sneeringly said, "Will you take it up?" Barrymore replied: "I can't, I'm unarmed." Currie said, "So am I." "What, haven't you got a pistol on you?" asked Barrymore. "No," replied Currie. "Well, I'll stand up for a woman, anyway," said Barrymore, and started to take off his overcoat. Currie immediately drew a revolver and fired.

The ball entered Barrymore's arm above the el-

bow, glanced upwards and shattered his shoulder blade. Porter stepped forward, protesting, "We don't want any trouble of this kind," when Currie lowered his gun and shot Porter through the body. Porter was carried to the waiting room and died in about twenty minutes, the ball falling from his back as he was being undressed.

It was a cold-blooded, cowardly murder, and the press and the people of Texas expressed their horror and indignation most emphatically.

The good people of Marshall were unremitting in their attentions to Barrymore, who for some six weeks, while recovering from his wound was the guest of R. W. Thompson, Jr.; the station agent of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. Mr. Thompson and his charming wife tended their patient with affectionate solicitude and Barrymore's rapid recovery from his wound was in a large measure due to them.

Dick Thompson subsequently became a very warm friend of mine, and in spite of the fact that he is now some years past three score and ten, he is still the agent of the railroad at Marshall.

Jim Currie was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. On a legal technicality he was granted a new trial, with the same result. He managed through influence to get a third trial, and was then acquitted on the ground of insanity.

At the conclusion of the third trial, Barrymore remarked to the judge: "This reminds me of our performances in England." "How so?" inquired the gentleman. "We commence with a tragedy



Frederick Warde as Hamlet

and end with a farce,'' replied Barrymore. The able jurist made no reply.

It was reported some time afterward that Currie had been killed in a brawl in a western mining camp.

After the tragedy in Texas, I combined the companies and reopened at Louisville, Ky., Barrymore joining us after his recovery. We continued the tour and closed our season at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia.

''Diplomacy'' was a great play, but somewhat in advance of the time for general audiences who were not conversant with European methods of life and diplomatic usage. Its revival some two or three years ago, when the voice and influence of the United States of America was a greater factor in the destiny of the world, was more timely and, as a consequence, more successful.

Maurice Barrymore, whose family name was Herbert Blythe, was a most charming and attractive actor, well bred and well read. He had a keen and ready wit and considerable literary ability. He had the courage of his convictions and the mental and physical ability to maintain them. His subsequent career was brilliant and only terminated with his premature demise.

Two sons, John and Lionel, and one daughter, Ethel Barrymore, have not only inherited their father's ability, but have exceeded the hopes of their warmest admirers and few actors stand higher in the esteem and affection of playgoers of the present day.

Prior to our "Dipolmacy" tour, a mutual friend had given me a letter of introduction to Henry Watterson, the distinguished editor of The Courier-Journal of Louisville, Kentucky.

On reaching that city I presented my letter, was most cordially received and Mrs. Warde and myself were invited to take dinner at the family home.

It was one of the first Southern homes I had visited and a revelation to me of a beautiful phase of social and domestic life in that section of the United States.

Captain Watterson, father of "Marse" Henry, was in dress, carriage and punctilious courtesy "a gentleman of the old school."

Standing straight as an arrow, he wore a light blue body coat with gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat, nankeen trousers, very tight with stirrup straps under highly polished boots, a frilled shirt front and a white neck cloth. With a head surmounted with a mass of snow white hair he looked like some old nobleman who might have lived in the baronial homes of England or the historic chateaux of France a hundred years ago.

Mrs. Watterson made a fit companion picture to her husband. Old lace framed a face of delicate refinement, beautiful in its gentle sweetness and radiant with happy pride in her distinguished son and gallant husband.

A colored butler, a sombre counterpart of his master, formally announced: "Dinner is served." Captain Watterson with polished courtesy es-

corted Mrs. Warde, a very modern young matron, to the table. I followed with Mrs. Watterson and "Marse" Henry, like the well bred young gentleman he was, walked behind.

This was some years ago.

I meet Colonel Henry Watterson now, at regretably long intervals. In our maturity we talk of old times and old friends. As we talk, the picture of that old home in Louisville, the figures of that sweet old lady and gallant gentleman in their beautiful domestic life and their distinguished son in his young manhood rises to my mind and I find it difficult to realize the years that have passed. Then I marvel at the currents of fate that divert and separate the paths of men, only to reunite them in reminiscent memories.

What slight incidents to divert the currents of our lives. For twelve years I had played in almost every form of dramatic entertainment. I had supported practically all of the distinguished actors of the English speaking stage, in comedy, tragedy, modern drama and burlesque. I had alternated great tragic parts with Edwin Booth and I had recently played a great modern part Henry Beauclerc in "Diplomacy" with success. Which walk of the drama should I follow? My ambition and inclination favored the tragic drama. Financial advantage seemed to attach to modern plays. I was in doubt, when a chance meeting in the street decided the matter.

Walking on Broadway, New York, with a friend, we met and I was introduced to Captain Wm. M.

Conner, manager of John McCullough. After our greetings, Capt. Conner asked me what my plans were for the ensuing season. I replied I had none. He then asked me if I would like to travel with and be featured as the leading support to Mr. McCullough.

The proposition was attractive to me. I had already played with him in the greater part of his repertoire and the new parts were most congenial, so after slight negotiations and discussion, the engagement was made.

The company assembled, and our season began at Hamilton, Canada, early in September.

It was a most excellent company of actors, well adapted by ability and experience for Mr. McCullough's extensive repertoire, and included; Mr. Edmund K. Collier, Mr. John A. Lane, Mr. H. A. Langdon, Mr. John Sutton, Mr. Harry Barton and several others. Miss Emma Stockman was our leading lady, Mrs. Augusta Foster played the heavy parts and Miss Mittens Willett was the utility lady.

Mr. McCullough was extremely popular with the company, cordial to the principals and kind and considerate to the younger members, who supported him loyally, giving most effective performances and working together in perfect harmony.

John McCullough was born in Colraine, in the north of Ireland, and came to the United States at an early age with his parents, who settled in Philadelphia. The first employment young McCullough obtained was in the Philadelphia gas



Lillian Russell

works, where he was a helper to Mike Moran, the night attendant to the furnaces.

Mike Moran was a great admirer of Shakespeare, and particularly prided himself on his delivery of Marc Antony's address over the dead body of Caesar. McCullough told me his first knowledge of Shakespeare and the drama was gained from Moran, who used to compel him to lie down on the ground and impersonate the dead Caesar while Moran delivered Antony's speech standing over him, and addressing the open doors of the furnaces.

Mike Moran subsequently moved to the west and prospered. The last time I met him was a few years ago at Joliet, Ills., where he was an alderman of the city.

After McCullough's experience at the gas works, he was apprenticed to a chairmaker in Philadelphia, joined an amateur dramatic company, the Wheatley Dramatic Association, I think it was called, and finally obtained an engagement at the old Walnut Street Theatre.

There his dramatic ability found opportunity and he rose to the position of leading man. Edwin Forrest, playing a starring engagement at the Walnut, was attracted by his appearance and ability and engaged him to travel as his leading support, which he did until that great tragedian retired from the stage.

These facts were related to me by Mr. McCullough, together with many anecdotes and detailed descriptions of the personality, characteristics and

methods of Mr. Forrest, until I seem to have seen and known the great actor himself. McCullough had the greatest esteem and reverence for the memory of Mr. Forrest, and modelled all of his performances on the conceptions and methods of his distinguished preceptor, and with characteristic candor admitted the fact.

I know of no actor who enjoyed a greater popularity than John McCullough. He was the guest of the principal clubs in the various cities we visited, and was socially entertained in the homes of many of the most distinguished men in the country.

I am indebted to John McCullough for the privilege of many friendships that I enjoy to this day by his generosity in presenting me to his many distinguished admirers and friends.

I recall especially the Union League Club of Cleveland, Ohio, and the coterie of prominent and influential men that we met there, which included William McKinley, Mark Hanna, later Senator, William Edwards, father of General Clarence Edwards, Mr. John Tod, Mr. Gordon and many others who subsequently achieved national distinction.

In Chicago, Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore Mr. McCullough enjoyed the same popularity as in Cleveland, and if I did not share his honors I certainly enjoyed the pleasure of the attentions that were shown him.

McCullough usually played Richard III on Saturday nights. It was the closing performance of

our engagement in Washington, D. C. General William T. Sherman and a party occupied the stage box. The General followed the performance with the interest of a boy at the circus. During the concluding combat between McCullough and myself he rose from his seat and standing in the front of the box, applauded as if it were a fight for life instead of a prearranged stage combat. McCullough was excited and as we reached the final strokes called on me to begin the fight again. I did so, and we continued with renewed energy until McCullough was exhausted and gave me the cue to disarm and "kill" him.

The curtain fell. McCullough had risen. We were both bathed in perspiration and breathing heavily, when the General came excitedly on the stage, placed his arms round our necks, holding us on either side and said:—"Boys, that was grand! If I had an army of soldiers like you I'd fight the world!"

At St. Louis, Mr. McCullough was very popular. The old Olympic Theatre was crowded at every performance.

John Cockerill, editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and Mr. McCulloch of the Globe-Democrat were great friends and admirers of John McCullough and extended their appreciation to me.

Miss Emma Stockman, who was the wife of John W. Norton, the manager of the Grand Opera House in St. Louis, left us in that city, her place being taken by Miss Kate Forsyth, a beautiful woman and a charming actress, who played her

repertoire of parts with great distinction and ability.

After visiting the northern and central cities we went south. The same cordial greeting awaited McCullough there. I had covered that part of the country with Mr. Booth, and it was a great pleasure and satisfaction to me to return with Mr. McCullough and find that I was not forgotten.

At Memphis, Tenn., we played a full week, practically under the auspices of the Chickashaw Guards, a military organization composed of the prominent young men of the city, and commanded by a splendid soldier and disciplinarian, Captain Sam Carnes, whose skill and ability had raised the company to the position of the finest military organization of the south.

Mr. McCullough had contributed liberally to the relief of the sufferers by the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis some years before, and presented a silken National flag to the "Chicks," as the organization was familiarly called, and the citizens and soldier boys showed their appreciation by lavish entertainment during our stay, the military officers and substantial business men of the city entertaining Mr. McCullough and the rank and file taking charge of the company.

I date many sincere friendships from that very happy week with the Chickashaw boys in Memphis.

From Memphis to Nashville. Another delightful week at the old Masonic Theatre, where a

splendid welcome and generous hospitality greeted us.

A visit to General Harding at the celebrated Belle Mead breeding farm, the home of Great Tom and Enquirer, sires of so many kings and queens of the turf was one of the features of our entertainment.

Then to Montgomery and Mobile. Birmingham, the great industrial city of the south was yet in its infancy and had no hall or theatre adequate to our needs; but in both Montgomery and Mobile there were fine old theatres rich in dramatic history and tradition, and I am happy to say they still retained the good old-fashioned name of "theatre" and were not disguised as "Opera Houses," or "Academies of Music."

Two interesting and contrasting personalities in Mobile were T. C. DeLeon, manager of the Mobile Theatre and Father Ryan, known and beloved as the Poet-Priest of the South and as author of "The Bonnie Blue Flag." DeLeon, keenly intellectual, with the suavity and polish of the French Creole; Father Ryan, the æsthetic, with long black hair and careless attire, learned and profound.

From Mobile to New Orleans, playing a week at the old Academy of Music on St. Charles Street, under the management of David Bidwell.

A clause in our contract compelled us to keep the curtain down not less than five minutes between each act, the reason being that Mr. Bidwell owned the saloon in the front of the theatre and

the interval enabled those in the audience who desired to obtain liquid refreshment.

It was at that time the custom in New Orleans to begin the matinee performance at twelve o'clock noon. We found this custom very agreeable as it gave us quite a long rest before the night performance.

It was Mardi Gras week, the hotels were crowded and we had much difficulty in obtaining accommodations. Many of the rooms in private houses were preempted, but I managed to find lodgings with a Creole family in an old fashioned French house.

My room was very large with a high ceiling and windows opening to the floor. It had a large chandelier loaded with crystals, marble topped furniture and a huge four-post bedstead. About seven o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a knock at my door. I called out, "Who's there?" A strange voice replied: "It's me, honey." I answered, "All right, I don't want to get up yet." "I'se brought yoah coffee, honey," returned the voice. I opened the door and there stood an old negro mammy with a red bandana kerchief tied over her head, carrying a tray with several cups of black coffee and some small pieces of toast. I said: "I don't want my breakfast yet." "This ain't yoah breakfast, honey," she replied, as she came right into the room, in spite of my night attire, "this is yoah mornin' coffee. Breakfast won't be served till ten o'clock. Go back to yoah bed again." I took a cup of coffee and a piece of

toast, the mammy retired, so did I, back to bed again.

It was my first experience of Creole methods of living and I enjoyed it during the remainder of my stay there.

The wonderful processions of the Knights of Momus and other Carnival Societies were magnificent exhibitions of symbolic pageantry, and Madame Begue's breakfasts, and the daily visits to the old Absinthe house were interesting incidents of my first sojourn in the queen city of the gulf.

CHAPTER XV.

The First of Many Visits to Texas.

From New Orleans we went to Texas. The railroad to Houston had not been completed so we went from Morgan City to Galveston by steamship.

It was my first visit to the Lone Star State. I had heard and read much of the wildness of the life there, but I found in the principal cities beautiful homes of cultured people full of hospitality, enterprising and progressive business men, substantial blocks of buildings, fine churches and schools and an abiding faith in the future of their state that time has fully justified.

In the smaller towns there were some primitive conditions; but that was to be expected in a comparatively newly settled part of the country where adventurers had come from all parts of the world, where distances were great and even necessities difficult to obtain.

The theatres were not elaborate; in fact, many of them were simply halls, with wooden backed benches and very little scenery; but they served the purpose and our audiences came to see the acting of the plays and were not influenced by the environment.



Frederick Warde as Prospero in "The Tempest"

In Galveston we found the Tremont Theatre very well equipped; but in Dallas we played in a long room over a newly built store on the main street. It was approached by a steep stairway on the side. Two drygoods cases had been improvised on the curb for a box office, and there Jake Moniger, a humpbacked billposter, sold the tickets.

Jake Moniger was a privileged character. If anyone demurred at the location of his seat, Jake would assail them with a volume of profanity that would do credit to a Missouri mule-skinner or the mate of a Mississippi steamboat. Jake's eccentricities were well known and the people only laughed at his vocal explosions that would have cost another man his life.

There were no dressing rooms in the Opera House. We dressed in our rooms in the Windsor Hotel, crossed on a diagonal covered bridge to the Exchange Hotel on the opposite side of the street in the rear, entered a back room, climbed out of a window, crossed a roof and entered the Opera House by another window that opened on the back of the stage. When a change of dress was necessary we had to make a return round trip by the same route, passing through a double line of colored chambermaids, negro porters and bell-boys, whose characteristic laughter and comments on our appearance and costume were, to say the least, embarrassing.

The play was "Richelieu," and Jake Moniger's

picturesque profanity punctuated Bulwer Lytton's dramtic poetry, at frequent intervals.

One of the most interesting cities in Texas was San Antonio. It was then half American and half Mexican, many of the houses built of adobe. The San Antonio river, with its clear crystal water winding through the town between palm trees and banana bushes, and crossed by numerous bridges. The old Alamo church standing on the great Plaza, then falling in ruins, and now happily restored. The ancient Cathedral and the old missions where the Jesuit fathers first raised the altars of Christianity in that part of the world. It was indeed a place of interest, and a link between the old world and the new.

Like many of the other cities in that great state of Texas, San Antonio is now a metropolis with splendid streets, public buildings, hotels, churches, theatres, parks and gardens, several important newspapers and a large population that have every reason to be proud of the result of their own enterprise and liberality.

At the time of which I write we played an entire week in the Casino, a large hall built by a German Society, on the banks of the river. It was fairly well equipped with scenery, accommodated a large audience and we taxed its capacity at every performance.

From San Antonio to Austin, the capital of the state.

A delegation of state officials met us on our way. The party included Governor Hubbard, Attorney-

General Stilwell H. Russell and several others, whose names and rank I forget; but one of the men I distinctly remember; Ben Thompson, the town marshal of Austin.

Thompson had the reputation of being absolutely fearless. It was said that he had killed no less than seventeen men in the course of his duty and in self-defence, but had never taken a life without giving his adversary a chance.

I found him a very agreeable man, quiet and courteous but always alert. He never spoke of his adventures but said he expected to die a sudden and violent death, as he had many enemies who would not hesitate to take his life if the opportunity occurred. It did. He was shot to death some years afterward in a variety theatre in San Antonio.

On the Friday night of our engagement in Austin, I played Iago to the Othello of Mr. McCullough. The following morning I was informed that I had had a narrow escape from being shot during the performance. The information came from the editor of the local paper who sat immediately behind the man referred to in the following incident, and who prevented the casualty. I append in part the account as it appeared in the newspaper.

"On Friday night when McCullough was playing Othello at the Opera House in this city, a countryman became terribly excited at the villainy of Iago, as portrayed by Mr. F. B. Warde. Towards the close of the play he drew his six-shooter and

declared he would kill the d—n scoundrel. On being told that the actor was only impersonating a character, he remarked, 'He must be a damned villain, anyhow, or he couldn't act it so well, and if he didn't stop abusing that woman (Emelia) he would shoot him, anyhow.' We congratulate Mr. Warde that he escaped from the wrath of the Texan. Although not intended it was a handsome compliment to his genius as an actor. . . . We do not wonder at the indignation of the man who wanted to shoot him as his villainy was so perfectly correct that all lost sight of the actor and only saw the desperate cold-blooded villain before them."

I appreciated the compliment the countryman had intended to convey but felt grateful to the gentleman who fortunately sat behind him and prevented the expression of his sentiments with his six-shooter.

Mr. McCullough's tour then took us to the middle west with continued success, and closed on May 1 at Lexington, Ky.

At the termination of our season I went to St. Louis to take part in a most interesting performance at Pope's Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Pope, the manager.

The play was "Romeo and Juliet," which was made the vehicle for the first appearance on the stage of Miss Ella Sturgis, daughter of General Sturgis of the U. S. Army.

Miss Sturgis was a beautiful girl and made a most emphatic success in the part of Juliet. I rec-



Mrs. D. P. Bowers as the Duchess in "Lady Windemere's

ognized her ability, had rehearsed and instructed her in the business of the play, but was more than surprised at the excellence of her performance.

I took the part of Romeo, and with the exception of Adelaide Neilson, I never played with a Juliet who more completely filled the ideal of the part, to me.

Miss Sturgis was ambitious to adopt the stage as a profession; family reasons and influence dissuaded her, but in my judgment, the stage lost a brilliant actress by her decision.

I was re-engaged with McCullough for the following season, which began at Utica, New York, on September 6. The principal members of the company remained the same as before but some changes and additions were made among the younger element; notably Mr. E. H. Sothern, who made his first appearance with us and, I believe, his first appearance on the stage, under the name of Edward Dee. He played the parts of Lucius, in Virginius, Roderego in Othello, the King of France in King Lear, Louis the Thirteenth in Richelieu, Lucius, Brutus' page, in Julius Caesar, and others.

Young Sothern was an attractive youth, cultured and refined; he dressed his parts with artistic accuracy and played them with sincerity and intelligence. He was a general favorite with the company, was familiarly known as Eddie, and in spite of the distinction he since achieved, he was always Eddie Sothern to me.

Our second week was spent in Detroit. It was State Fair week and we played at the Detroit

opera House to immense crowds. Lawrence Barrett had enjoyed similar prosperity at the Whitney, the site of which is now covered by the post office; and Saturday afternoon and evening that glorious violin virtuoso, Remenyi, had given concerts in one of the public halls of Detroit.

By a happy coincidence Mr. Barrett, Mr. McCullough and Remenyi were all resting over Sunday in the city—an unusual circumstance, because generally we had to travel on Sundays. John McCullough and Remenyi were old friends, while Mr. Barrett and McCullough had been for several seasons associated in the management of the California theatre in San Francisco. The presence of three such artists in the same city and in the same house at the same time was an uncommon circumstance.

At that time Mr. Barrett's leading lady was Miss Marie Wainwright; Louis James was his principal male support. Miss Kate Forsyth and myself held the like positions in Mr. McCullough's company. A strong feeling of camaraderie existed between the members of both organizations, and the rivalry of the tragedians was marked by the utmost good fellowship. McCullough invited Barrett and Remenyi to a small social gathering that Sunday evening in one of the parlors of the Russell House, which he had pre-empted for the occasion. Included also in the invitations were Miss Wainwright, Mr. James and other members of Mr. Barrett's company, Miss Forsyth, John A. Lane and myself of his own company, George

Goodale and one or two resident friends. The entire party did not exceed fifteen or sixteen persons.

It was a delightful evening. Everybody strove to please, or to entertain with story, anecdote or recitation. Remenyi had brought his violin, probably his most cherished possession—a genuine and fabulously valuable Strad. There it lay on a chair at one side of the room in its worn old case, apparently forgotten; but it seemed to me that the eyes of the master were never really off it. Remnyi laughed at the stories, applauded the recitations and otherwise signified his pleasure in our proceedings. We did not ask him to play, nor did he offer to do so until late in the evening. Then, during a pause in the entertainment, and without suggestion from us, he quietly rose from his seat, walked over to his violin case, opened it carefully, and, unwrapping the instrument from a soft silk handkerchief, took a position in the centre of the room and began to tune the strings.

We watched him in eager expectancy, for his movements were very slow and deliberate. When satisfied that his strings were at their proper tension, he adjusted the old handkerchief under his cheek, the violin resting against it, and began.

At first he gave several Hungarian melodies, then the national hymn of his country, and, following our applause, Down Upon the Suwanee River, Annie Laurie, The Last Rose of Summer, and Home, Sweet Home. Of course his playing moved us to other and louder demonstrations, but in com-

parison with what we had heard they were discordant—seemed painfully out of place and of course utterly inadequate as expressions of our real feelings. Silence, and the tears that stood in our eyes, were the later and better tribute we paid.

Finally, Remenyi said, in that delightfully characteristic accent that gave quaintness to his personality: "I will play for you a piece of my own. It has no name. I took it from a verse of the Scriptures—'And our Saviour went out into the garden and wept, O, such bitter tears.' "

Again he played. I think I have never heard such melody in any other place or time. It did not seem possible that such strains could proceed from any agency guided by human hands. I could see our Saviour in Gethsemane. I could feel His sorrow. I could see the tears of anguish upon His cheeks. The eyes of the player were closed, and he seemed unconscious of his environment, until the last note died away like a sigh of the wind. Then, without a word, Remenyi gently wound the old handkerchief round the violin, replaced it carefully in its case, and put the bow in the cover.

The first sound following that impressive and solemn stillness was the click of the hasp as he closed the case.

Instantly the company seemed to wake as from a spell. When we were come to earth again, with a silent pressure of the hand, or in subdued voices, we tried to express some measure of our appreciation of the genius that had so bound us—to convey

some faint sense of our obligation to one whose soul had gone out to us on the strings of his beloved instrument.

We separated with good wishes and gentle thoughts. Some appreciable sign of them still is visible over the far horizon that separates the experience of that unforgotten evening from the practicality of the hard present.

Of the coterie that met in Detroit on that Sunday night nine-and-thirty years ago, only one or two remain. Remenyi died upon the stage of a San Francisco theatre, his violin clasped in his arms. John McCullough—great-hearted, lovable John—found peace after a pitiful few years of madness. Lawrence Barrett passed away in the plenitude of power, full of honors and while his career was at its noblest. Louis James, in far Montana, died like a soldier at his post. John Lane, as cultured a gentleman as he was a genial friend, closed his pilgrimage in Philadelphia only a little while ago in honorable retirement. Beautiful Kate Forsyth is only a memory in our hearts.

The incidents of that evening at Detroit's well remembered Russell House are vivid facts with me. The faces of old comrades and friends, their smiles, their jests, their big hearts and their child-like democracy of manner—the utter absence of cant, assumption and "airs," endear them to me enduringly in spite of other interests and needs. Looming large in the group is the figure of the old Hungarian genius. I hear his broken accents; I see him raise that precious instrument to his chin,

and on the soft breath of memory is borne to me again the music his soul evolved from the simple words:

"And our Saviour went out into the garden and wept, O, such bitter tears."

I think Marie Wainwright and myself are the only survivors of that gathering, which included Harry Barton, Edmund K. Collier and Augusta Foster.

The Lady of Lyons was one of our matinee plays, with John McCullough in the romantic rôle of Claude Melnotte.

From every point of view John was unsuited to the part, and he knew it; but he played it at intervals and it drew well.

Neither Ned Collier nor myself were in the cast, but in the characteristic fashion of actors out of the bill we would wander to the theatre, either to the front or behind the scenes for at least a few minutes at every performance.

It was in Milwaukee, Ned and I were idly strolling the street, when we passed a confectionery store. In the window were a number of cakes covered with white icing, and a notice reading: "Any inscription made on these cakes to suit the purchaser." We bought a cake and had it inscribed: "You take it, John," had it packed in a very attractive box, and wended our way to McCullough's dressing room in Nunemacher's Grand Opera House.

John was changing his dress when we entered.

He greeted us cordially and inquired what we had been purchasing.

After an assumption of embarrassment, I said: Ned Collier and I had received much consideration and many kindnesses from him and we wished to make a slight acknowledgment, handed him the box and prudently backed near to the door.

I felt some remorse as John feelingly deprecated any generosity, but he opened the box—and then we flew! Boots and other reachable articles followed us down the stairs to the accompaniment of several emphatic but uncomplimentary remarks as we rapidly made our exit, realizing the truth of old Jack Falstaff's philosophy:—"The better part of valor is discretion."

John McCullough was a good sportsman and took our jest good-naturedly; but at night we found a notice posted on the callboard by the management, to the effect that members of the company out of the bill were not to be allowed in the theatre during the performances.

We played all of the large cities in the east, except Boston, then in the middle west and revisited the south and Texas.

The feature of the season was a four weeks' engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, where McCullough received the complete indorsement of the metropolitan press, which had hitherto been denied him, as well as the enthusiastic acknowledgment of the audiences.

We closed our season earlier than usual, as McCullough had made arrangements to appear at

Drury Lane Theatre in London. I had been engaged to accompany and support him, but at the last minute Augustus Harris, the manager of the London Theatre, decided to play the opposite parts and I accepted the situation.

I had almost forgotten a by no means unimportant member of the company, Robert Pritchard, familiarly known as Bob, Mr. McCullough's body servant and dresser.

Bob was an Irishman, short of stature but strong as an ox. He could take up a ladder in a pair of silk tights, make a Roman armor or rivet a boiler with squal skill. He stood in wholesome awe, but was devoted to "The Goov'nor," as he always called Mr. McCullough.

Bob was very popular with the members of the company to whom he was always ready to render any assistance; but his bête noîr was the manager, who reviewed his expense accounts and cut down his charges for alcohol.

The amount of this fluid that Bob claimed he used weekly for the lamp to heat his curling tongs for the "Goov'nor's" hair would have been sufficient to provide a steady flame for a month.

Bob occasionally appeared on the stage. In Macbeth, there are a number of small parts, officers and servants who speak one or two lines. Bob was cast for a messenger who brings Macbeth the news of the approach of the English army. He enters rapidly, expressing fear and excitement. Macbeth angrily asks: "Where got'st thou that goose look?" The messenger replies: "There is

ten thousand." "Geese, villain?" asks Macbeth, to which he should answer: "Soldiers, sir," but Bob was very nervous and when McCullough angrily asked the question: "Geese, villain?" Bob promptly answered, "Yes, Sor!"

I don't know what became of Bob after McCullough's death. The last time I saw him he was working in a trench on Broadway, New York, apparently repairing the pipes that always seem to be in need of attention on that busy thoroughfare.

Looking back over the two years I spent with John McCullough, I cannot but marvel at his achievements in spite of his early privations and lack of mental cultivation. A man of little or no education or capacity for character analysis, he played the great parts of Shakespeare, Knowles and Lytton with wonderful effectiveness.

His Virginius, Spartacus and Othello were reflections of the elements of his own nature, and the portrayal of their various degrees of suffering made a direct appeal to his own straightforward manly instinct. The same may be said of some parts of his King Lear; but the subtlety of Richelieu and the philosophic reflections of Hamlet were beyond him; yet he played Richelieu and Hamlet with a dramatic effect that more than satisfied an average audience.

His intimate friends were men of broad culture, literary eminence and public prominence who received and treated him with both deference and honor and deemed it but a fitting tribute to his worth and merit.

I regarded him with great affection and cherish his memory as that of a sincere friend, an excellent actor and an honor to the profession that he so conspicuously adorned.

CHAPTER XVI.

First Experience as a "Star."

Mr. James A. Herne had made an adaptation of an old English play, "The Mariner's Compass," and called it "Hearts of Oak," playing it with considerable success in the eastern cities.

Mr. David Dalzell, who was the husband of Miss Dickie Lingard, prepared another version of the same play and called it "Oaken Hearts."

I was engaged to play the leading part, Mark Dawson. We opened at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, early in May. During the week Mr. Herne, through his manager, Mr. Bert, sought an injunction restraining our production of the play. Miss Lingard, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Frank Pierce and myself were summoned as witnesses in the case. It was practically proved at the first hearing that "The Mariner's Compass," under existing laws, was common property in this country, but the case was adjourned to the following week for a further hearing. The witnesses were ordered by the court to appear at the adjournment, but were privately told by the attorneys that there would probably be no further proceedings; so upon the conclusion of our engagement in St. Louis, the company went to Chicago and opened at Hooley's Theatre.

During the week Frank Pierce and I were arrested by a United States marshal and taken back to St. Louis to answer to a charge of contempt of court.

The marshal was a good natured fellow and did not submit us to any indignity, but it was a very embarrassing position; however, on appearing before the judge the following morning, we explained the circumstances, apologized for any disrespect, and were released.

No further legal proceedings were taken, the play not proving worth an expensive legal battle. "Hearts of Oak" continued a success for Mr. Herne, but "Oaken Hearts" ceased to exist as a dramatic attraction.

On returning to New York I played Iago to the Othello of Mr. William Stafford, for a week at the Windsor Theatre on the Bowery. Mr. Stafford was a young man with a worthy ambition, but like Macbeth's, it o'erleapt itself and fell on the "other side." Miss Anna Boyle, a very promising young actress, was the Desdemona of the occasion.

At this time Mr. John J. Collins, our stage manager, with Mr. McCullough, made a proposal to announce me as a star attraction in a repertoire of Shakespearean and classic plays. After fourteen years' active experience, conscientious study and considerable success in many of the characters, he proposed that I should play. I felt justified in accepting the proposition.

Our contract was made for three years. The plays were to be selected by mutual agreement and

Mr. Collins was to provide an efficient company and equipment. It was also arranged that I should hereafter be advertised as "Frederick Warde," omitting B, the initial letter of my mother's maiden name of Barkham that I had used hitherto.

It was an important period in my career and a hazardous undertaking, too, as I fully realized.

I spent the summer in preparation and study.

Henry Aveling, a young English actor who came to this country with Daniel Bandmann, was engaged as leading man, Miss Florence Elmore as leading lady. The company also included Leonard Outram, L. F. Rand, James Curran, W. S. Marion, O. W. Blake and Miss Marian Clifton, all capable and experienced actors. Counting our subordinate members, the company numbered twenty-one in all.

We selected an extensive repertoire, including Hamlet, Othello, Richard III, Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet and The Lady of Lyons, afterward adding Virginius and Damon and Pythias, and later Richelieu.

We began our season on Friday, Sept. 2, 1881, at Moberly, Mo., opening the new Carmody Opera House, playing two nights and a matinee, as a preliminary try-out.

We gave Hamlet the first night, The Lady of Lyons for the matinee and Richard III the second night.

I vividly recall my feelings on that eventful Friday night. Moberly was not an important

dramatic centre, nor did I expect any analytical criticism from the audience; but it was my first appearance in the character of Hamlet, my first appearance as a star, with a company entirely new and strange to me, and the opening of a new theatre.

I realized that not only my personal future largely depended on the success of the performance, but that the success of the enterprise depended on me. I felt the responsibility of the direction of the play and the company. I had learned obedience to authority and discipline, but it was a new experience to take command myself.

I went to the theatre early, dressed leisurely and walked about to accustom myself to my costume, which was new. I was speedily bathed in perspiration, for it was an abnormally hot night. Then sat in my dressing room and waited, solacing myself with the actor's philosophy, "Twelve o'clock must come."

An address by a local politician preceded the performance. The gentleman eulogized everything and everyone connected with the theatre, including the owner, the architect, the builder, the painter, the gasfitter and myself, in a lengthy discourse that made Hamlet's soliloquy seem like a casual remark; and then the play began.

Hamlet does not appear until the second scene of the play and does not speak until after the King has given Laertes leave to return to France.

Most of the Hamlets I have known made their

entrance on the scene at this point, thus securing recognition and a reception from the audience.

I preferred to be discovered at the opening of the scene when the King, Queen and the full court are assembled and disclosed. I took a position standing by a window apparently gazing into vacancy and remained there till I was personally addressed by the King. The result was, I was not recognized by the audience till I advanced and spoke my first line: "A little more than kin, and less than kind."

A splendid greeting was then given me, and, encouraged by the hearty welcome, I proceeded with greater confidence and by the time I reached the first soliloquy, beginning: "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" I was master of myself.

All went well until my first scene with the Ghost, where Horatio and the soldiers endeavor to restrain the prince from following the spirit. Hamlet breaks from the grasp of his friends and drawing his sword, exclaims: "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." But my sword got entangled in the hanger and refused to draw; in spite of every effort it stuck in the scabbard, and there I had to leave it.

Nothing more of moment occurred to mar the success of the play, which was admirably acted by the company and received with much enthusiasm by the audience.

Congratulations and good wishes from friends, prophecies of a successful season, a little supper, a

tired body but a happy heart, sanguine with hope, and the night was over.

The two performances on Saturday went off satisfactorily and served to demonstrate the excellence of our company and their ability to do justice to our extensive repertoire.

The performances in Moberly had been in the nature of a preliminary episode to enable the company and myself to get acquainted with each other's personality and methods. The regular opening of the season was an engagement at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, for the following week.

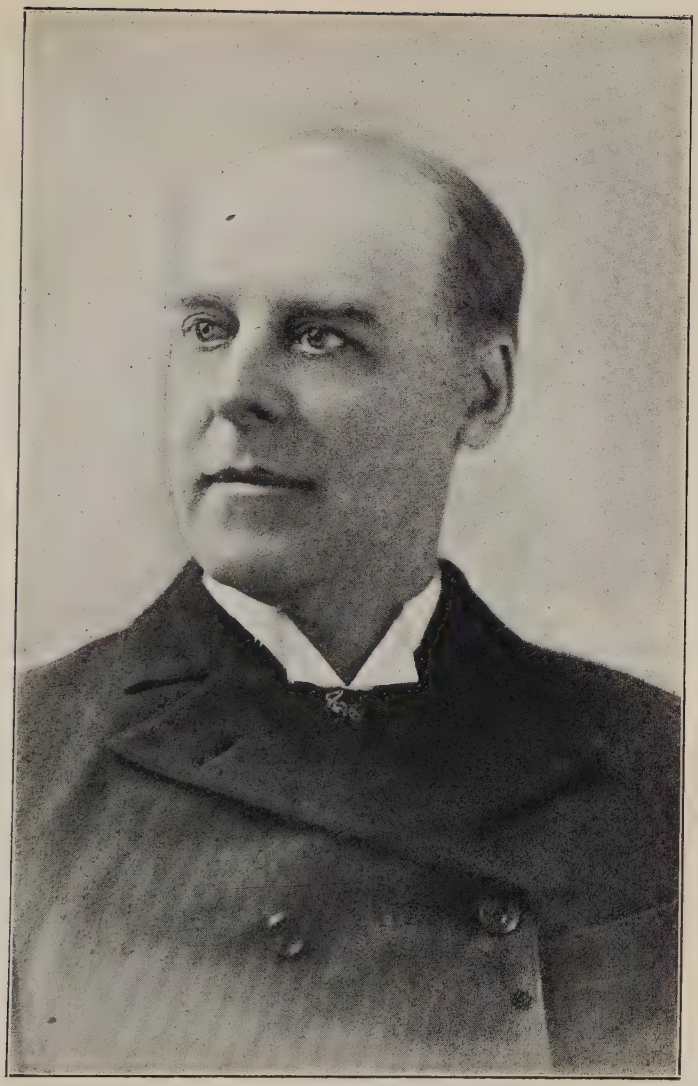
Hamlet was our first bill, followed by Othello, Merchant of Venice, Richard III, Romeo and Juliet and Macbeth.

I was no stranger in St. Louis, and I received, as I had anticipated, a most cordial welcome.

The weather was intensely hot. Our business suffered in consequence but the week as a whole was satisfactory.

The following extract from the weekly review of dramatic events in the Sunday edition of the St. Louis Republican of Sept. 11, aptly describes the conditions under which the engagement was played, and records the general verdict of the audiences:

"The meteorological conditions were of a character to point out infallibly who are the best friends of dramatic art in our city. The weather—all week—was so insufferably hot that nobody could think of going to the theatre for mere amusement. Warde's audiences



Louis James

went through the test of fire and made their record as the best friends of the drama. Many of its cool weather patrons had not returned from their summer wanderings; but notwithstanding this melting and thinning process Warde's audiences were good—better, much better than even he or the management could have expected. In the nature of the case they represented the very best dramatic culture and critical taste, and their verdict is substantial. There was no claque or claptrap about it, and it may as well be said now that it pronounced emphatically both an artistic and popular success for Frederick Warde. Under all the disadvantages attendant upon beginning, together with the drawbacks already noted, the actor commanded attention and forced his way to public recognition and indorsement. This is glory enough for the initial engagement of his season, and it will shine before him and illuminate his pathway wherever he goes. . . . And thus Frederick Warde has come to the legitimate drama triumphantly, and in his coming there is a wealth of promise and the bright star of hope."

On the Sunday evening following my engagement, I was by special dispensation, initiated into St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, of which lodge I have ever since been a member.

John W. Norton, manager of the Grand Opera House, and a very popular actor who had supported Mary Anderson for some seasons, was the Exalted Ruler and presided at the ceremonies, which were beautiful and impressive.

There were then only fourteen lodges in the order with a limited membership. Today there are more than a thousand lodges in the country and a membership of more than six hundred thousand. Then, I was No. 118 on the roster; now I am No. 3 in point of seniority in my lodge in St. Louis.

On leaving St. Louis, we began a tour that took us to the west, the southwest and to Texas, where I was most cordially received and liberally patronized. Returning through the southern country, I again experienced the native proverbial generosity and practical appreciation, especially in Nashville and Memphis. Then, to the middle west, closing our season at Joliet, Ill., on April 14, 1882.

The result of our first season was:—Thirty-two consecutive weeks of extended travel with the loss of only one night, Sept. 20, on which we closed the theatre out of respect to the memory of President Garfield, who had died the night before.

We had played an extensive repertoire of classic plays to fair audiences who had given us the warmest encouragement. The press had unequivocally recognized my claims to stellar prominence. We had booked a complete tour for the following season that included dates in almost all of the towns we had already visited, and had secured time in many of the large cities. Even though Mr. Collins and I had not made a fortune, we were happy and content.

A party of friends, including O. W. Ruggles, of the Erie Railroad, Mr. Hamlin, of the Grand Opera

House, Chicago, and David Dalzell of the "News Letter," had come from Chicago to congratulate us on the successful result of the season, and together with the principal members of the company, who had been re-engaged for the next season, we enjoyed a farewell supper and parted for the summer vacation.

A pleasant but somewhat embarrassing incident occurred on my arrival in the afternoon. Mike Moran, who had formerly been John McCullough's boss in the gas works at Philadelphia, was now an Alderman of the city of Joliet. He desired to show his regard to the man who had supported his friend on the stage, and he had engaged an open carriage and a full brass band to meet me.

On my arrival at the depot, I was conducted to the carriage and escorted by the band, in bright red uniforms, to the hotel to the accompaniment of national airs and the cheers of the omnipresent small boys of the street.

Good old Mike Moran, who rode by my side, was a proud and happy man, but while I appreciated his tribute of regard, I did not share his enthusiasm.

A well earned vacation followed, interrupted only by a week's engagement at the Park Theatre, Boston, playing Julian Gray, to the Mercy Merrick of Clara Morris in "The New Magdalen." It was my first appearance in Boston, and I had every reason to be proud of my reception by the public and the press.

Two more seasons followed under Mr. Collins,

covering practically the same route as the first, but playing in some of the larger cities, with varying fortune.

Some changes occurred in the company, notably Miss Anna Boyle was the leading lady, and Mr. John Malone replaced Mr. Aveling as the leading man.

We played the same repertoire strongly featuring Virginius, in which character I had been very successful, and adding Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, and John Howard Payne's tragedy Brutus, or "The Fall of Tarquin."

Sedalia, Missouri, at the time of which I write, was a small town, its population composed almost entirely of railroad employees and their families, it being an important division point.

The alleged "Opera House" at Sedalia was a long, narrow hall upstairs and over two stores facing the railroad station.

It had a gallery at one end and a small stage at the other. The triangles formed by the proscenium were the only dressing rooms.

The audience was a comparatively large one and the play of Virginius, with its intense human sympathy and admirable construction, interested them greatly.

It may be recalled that Virginia, daughter of Virginius, is claimed and seized by Vibulanus as a slave. The claim is contested by Virginius with all the indignation of an outraged father, and the cause is brought before Appius Claudius as chief Decemvir for trial. The unjust judge decides



Louis James as Falstaff

against the father and orders the girl to be given into the possession of Vibulanus. As this decision means the dishonor of his daughter, Virginius seizes a whittle from a butcher's stall and stabs his daughter to death before the assembled multitude. He afterward strangles Appius Claudius to death and dies himself from grief and the excitement of the terrible tragedy; but, Vibulanus, the subordinate villain of the story is not disposed of by the dramatist and the play concludes with the death of Virginius.

At the conclusion of the play in Sedalia the audience remained in their seats while I and the other actors in the mimic tragedy went to our dressing rooms to remove our make-up and transform ourselves from ancient Romans to modern American citizens.

I had removed my toga, tunic and upper garments and was busily engaged with soap, water and towel when a knock came to my dressing room door. I inquired, "Who's there?" A voice replied, "Me the manager." "What's the trouble?" I asked. "The people won't go out," he replied. "I am sorry," I said, "but the play is ended," and suggested that he put out the footlights to indicate that the entertainment was concluded, and continued my ablutions.

A few moments later he came again to my door, saying, "I turned out the lights but they won't move. What shall I do?" "Go in front of the curtain and tell them the performance is over," I

suggested. "I wouldn't go in front of that curtain for a hundred dollars," he protested.

The novelty and humor of the situation then appealed to me, and I volunteered: "Wait a minute and I'll go and tell them myself."

I still had on my fleshling tights and Roman sandals, so I put a bath towel round my neck and enveloped myself in a long Ulster overcoat. My face being ruddy with the recent friction of the towel and my hair gloriously dishevelled from the same cause, my general appearance must have indicated Puck grown up and in winter clothes.

I stepped before the curtain still impressed with the humor of the occasion, and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, the play is over. I am dead, Virginia is dead, Dentatus is dead, Appius Claudius is dead——" when a voice from the back part of the gallery exclaimed in clear, bell-like tones that reached every corner of the building: "What have you done with that other son of a gun?"

I disappeared and the audience dispersed.

It was at Topeka, Kansas; I had played Brutus in Julius Caesar. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated English war correspondent, had lectured on a local lyceum course the same evening. After his lecture he came to the Opera House and witnessed the two last acts of the play. After the performance we enjoyed a cigar and an hour's chat in my room at the hotel.

The costumes worn by our Roman soldiers in the play were a compromise between the ancient and

medieval, and consisted of brown leggings, a tunic and a cape with a hood covering the head. The entire dress was liberally ornamented with metal concaves. The dress was effective and serviceable if not archæologically correct.

During our discussion of the play and its costuming, Forbes said to me, in the peculiar English drawl, characteristic of his speech: "Warde, you gave me some information tonight that has hitherto escaped me. I knew the Romans had extended their conquests to Gaul and Britain, but I did not know they had impressed the Esquimaux into their armies."

One Sunday in the fall of '83, I was en route from Detroit to Flint, Mich., and stopped over in Milwaukee to see John McCullough, who had not been well for some time. I had a pleasant visit, took luncheon and sat chatting with him in the office of the Plankington Hotel. He suddenly excused himself and left me. He was leaving with his company for Chicago in the afternoon, and I thought he had gone to his room for something he had forgotten. I waited as long as I could, but he did not return and I had to leave for my train. I never saw McCullough alive again.

I learned afterward that when his carriage came to take him to the depot he was nowhere to be found. But in the evening at about eight o'clock, a farmer brought him to the hotel in a buggy. He had met McCullough aimlessly wandering on a country road some six miles from town, recognized and addressed him, found him incoherent, induced

him to get into the buggy and brought him to town.

The following week while playing at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, McCullough's illness increased, his mentality failed and he was compelled to close his engagement. Subsequently he was taken to the asylum for the insane at Bloomingdale and died about a year following his breakdown.

I saw his poor remains at his former home. I followed them to the grave and with his brother Elks dropped a bunch of forget-me-nots on the casket as it lay in its last resting place in the cemetery in Philadelphia, where a worthy monument was erected to his memory.

Dear old comrade and friend! In spite of his success, his life had not been without its sorrows, but he found rest at last.

The inscription on his monument is a just tribute to the actor, but could I have written it, I would have said of the man: "Those who knew him best loved him most."

In March, 1884, an unfortunate estrangement occurred between Mr. Collins and myself on both personal and business grounds and I left the company and his management. It was a drastic measure to take but I felt at the time, and still think, my action was justified. Recriminating law suits followed, harassing and vexing, without satisfaction to either side, until time and reason ended the litigation.

In April, '84, the second Dramatic Festival took place at the Springer Music Hall in Cincinnati.

The Festival had been inaugurated the year preceding, with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, James Murdock, Mary Anderson and others. This year Madame Modjeska, Fanny Davenport, Thomas W. Keene, Stuart Robson, W. H. Crane and myself, were the principals.

The Springer Music Hall is a very large building with an immense stage, and the plays were produced on a very elaborate scale.

Enormous houses were drawn to the Festival, not only from the city of Cincinnati, but from many points quite distant from which special excursion trains were run.

The programme of plays and cast of principals were as follows:

Monday, April 21st—Julius Cæsar.

Brutus	Frederick Warde
Cassius	Barton Hill
Marc Antony	Thos. W. Keene
Portia	Constance Hamblin
Calphurnia	Anna Warren Storey

Tuesday, April 22d—Twelfth Night.

Viola	Madame Modjeska
Olivia	Mary Shaw
Malvolio	Barton Hill
Sir Toby Belch	W. H. Crane
Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek	Stuart Robson

Wednesday Matinee, April 23rd—Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo	Thos. W. Keene
Mercutio	Frederick Warde
Friar Lawrence	Frank Clements
Juliet	Madame Modjeska
Nurse	Mrs. A. Pennover

Wednesday Night—The Comedy of Errors.

Dromio of Ephesus	Wm. H. Crane
Dromio of Syracuse	Stuart Robson
Antipholus of Ephesus	Frederick Warde
Antipholus of Syracuse	Barton Hill
Adriana	Miss Marie Prescott
The Abbess	Miss Mary Myers

Thursday, April 24th—As You Like It.

Rosalind	Fanny Davenport
Celia	Mary Shaw
Orlando	Frederick Warde
Jaques	Thos. W. Keene
Touchstone	Stuart Robson
Duke, in exile	Barton Hill

Friday, April 25th—Othello.

Othello	Thos. W. Keene
Iago	Frederick Warde
Cassio	Barton Hill
Desdemona	Madame Modjeska
Emelia	Mrs. Agnes Booth

"As You Like It" was repeated for the Saturday matinee, and on Saturday night, April 26th, the first part of King Henry the Fourth.

King Henry the Fourth..Frank Clements
Prince Henry.....Frederick Warde
Hotspur .....Thos. W. Keene
Falstaff .....John Jack
Lady Percy.....Anna Warren Storey

An interesting incident occurred during the performance of "As You Like It." Mr. W. H. Crane, or as he is affectionately known, "Billy" Crane, was in the audience and Stuart Robson, his associate, was on the stage, playing Touchstone. It suddenly occurred to "Billy" that it was the first time since the association of Robson and Crane that one had appeared on the stage without the other. "Billy" didn't like the idea; he came to the back of the stage, found the costumer, procured a pair of large russet boots, a hunting tunic and a spear, cajoled one of the foresters to let him take his place and astonished us all by making his entrance in one of the scenes in the forest and proudly speaking the one line of his part: "He saves my labor by his own approach." And thus the association of Robson and Crane was not interrupted.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Visit Many Places and Meet Many People.

In the interim between seasons I took part in a performance of some interest at Haverley's Theatre, Brooklyn, then under the management of W. A. McConnell. It was on the afternoon and evening of May 17, 1884, for the benefit of the attachés of the theatre.

In the afternoon I played Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Alice Chapin Ferris, a prominent lady in Brooklyn society. In the evening Richelieu was the bill. I was the Cardinal; W. A. McConnell was De Mauprat, and the then prominent young business man and amateur, now the popular and debonair star in modern drama, Robert C. Hilliard, was the Count de Baradas. I believe this was Bob Hilliard's first appearance with professional actors.

The following June, I was engaged by Williams and Tillotson, to go to San Francisco, accompanied by Miss Kate Forsyth, to produce two modern plays, of which Mr. Tillotson was the author, called "Lynwood," and "Queena." It was my first visit to the Pacific coast since "Diplomacy," and I anticipated the trip with pleasure.

The plays, however, were not successful so the



Frederick Warde and his son Ernest as King Lear and his Fool

management substituted Ingomar and Virginius, with Kate Forsyth as Parthenia and Virginia, and I played Ingomar and Virginius.

Both parts were familiar to Miss Forsyth and myself, and our performances were a great success. It is perhaps one of the few instances when two old legitimate plays redeemed the failure of two modern dramas and brought success to the enterprise.

I trust I may be pardoned if I quote with pride the following opinion of George Dinsmore, the veteran dramatic critic, in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, published the day after the performance of Virginius:

"Mr. Ward's Virginius places him in the first rank of living tragedians. To those who have only seen him in the melodramas produced at the California Theatre some weeks ago, his masterly impersonation of the "Roman Father" was a revelation. No one supposed he possessed such tragic power, or to have given the higher range of characters the study their successful impersonation requires. Mr. Booth as Iago, in the last act of Othello, was supposed to have reached the limit of the capacity of the human countenance to express emotion, but Mr. Warde's last act of Virginius is equally great. In some respects it was greater, as the play of expression was more varied. While the third and fourth acts were grand, as exhibitions of tragic power, the fifth was the artistic triumph. The delineation of the workings of the disordered mind, the discordant laugh followed by a mental glimpse of the

past which suffused his eyes with tears, the terrible realism of his call for his dead daughter, with the thrilling whisper of the lines

"I hear a sound so fine
That nothing lives 'twixt it and silence,"

were examples of tragic acting we have not seen in many years. The last scene in which the death-stricken face of Virginius is seen upturned while the hands clutch the throat of Claudius was a fit crown for this superb performance.

The success of Miss Forsyth and myself in the two plays was so marked that the management decided to take us to Portland, Oregon, and to return east over the Northern Pacific R. R., stopping at several points on that road.

We repeated our success in Portland and proceeded to Spokane Falls, as it was then called, where we played over the fire engine house to a remarkably cultivated and appreciative audience.

Thence to Butte, Montana, then quite a rough and primitive mining camp.

Miss Forsyth and I had letters of introduction from Mr. J. B. Haggin, of San Francisco, to Mr. Marcus Daly, his general superintendent; the result was a very cordial welcome and an opportunity to see everything of interest in the camp, our experience including a descent to the 800-foot level in the celebrated Anaconda copper mine.

The manager of Henshaw Hall in Butte, which was used as a theatre, was John Maguire, a good-

natured Irishman whose chief pride was his resemblance to Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian. A suggestion to that effect secured you his friendship.

Mr. Maguire spoke with a strong Irish accent, of which he was, of course, unconscious: he had been an actor but had given up the stage to take the management of the halls and theatres on the Montana circuit and was exceedingly popular throughout that part of the country.

John was a man of many eccentricities, generous to a fault, loyal to his friends, fond of good company and ready to recite at every opportunity. His favorite selections were: Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Shamus O'Brian," all of which he gave with intense earnestness in his native accent.

John's resourcefulness and ready wit to meet emergencies were keenly developed by his experiences in the early days of Montana when he travelled from camp to camp as an entertainer.

I can remember one instance in particular that capitally illustrates this fact. I was touring the West with King Lear as my feature play and was booked to appear in that noble old character at Butte. Maguire was manager of the theatre. My son Arthur was my advance agent. Just as he was about to leave the town John noticed that no newspaper cuts had been left and asked for them. My son replied that the only stock he had on hand were cuts of "Rinaldo, in The Lion's Mouth," an Italian youth of eighteen; "and they would never

do for King Lear, who was eighty years of age," said Arthur. "Well, leave me one, anyway," insisted Maguire. "What's the use?" said my son. "Tut, tut, leave one, anyway." And my son left him "one, anyway" to quiet the old boy.

A few days later I was astounded upon picking up the Butte Sunday Miner, to see the Rinaldo cut in the centre of a big descriptive story of King Lear, and underneath the inscription, "King Lear when a boy." I recognized John's ingenuity, and had a hearty laugh, but when we met protested that King Lear could never have looked like that. The only satisfaction I got was, "Well, who's to prove it, my bhoy?"

John Maguire passed away some time ago, mourned by many and none more than by me: but his honest heart and cheery greeting of—"Fred, me bhoy, how are ye? Let's go over to the club and have a schmall bottle," still lingers in my memory.

Our last stop was at Helena, a city with a most romantic history. Originally a surface mining camp known as Last Chance Gulch, from which millions of dollars in gold have been taken, it is now a beautiful city of fine buildings, picturesque homes on the sloping mountain side, and is the capital of the State of Montana.

On returning to New York, I made arrangements to resume my annual tours under new management.

Mr. Henry Aveling was again my leading man and Miss Mittens Willett my leading lady. Later

they married and retired and Mr. Clarence Handyside and Miss Eugenia Blair took their places.

Four years of itinerancy followed.

During that period I appeared in nearly every state and territory in the Union, playing in every kind of building from a Grand Opera House to a skating rink, even in an unoccupied store—anywhere in fact, where a platform could be erected and a performance given.

My experiences were many and varied.

We were touring New Mexico. There had been trouble with the Apache Indians and a rising was feared. The citizens throughout the territory—it was not then a State—were all armed in anticipation of raids, and the towns and their approaches were patrolled.

In Silver City, I played Virginius in a newly built store. The male portion of the audience came armed with rifles, revolvers and belts of cartridges to be in readiness if an alarm should be sounded. No interruption occurred, but at the close of the performance the citizens insisted on providing an armed guard to escort the company to the hotel.

The next morning an armed guard accompanied the train on the narrow gauge railroad that took us to the main line, which we reached without incident but with great relief.

We continued on the Santa Fe railroad to Arizona. In Tucson, the Opera House was built of adobe. It had a stage and some scenery, but no seats. The box sheet was marked like a checker

board, space was sold in squares and the audience brought their seats with them or sent them in advance. The effect was unique. Every kind of chair and stool was brought into requisition, from an upholstered rocker to a school bench, and as the time for the performance approached, groups of people might be seen coming from different directions carrying stools or chairs as if it were a general moving day.

Pigeons in large numbers had made their home in the loft above the stage. Our advent had disturbed them, but they came home to roost. The action and dialogue of the play did not affect them, but when the audience applauded, the flapping and rustling of hundreds of wings above our heads by the frightened birds sounded like rushing water. The effect was somewhat disconcerting to the actors, but we became used to it and the play proceeded successfully to its conclusion and the birds were left in peace.

Returning east on the same tour, we played several towns in the State of Oregon.

At Pendelton, several Umatilla Indians were in the gallery. The play was Virginius. The Indians were apparently interested and were very quiet until the fourth act, where Virginius kills his daughter; then, one of them called out, "Skookum, Virginius, Skookum," and the other Indians took up the cry. The audience applauded, and there was no further demonstration.

Major Moorhouse, the Indian agent, told me afterward that "Skookum" was the Umatilla

equivalent for "good" and that the Indians intended it as an expression of their appreciation.

Bismarck, North Dakota, is located a few miles east of the Missouri River, which at the nearest point is bordered by precipitous cliffs, and on the western side by a long stretch of low lands and marshes as far as Mandam. The marshes afford a prolific breeding place for very aggressive mosquitoes.

We played Virginius at Bismarck, in a skating rink illuminated by oil lamps. A western breeze sprang up that lifted the mosquitoes from their nursery and brought them east. Their first stopping place was Bismarck, and the brilliantly (?) lighted skating rink their objective point.

They came in swarms, attacked the exposed arms and necks of the actors, and punctured their fleshing tights, mistaking them for bare skin. The result was a continuous slapping of the points attacked; a smack punctuating almost every sentence of the dialogue.

The body of Dentatus was brought to me on a bier covered with a mantle. The business of the play compelled me to remove the mantle; then, the mosquitoes attacked the corpse with such ferocity that it came to life and piteously begged:—"Cover me up, Governor, cover me up, or they'll eat me alive."

The audience suffered in proportion. The ladies covered their heads and faces with their veils, the gentlemen wore their hats, inserted their hands

in their sleeves and masked their faces with their handkerchiefs like burglars or train robbers.

Our misery did not cease with the performance; the mosquitoes preceded us to the hotel. A light was to invite an influx of them. I managed to find my bed in the dark, but two of the ladies who had been indiscreet enough to light a lamp, were so badly stung by the insects and their faces so swollen, that in the morning they were unable to see until they had resorted to liberal applications of witch hazel and other remedies.

I have visited Bismarck since, now the important capital of the State of North Dakota. Fortunately the wind was in the other direction and the mosquitoes travelled westward.

As these incidents recur to my mind I recall an interesting experience that had its inception in another part of the country but during the period I am now recording.

At Delaware, Ohio, there is a Wesleyan College. According to the rules of the institution, the students were not permitted to attend dramatic entertainments at the Opera House; but the rule was not enforced when a Shakespearean or high class play was presented.

I was announced to play Richard III at Delaware.

Had the students attended without consulting the Faculty, no notice would have been taken of the matter; but one of their number went to the President, and specifically asked if the students would be permitted to attend the performance.

The President, thus cornered as it were, was compelled to answer, "No, the rules of the college must be obeyed."

In spite of this inhibition, many of the students, disguised with wigs, beards and mustachios, did come to the performance and the fact was duly reported to the college authorities.

At chapel the following morning, being placed upon their honor, the students who had disobeyed the President's decree, admitted their guilt and were punished. The juniors and sophomores were deprived of privileges and the seniors were expelled.

Among the latter was a student named Guy Potter Benton.

Some twenty years later I was invited to deliver a course of lectures at Oxford, Ohio, by Dr. Benton, the President of Miami University, who entertained me as his guest during my stay.

At a dinner with the Faculty the President surprised me by asking if I knew why I was invited to the University. I replied:—"To deliver my lectures, I presume." "Yes," returned the President, "and to gratify a long deferred revenge. You were the cause of my being expelled from the Wesleyan College at Delaware twenty years ago, and I thought the most Christian revenge I could take would be to invite you to come to my college."

Dr. Guy Potter Benton then told me the story I have related and detailed his subsequent reinstatement and career. The last communication I re-

ceived from Dr. Benton was from the State University, at Burlington, Vermont, of which institution he was the honored President.

During the period now recorded, I produced two new plays, both of which were successful and I retained them in my repertoire for several seasons.

The first was a Roman tragedy—Galba the Gladiator, a free adaptation from Saumet's "Le Gladiateur," by Leonard Outram and Richard A. Purdy. The original play was one of the features of the repertoire of Signor Salvini, on his tour of this country, and was given in Italian.

My second production was "Gaston Cadol," a romantic drama by Celia Logan, adapted from a French play called Jean D'acier. The leading part bore a strong resemblance to the character of Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons"; in fact, the critic of the Boston Sunday Courier wittily wrote: "The same pack of cards from which Bulwer dealt The Lady of Lyons have been shuffled and redealt for Gaston Cadol."

The verdict of a Boston audience has always been regarded by actors, authors and managers as of the greatest importance.

I had appeared there as Julian Gray, in "The New Magdalen" with Clara Morris, and achieved a complete success, but in the Fall of '87, I made my first appeal to their critical judgment as a star in a repertoire of classic plays.

I appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre as Virginius, Galba, Damon and Gaston Cadol. The re-

sult was a triumph. The entire press devoted so such space and lavished so much eulogy on my performances that my managers (Messrs. Hudson and O'Neil) published the reviews in a pamphlet of twenty-five pages and distributed them over the country.

I again presume to quote an extract, this time from the Boston Evening Transcript:—

"As has already been said, Mr. Warde achieved a triumph. The audience was inclined at first to be cynical and apathetic; but how marked the change upon the appearance of Virginius. He laid hold of the sympathies of his hearers instantly, and held them captive to the end."

I commenced the season of 1888-9 under the management of Mr. Joseph Brooks, with an exceptionally strong company that included Henry Aveling, James F. Dean, Henry Weaver, Jr., Adele Belgarde, Emma Maddern, and that splendid actress, so long with the New York Union Square company, Miss Ida Vernon.

We opened our season at Brooklyn, New York, with an elaborate production of Galba the Gladiator, and later included Virginius, Damon and Pythias, Gaston Cadol and Richard III in our repertoire.

At Baltimore I produced "William Tell," making a new arrangement of the play, taking Schiller's drama, the opera, and some historical facts for my material. We played Boston and renewed my success of the preceding season.

Pittsburgh followed; but when the time to commence the performance on Monday evening came, the scenery and baggage had not arrived. An accident on the railroad had detained it. Virginius was the play advertised. A large audience had assembled which we were loth to disappoint and lose. What was to be done? At length, Mr. Phelps, the acting manager of the theatre, suggested that we give the play with the stock scenery in the theatre and in our ordinary street clothes. After some discussion we decided to do this. I called the company together, explained the situation, pointed out the humor of it, urged them to be serious and earnest, apologized to the audience and the play began.

It was somewhat incongruous to see men and women in modern travelling dress acting as Roman citizens and to hear them speaking the declamatory blank verse of Sheridan Knowles; but all of the company complied with my request and acted their parts with the same sincerity and earnestness as if they were garbed in the graceful tunic, toga or peplum of the ancient Romans.

The audience took the performance seriously, applauded at the usual points and seemed deeply interested.

By the end of the third act the baggage arrived and we arrayed ourselves in Roman costumes, set up appropriate scenery and so brought the performance to a conclusion.

Several friends of mine who had witnessed the play expressed regret that we had not continued

the performance in our modern dress. They had found it both unique and interesting.

From Pittsburgh to Philadelphia at the Academy of Music for two weeks.

In Philadelphia there are many societies and organizations that by an arrangement with the local managers of the theatres take a large number of tickets at reduced rates and dispose of them to their members. This has the double advantage of increasing the attendance at the theatre and augmenting the revenues of the societies.

Under such an arrangement I gave fourteen performances to enormous audiences at the historic old building on Broad Street in that city.

An accidental and delightfully unconventional meeting with Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet, was an interesting incident in Philadelphia. Sir Edwin and Major Pond, his lecture manager, came into the dining room of the Lafayette Hotel, where Mrs. Warde and myself were taking breakfast. Being an old friend, Major Pond brought Sir Edwin to our table and joined us. A little later George W. Childs, the editor and philanthropist, came in: he also joined our little party, which included Henry Guy Carleton, the author.

Sir Edwin Arnold was greatly interested in the care of children and he and Mrs. Warde were soon discussing the subject.

Mr. Childs, the Major and Sir Edwin were on their way to Camden to visit Walt Whitman, "The Good Grey Poet," who at the time was quite ill at his home there. The party gave me a cordial in-

vitation to join them which, greatly to my regret, I was compelled to decline, having an important rehearsal I could not postpone or dismiss.

I was familiar, of course, with the life and works of the author of "The Light of Asia," but had not anticipated the privilege of meeting him. In stature he was under medium height: in appearance and costume more like a successful American farmer than a poet. His expression quietly genial, until aroused to interest; then his eyes fairly shone with enthusiasm. His face seemed illuminated and you felt yourself in the presence of a man of intense magnetism and unlimited imagination.

It was with great reluctance that I rose from the table to go to my rehearsal and left the Poet, the Philanthropist and Major Pond to their interesting pilgrimage.

On January 10, '89, I produced "The Mountebank" at the Grand Opera House, St. Louis.

I had acted in an old play called "Belphegor" some years ago, in England, with Charles Dillon, and had been impressed with its sympathetic human interest and the acting opportunities of the leading character. Several versions of the piece existed; I collected them all and evolved from them the version I produced.

The play was an instantaneous success, and the part of Belphegor suited me admirably. I played it for many seasons, and to this day I am frequently asked: "Mr. Warde, when are you going to give us 'The Mountebank' again?"

In the Spring, Mr. Brooks resigned my management. I undertook the direction of my own business affairs, and carried a long and successful season to a satisfactory close.

"The Mountebank" proving so attractive, I made it the feature of the following season, when it surpassed my expectations in drawing power and satisfaction to the audiences. Miss Adele Belgarde continued in the position of leading lady, which she filled with personal charm and great ability.

Two other interesting members of my company were: Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff and Mr. Wilfred Clarke. The former was the widow of Henry Vandenhoff, a cadet of a distinguished theatrical family of England; the latter a son of John Sleeper Clarke, the American comedian, and a nephew of Edwin Booth.

Mrs. Vandenhoff played the "Grand Dames" with the convincing effect of ability and experience and Mr. Clarke demonstrated the inheritance of the comedy talent of his distinguished father.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Genesis of the Warde-James Combination.

I had long entertained an ambition to play the part of Cardinal Wolsey, in Shakespeare's King Henry the Eighth. I recalled the pathetic dignity of the performance of the Cardinal by Samuel Phelps in the early days of my dramatic experience in England, and later I had seen Mr. George Vandenhoff and John McCullough in the part.

I learned that Mrs. D. P. Bowers, an actress of distinction and long experience, was at liberty, and after brief negotiation succeeded in engaging her as a co-star, to play the part of Queen Katherine and other prominent characters in my repertoire.

The play was given quite an elaborate production and the cast of principals, which I append, was most efficient.

King Henry VIII.....Mr. B. C. Turner
Cardinal Wolsey..... .Frederick Warde
Duke of Buckingham.....Chas. D. Herman
Duke of Norfolk.....H. C. Barton
Cromwell .....Harry Leighton
Queen Katherine.....Mrs. D. P. Bowers
Anne Boleyn.....Miss Catherine Coggswell

I achieved my object in the production of the play and my performance of Cardinal Wolsey was well received, but Henry VIII is rather a panorama of historical incidents than a drama, and while the play was received with interest and the acting of Mrs. Bowers and myself highly praised by the press, it failed to arouse sufficient enthusiasm to fill out our engagements in the large cities. I was, therefore, compelled to select a repertoire in which we both could appear to more advantage.

Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice, Galba the Gladiator and Damon and Pythias were the plays selected, and they proved very attractive.

Mrs. Bowers' performances were remarkable. I liked her Lady Macbeth better than Miss Cushman's. It was less domineering, more womanly. A wife who loved her husband, gloried in his strength, knew his weakness, and advanced her arguments with a foreknowledge that would convince.

I have always contended that Lady Macbeth's ambition was not for herself but for her husband. There is not in the part a single reference to her own advantage; it is always "Our"; "Our nights and days to come," "Our desire," etc., and I hold that she deliberately sacrificed her peace on earth and hope of the hereafter, for the sake of the man she loved. Such was the Lady Macbeth Mrs. Bowers presented.

It would seem a matter of some difficulty for a lady sixty-four years of age to give a satisfactory presentation of Portia, in "The Merchant of Ven-

ice," but Mrs. Bowers' skill in make-up, buoyancy of carriage, faultless reading and dramatic instinct together with personal distinction, completely disguised all evidence of physical maturity and you saw only the living embodiment of the young and fair "Mistress of Belmont."

Mrs. Bowers bore admirably the fatigues and discomforts of a tour that extended from coast to coast, missed but one performance through a temporary indisposition, and gave to me and the public the loyal service of a conscientious artist. My memory of Mrs. D. P. Bowers—and she is now but a memory to all of us—is that of an estimable lady and a splendid actress.

Prior to the opening of the season, a young Englishman, named Walter E. Bentley, applied to me for an engagement. His appearance was not impressive, but I was influenced by his apparent sincerity and engaged him for small parts. Some time after the season had begun, my business manager complained to me that Mr. Bentley was carrying baggage far in excess of the usual allowance and that the baggage agents objected to handling his heavy trunk. He had protested to Mr. Bentley without satisfaction and asked me to take the matter up with him.

I sent for Bentley and inquired the necessity for such heavy baggage. He said he was carrying books. "Books?" I asked. "Why, can't you get the books you require from the public libraries in the towns we visit?" "No," he replied. "They are works I am studying preparatory to entering

a theological seminary, with a view to becoming a minister of the Episcopal Church." I became deeply interested, discussed the subject of his studies with him and arranged a division of his baggage that avoided any further trouble in that direction.

Mr. Bentley did enter the New York Theological Seminary, was subsequently ordained a minister and after serving as curate to several prominent clergymen, became pastor of a small parish in New York State, and finally rector of the Church of the Ascension in the eastern district of Brooklyn, where he still officiates.

Mr. Bentley never lost his love of the stage and the drama. His great ambition was to bring into closer relations the church and the stage. To that end he enlisted the co-operation of the late Bishop Potter, of New York, in the project, and in conjunction with that broad and liberal churchman, founded the Actor's Church Alliance, an organization that is now in active operation and has chapters and chaplains in almost all of the cities and larger towns in the United States.

As a matter of fact, four former members of my companies became ministers of the Episcopal Church:—Rev. R. E. Lee Tanner, deceased; Rev. Wilson Tanner, of Homer, N. Y.; Rev. Lambert, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Walter Bentley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have all acknowledged their dramatic training and experience has been of the greatest service to them in their later calling.

Through the good offices of a mutual friend, I

was introduced to Henry Guy Carleton, a journalist of note and former editor of "Life."

Mr. Carleton suffered from the worst impediment of speech I ever heard. In the pronunciation of a consonant he commenced with a stutter, followed it with a gurgle and concluded with an eructation that produced the necessary sound. He was not at all sensitive to his affliction but humorously declared: "People say I stutter. I don't. I only punctuate peculiarly."

I found to my surprise this condition to be contagious.

Carleton spent some three weeks as my guest at my country home; before the end of the first week my entire family was stuttering. It was only a slight stutter and fortunately temporary, but it was in evidence.

Carleton had a remarkable faculty for the acquisition of knowledge. Without calling him a learned man, I have met few men better informed on general subjects.

Carleton had written a play called "The Lion's Mouth," which he read to me. In spite of the vocal difficulties of his reading, I was greatly pleased with it and contracted for its production.

It was an Italian romance of the sixteenth century, written in fine English blank verse, admirable in construction and redolent with poetic imagination.

I produced it at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on March 16, 1891. It was an unqualified success, and the next morning the San



Ernest Warde as the Fool in "King Lear"

Francisco Chronicle said in the first paragraph of a lengthy review:—

"Considering the fact that Henry Guy Carleton is an American, that he has been trying vainly for some years to have his work produced in the east, and that it is a blank verse play, the reception given to 'The Lion's Mouth' last night at the California Theatre by a crowded house may be set down as a triumph."

My acting and that of the whole company was also highly commended by the entire press of the city.

I found the dramatic merit, interest and novelty of "The Lion's Mouth" sufficiently attractive to make it the feature of the following season and have retained it in my repertoire for many years.

In the spring of 1901, I played an engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C. On the Friday of the week, May 15th (I remember the date as it is a family birthday), I called at the White House to pay my respects to President McKinley, whom I had known for many years and had met frequently in terms of cordial friendship when he was in Congress from the State of Ohio.

The President gave me a hearty welcome, greeting me with the salutation: "Well, you apostle of the west," referring to my enthusiasm over that rapidly developing section of our country.

We talked of old times, old friends and finally of Shakespeare. He asked me what plays I was presenting on my current tour. I named them and

amongst them Shakespeare's play of King Henry the Eighth.

The President expressed the greatest disappointment that his engagements would not permit him to witness a performance of that play, telling me he had found in the text of Henry VIII a passage that he had adopted as the motto of his life.

I inquired what particular passage he referred to. He recited the following lines from Cardinal Wolsey's parting advice to Cromwell in the third act:—"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's."

I followed with the lines of the text, slightly paraphrasing them: "Then, if thou fall'st, O, Mr. President, thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

The President smiled and said: "Yes, those are the words."

I left him and never saw him again.

The following summer the President made the trip to the Pacific Coast that I had so long advocated. As I had foretold, it was a triumphal march that was only curtailed by the illness of Mrs. McKinley. On the President's return to the east, he visited the Exposition at Buffalo, New York, where he was shot by an assassin and died a few days afterward.

When the news of President McKinley's death reached me, I recalled our interview and conversation only four months before, and reviewing the facts of his life and the conditions of his death, I think it must be conceded that he had been true to

the motto he had chosen; that all the ends he had aimed at had been for his country, his God and truth. His name and memory will live in the minds and hearts of his surviving countrymen as "A blessed martyr."

I made my annual visit to Richmond, Va., in the Fall. In my room in the old Ballard-Exchange Hotel I was interrupted by a colored servant, who announced that two gentlemen desired to see me in the office. Being busily engaged with correspondence, I asked for their cards or names. The man replied: "Dey didn't give no name nor keard, but I specs you had better come down and see 'em." Noticing his disturbed condition, I followed him to the office. Two men in plain clothes approached and inquired if I was Mr. Warde. I answered, "Yes." They exhibited their shields and told me to accompany them, as I was under arrest. To my astonished inquiry as to where and for what offence, they replied that I would know in good time. They then escorted me to the Governor's Mansion, opposite the Capitol, and knocked at the door. It was opened; they directed me to enter; I did so. They left me and I was shown into a reception room. In a few minutes Mrs. Lee, the wife of the Governor, came in, greeted me cordially, and chatted on general subjects; still I was in the dark as to my restraint. Then General Fitzhugh Lee, the Governor, came in from the Capitol, and laughing heartily, exclaimed: "So you are here, are you? You're a nice fellow! You've been in town two hours and

didn't come to see me, so I had two of my officers arrest you."

A delightful family luncheon delayed my correspondence still further, but left the memory of a pleasing episode and happy association with one of the distinguished soldiers and men of the country and his delightful family.

The sudden death of Lawrence Barrett brought the very successful association of Booth and Barrett to a close.

I made a proposition to Mr. Booth to resume his tour the following season with the support of Mrs. Bowers, myself and a very popular leading lady; in reply to which Mr. Booth wrote me:—

"Narragansett Pier,
"Sept. 7th, 1891.

"My dear Mr. Warde:

"Your offer is very tempting, but unfortunately I am not free to entertain it; even were I able to resume work this season—which I do not contemplate attempting for at least a year.

. . . . . .

"With sincere wishes for your continued success,
"I am truly yours,
"Edwin Booth."

Mr. Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright had been starring together for several years; but an unfortunate estrangement had separated them, and Mr. James was playing in a melodrama called "The Soudan." It occurred to me that an asso-

ciation with such an actor, and such a man as I knew Louis James to be, would be very congenial and give strength and dignity to any plays we might decide to give.

I opened negotiations with him, and after a brief correspondence I engaged him on mutually satisfactory terms for a period of three years. Mr. James' final telegram closing the matter, singularly characteristic of the man, was in the following words: "All right. We double. Toil and trouble. Yours, Louis," and that was the only contract between us.

In the meantime Edwin Booth had decided to permanently retire, and I purchased from the executors of the Barrett estate the elaborate scenic equipment, properties and costumes used by the Booth and Barrett Combination.

I also secured the rights to George Boker's great play, Francesca da Rimini, in which Mr. James had made such a profound impression as Pepe the Jester.

I engaged quite a large and efficient company. Charles D. Herman and Howard Kyle were the leading men, and Miss Edythe Chapman, a beautiful woman and a splendid actress, was the leading lady, remaining with us for three years.

Thus equipped and with a repertoire that included Julius Cæsar, Othello, The Lion's Mouth, and Francesca da Rimini, we opened our season at the New National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Sept. 12, 1892, and for three consecutive seasons toured the country, making some additions to

the repertoire of plays, producing one new one, meeting with substantial patronage and receiving the most flattering evidence of appreciation from our audiences.

Not a single note of discord marred the happy relations between Mr. James and myself during that period. In business he was loyalty itself; and nothing could be more delightful than the complete comradeship that existed between us.

Louis James was a splendid actor, but seldom took life, his profession or himself seriously. He had a keen sense of humor that served as a palliative for care, but it sometimes marred the effect of his best professional work and militated against his personal dignity.

At heart he was a soldier, and I am inclined to think the loss of the opportunity to enter the military service when it offered was the disappointment of his life.

Louis James was born in Illinois. His father was Probate Judge of the county. In his youth he studied and became very proficient in Upton's Tactics, then the standard authority on the manual of arms. It was at the period of unrest prior to the Civil War between the North and South. Military companies were formed in the various townships and young James was called upon, on account of his proficiency, to instruct them in their drilling, etc. War was declared. President Lincoln issued his call for men. Several of the companies were mobilized into a regiment and Louis James was elected Major. The regiment was or-

dered to the front but Louis was under the legal age and his father would not permit him to go. It was a bitter disappointment and made more so by the fact that the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment was killed in the first engagement and the Major who had taken Louis' place was promoted to that rank.

Louis remained at home until he became of age, then enlisted as a private in a regiment of New York artillery, saw considerable active service, and was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. At the close of the war he joined Ellsworth's Zouaves and toured the country with that organization, giving exhibition drills. The Zouave company disbanded at Baltimore and Louis James obtained an engagement at Ford's Grand Opera House in that city and became an actor.

He never lost his interest in the army or in military matters. His greatest pleasure was a visit to an army post to see a dress parade. During the Boer war, he carried with him a set of military maps of South Africa, and on a table in his room would follow the movements and activities of the contending forces with colored pins, as they were reported in the press dispatches.

Mr. James' humor sometimes took the form of practical jesting on the stage, which proved embarrassing to the other actors. He played Brutus in Julius Cæsar, and played it admirably. I usually played Marc Antony, but one season I found the cast to be more effective by playing Cassius. Near the close of the first act, Brutus, after a long

dialogue with Cassius, clasps his hand and takes his leave with a parting speech slightly transposed from the text, commencing:—

> "Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
> Brutus had rather be a villager, &c."

Before the scene began James would search the stage and property room for some small article that he could conceal in his toga, and when he reached the words: "Chew upon this," would leave it in my hand. Sometimes it would be a stage screw, an apple, a nail, or a tomato, even a match-box, anything he could find. I had to hold it and keep it concealed while I spoke the soliloquy that concluded the act. It disconcerted me at first, but I grew so accustomed to it that it became merely a question: What will he give me to chew on to-night?

When playing Othello, standing by the bedside of Desdemona in the last act, apostrophising her sleeping form, he took some of the dark color of his make-up and marked a moustache and imperial on the face of the sleeping figure. It was unnoticed by the audience, but later, as other actors came upon the scene and saw the face of Desdemona lying on the pillow wreathed in golden hair but disfigured by apparent hirsute tufts over her mouth and chin, they were convulsed with laughter and the effect of a great tragic scene was destroyed.

In the course of our second season I made quite

an elaborate production of the first part of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth." Beverley Turner played the King, Guy Lindsay Hotspur, Edythe Chapman Lady Percy, myself Prince Hal and Louis James, Falstaff.

How James did revel in the humor of the old, fat Knight. He had a capital make-up, a trifle too neat and clean perhaps, but the ready wit, the fun and the merriment of the old reprobate were delightfully portrayed. He infused an exhilaration in us all by the spirit with which he invested his part. The unctuous humor with which he delivered the soliloquy on honor was perfect. I can see his face and hear his voice as I repeat the words:—

"Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no; or an arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism."

William Greer Harrison was a prominent business man of San Francisco, president of the Olympic, and an active member of the Bohemian

Club. Mr. Harrison had considerable literary ability, had written a play called "The Prince of Ulster," for that splendid actor, James O'Neill, and had arranged several local pageants and spectacles.

Discussing dramatic matters one evening in the Bohemian Club, Harrison said: "Warde, I should like to write a play for you." I replied: "All right, do it." He asked: "What subject?" "Robin Hood," I answered; "make it in four acts, locate all of the scenes in Sherwood Forest, and represent the four seasons." "I'll do it," concluded Harrison.

This conversation occurred in the latter part of April and by the end of August the complete manuscript of "Runnymede" was in my hands. Mr. Harrison had followed my suggestions and the result was an historical romance, poetically expressed and affording an opportunity for a beautiful sylvan setting.

I accepted the play. Solly Walter, a distinguished artist of San Francisco, designed the scenery and costumes and Dr. Humphrey Stewart composed the incidental music.

Being essentially a San Francisco production, I gave the first performance of "Runnymede" at the California Theatre in that city on Feb. 18, 1895.

The cast included Louis James as Friar Tuck, Walter Walker as Richard Cœur de Lion, Guy Lindsay as King John, Brigham Royce as Little-john, Beverley Turner as Bishop Langton, Edythe

Chapman as Maid Marian, Fanny Bowman as Marjorie, and of course I played Robin Hood.

The occasion was a social event in San Francisco, the house was packed and the play and the acting met with every mark of appreciation. The press notices were all satisfactory, and after a week's run, which concluded our San Francisco engagement, I put the play and the production in reserve for the following season.

CHAPTER XIX.

King Lear.

At the close of our third season and the termination of our contract Mr. James thought that his interest and prospects would be better accomplished alone; and the very happy association of the past three years came to an end.

Our final performance was Julius Cæsar, the same play that had inaugurated our alliance, and was given at the Schiller Theatre, in Chicago, May 18, 1895.

We parted the best of friends and with sincere good wishes.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean of the following morning recorded the circumstances, the quoted lines accurately expressing our mutual sentiments:—

"Frederick Warde and Louis James made their final appearance as joint stars last evening on the stage of the Schiller in 'Julius Cæsar,' the event calling out a large and appreciative audience. Histrionically the performance was one of unusual power and brilliancy and found enthusiastic favor with the audience. The speech of Mr. James as Brutus had rare pathos. 'Forever and forever farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, we shall smile. If not, why, then this parting was well made.' Mr. Warde as Antony was singularly moving and pa-

thetic at the side of his companion in arms, with the final sentiment, 'This was the noblest Roman of them all.' "

As a matter of interest I append a table prepared by my stage-manager, of the length of the season, the cities visited, the plays and the number of performances given.

Length of season	34	Weeks
Number of cities visited	86	"
Number of performances given	246	"
Matinees (included in above)	39	"
Henry IV, performed	98	Times
Francesca da Rimini	33	"
Julius Cæsar	34	"
Othello	23	"
Richard III	21	"
The Lion's Mouth	14	"
Richelieu	14	"
Runnymede	9	"

I opened my next season at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, with Runnymede, but found that it did not attract or interest the public and was therefore compelled to fall back on my old repertoire of Virginius, The Mountebank, The Lion's Mouth and Damon and Pythias, which succeeded remarkably well.

In February '96, I achieved a long-cherished desire by producing Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear, and playing the part that for three centuries has been the aspirations of the genius of the stage.

For several seasons friends had suggested this character to me, and the suggestion coincided with my ambition; but up to that time I did not feel that I had yet mastered the complex emotions of what I consider to be the greatest character that Shakespeare has drawn.

Certain personal experiences, however, had made me realize the relations between a parent and his adult children: the period when the judgment of the parent and the child may differ, and in spite of paternal and filial affection must be considered, and then I felt that I could better comprehend the conditions that existed between King Lear and his daughters.

With that understanding I approached the character, and with, I hope, pardonable pride and satisfaction I may say, achieved a most gratifying success. I had prepared a substantially good production of the tragedy, with new scenery and costumes. My master carpenter and the electrician designed and perfected some admirable effects for the storm scene, the company was efficient and altogether it was a most satisfactory production.

Of my performance of Lear, the Salt Lake Herald said in a lengthy review of the production:—

"Mr. Warde's achievement was marvelous. The crucial test is, of course, the great curse scene, and in this he rose to great heights. The mad scenes were not less pathetic and powerful, and throughout Warde gave evidence of being entirely able to cope with the great character he has added to his repertoire."

The other papers were equally, and some even more enthusiastic over the performance. This was the more gratifying to me as Salt Lake City had for years been an important dramatic centre.

In the early days the Mormon settlers had built the fine old Salt Lake Theatre, the materials for which, it is said, were brought across the plains in ox-carts, and which still stands a monument to their appreciation of the drama. For many years these early settlers supported and encouraged a fine stock company that gave regular performances of standard drama under able direction, and several of our popular actors obtained their early training there.

To-day, the best amateur dramatic and musical society in the United States is to be found in Salt Lake City. It is composed mainly of members of the Mormon Church, some of them prominent in business and financial circles, who give several performances during the season, not only in Salt Lake but in other cities in the State of Utah. In fact, in no part of this country is the drama more liberally patronized and intelligently appreciated than in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The success of King Lear in Salt Lake City was repeated in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento and Portland, Oregon.

In the last named city a most elaborate dinner was tendered me by Mr. Frederick V. Holman, at the Arlington Club. Mr. Holman, a student of Shakespeare and a great lover of the drama, was a friend of many years' standing, and one of the

first to suggest my taking up the character of King Lear.

The Menu, a pamphlet illuminated and bound in parchment, was most unique and the quotations so apt and ingenious that I think the reproduction will be found interesting.

MENU
of a Dinner given to
Mr. FREDERICK WARDE
by
Mr. Frederick V. Holman
at
The Arlington Club, Portland, Oregon,
March 29, 1896,
In honor of the first performance by Mr. Warde, in Portland,
of
KING LEAR.

"Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear."

Amontillado Sherry and Angosturo Bitters.
"You we first seize on." Act II, Scene I.

Shoalwater Bay Oysters.
"Canst thou tell how an oyster makes his shell." Act I, Scene V.
Schloss Johannisberger, 1855.
"Ay, every inch a King." Act IV, Scene VI.

Consommé Printanier.
"With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,



Louis James as Calaban in "The Tempest"

Darnel, and all the idle weeds, that grow
In our sustaining corn." Act IV, Scene IV.
Musigny Vougeot, 1874.
"Come, Noble Burgundy." Act I, Scene I.

Crawfish á la Bordelaise.
"The body's delicate." Act III, Scene IV.
Musigny Vougeot, 1874.
"Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front."

Terrapin á la Maryland.
"You should be ruled and led by some discretion." Act II, Scene III.
Musigny Vougeot, 1874.
"Peace be with Burgundy." Act I, Scene I.

Sweetbreads Perigueux,
Asparagus au Gratin.
"The art of our necessities is strange." Act III, Scene III.
Chauvenet, Club Imperial Brut, 1884.
"If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee." Act I, Scene IV.

Roman Punch.
—"Tom's a-cold." Act III, Scene IV.
Saddle of Mutton. Green Peas.
"Better than thou, yourself." Act II, Scene I.
Chauvenet, Brut, 1884.
"A royal nobleness;—I must embrace thee." Act V, Scene III.

Lettuce Salad.
"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." Act I, Scene IV.
Olives, Celery, Roquefort and Sierra Cheese.
"Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings." Act III, Scene I.

Omelette Soufflé.
"Do it carefully." Act I, Scene I.
Chateau Yquem, 1885.
"Here I stand your slave." Act III, Scene II.

Liqueurs, Brandy, Coffee.
Cigars, Cigarettes.
"And tell old tales and laugh." Act V, Scene II.

"Fairies and gods prosper it with thee." Act IV, Scene V.

King Lear was the feature for the balance of the current and the following seasons. I grew to love the character of the old King, and greatly enjoyed the exhilaration of its performance; particularly during the last season when the Fool was played by my son, Earnest, who realized to me the poet's conception of that much misunderstood character and gave it the keen satire, the helpless sympathy, the voluntary suffering and the exquisite tenderness that is combined in the part.

In spite of the appreciation of King Lear, I found at this time that the taste of the general

public inclined to a lighter form of drama; that modern progress, science and invention necessitated new methods, not only of dramatic writing and construction, but in presentation. That ideals of the past and poetic expression must give way, if not entirely, to plays of contemporaneous interest, at least to a more direct appeal to modern ideas. That metaphor and simile must be replaced by language more simple and matter of fact.

I found the polished periods of the writers of the early part of the last century received with smiles and the polysyllabic exaggeration in the blank verse of the still earlier dramatic poets openly laughed at.

The age of materiality was approaching and however lofty the sentiment or intense the emotion, it must be expressed in terms that could be readily understood or the acting, however perfect, would lose much of its effect.

With these conditions in view, I approached Mr. W. D. Eaton, of Chicago, a dramatic writer and a master of modern English, to write for me or suggest a romantic play that would conform to these conditions.

Romance though dormant is still attractive, but the knight errant and wandering troubadour must have some more definite purpose than moonlight serenades and random chivalry. Mr. Eaton suggested Benjamin D'Israeli's story, "The Rise of Iskander."

I reread it and found it admirably adapted for dramatic purposes. Mr. Eaton completed the adaptation and called it "Iskander." I gave it an elaborate setting and rehearsed it carefully, but a series of unfortunate circumstances delayed its production, which was finally made at Lancaster, Pa., on October 14, 1897.

The part of Iskander, Prince of Epirus, seemed especially suited to me; the supporting cast was excellent and included William Redmond, a fine impressive actor; Charles D. Herman, my leading man for many years; B. W. Wallace, an admirable comedian, and Miss Beatrice Lieb, in the leading parts. But the play was not successful.

Mr. Eaton, a practical student of the drama for many years, had constructed something splendid that appeared to me, to my literary and professional friends and to all of the company, to have every essential for popular interest. Time, money, research and study had been lavishly given to its accurate and effective presentation. A very efficient company had acted their parts with earnestness and ability. The public said it was a very good play—but—, and —but— was the rock on which Iskander was wrecked. It was another instance of the fact that the only sure test of the approval of a play is a public performance.

I am reminded of an incident reported in the experience of the late Mr. A. M. Palmer, when he was the manager of the Union Square Theatre, New York. He had produced a play that was a flat failure. A friend said to him: "I am sur-

prised that a man of your experience, culture and intelligence should have accepted such a play. Even if its reading interested you, surely the rehearsals must have shown you how worthless it was." To which Mr. Palmer replied: "If you can find me a human being who can, by reading a manuscript play, watching or taking part in the rehearsals, tell me positively whether it will be a success or failure, I am willing to guarantee that individual an income of fifty thousand dollars a year as long as I remain in management."

Had I been wise I should have at once withdrawn the play, but I liked the part of Iskander, I believed the piece had possibilities, and I was loath to acknowledge a failure; so we amended, curtailed, reconstructed and patched up the manuscript in the hope of final success; but all to no purpose. After struggling along for nearly three months I was compelled to close the season, which I did in Chicago, and having no material in reserve, disbanded the company.

During the period of inactivity that followed the closing of Iskander, I remained in Chicago, staying at the Auditorium Hotel. Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, was a guest there at the same time.

Joe, though wealthy, had the reputation of being very penurious, but I found him an entertaining pleasant companion, and always ready to meet his share of the evening's entertainment. He had known want and privation, and experience had

taught him prudence, with resulting competence and comfort.

Angling was his favorite pastime. A five-ounce rod, a reel and a book of flies on a trout stream was the height of his enjoyment, and as I enjoyed the same sport we had much in common.

We would meet in the smoking room in the evening and exchange experiences. Mine covered Great Britain principally, but Joe had travelled in Australia and spent much time in California, in fact his early life had been passed in that state, at the time of the gold excitement in the early fifties.

By trade, Joseph Murphy was a blacksmith, but he could sing a good song, dance a jig and play the snare drum, three accomplishments that induced him to say farewell to the anvil and join an itinerant minstrel show that was in want of attractions. Joe made good and for a time all went well, but defections from the company, the varying fortunes of the camps and lack of novelty brought bad business, and finally dissolution; until finally, after many vicissitudes, Joe found himself in Sacramento without an engagement, lodging or money and in much want of food.

Dejectedly walking the main street one evening he stopped at the corner where the Golden Eagle Hotel now stands, to allow a rapidly driven carriage to pass. Joe was close to the curb, and in his weakened condition the rapid motion of the hack caused him to stagger and fall. As he struggled to his feet, his right hand struck a coin; he

grasped it, took it to the light and found it to be a twenty-dollar gold piece. "When I realized my good fortune," said Joe, "then and there I swore I would never again be without a dollar as long as I should live," and continued he, "I never have been."

Joe's first investment with his new-found wealth was a meal; the best a restaurant could furnish—a good steak, fried potatoes and coffee, rare luxuries at the best of times, but to that hungry boy! a royal feast.

After the meal came a bed and rest, and, oh! joy unknown for so long: rest on a full stomach.

Joe took a bed in a rooming house; but after so long a fast his weak stomach could not assimilate such a heavy meal. Sleep would not come, nor would his internal discomfort permit him to lie down; so poor Joe had to walk the streets again until his food was in some degree digested.

The night life of the city was in the saloons and gambling houses, located on the street by the side of and above the levee of the Sacramento River, whose waters rise and fall with the tide.

These places were all brilliantly lighted and usually thronged with patrons. Thither Joe wended his way, not for the night life but the cool air by the river side.

As he walked along the levee he noticed, what at first seemed to be a bundle lying half submerged in the gently rising tide. He approached and found it to be the body of a comparatively well-dressed man. He tried to drag it up the bank

out of the water, but his strength was unequal to the task, and he ran to the nearest saloon. Aid was quickly found and the apparently lifeless body was carried into the saloon.

Restoratives were applied, brandy poured into not unwilling lips, the body roughly shaken and it came to life, opened its eyes looked round with maudlin indignation and demanded: "Who had dared to interrupt his slumbers?" The man was recognized. His weakness was well known. He was taken to an hotel, put to bed, carefully tended through a resulting illness and to the day of his death was, I believe, unconscious of the narrow escape he had from being drowned, or of the name of the man who rescued him from the rising tide of the Sacramento River.

Suspicion was easily aroused, judgment hastily given and penalties quickly exacted in those early days in California. Joe Murphy was at first suspected of foul play. He was searched and the change of his twenty-dollar gold piece found on him, but he told his story convincingly, the facts sustained him and he was permitted to go to his bed and enjoy the long-deferred rest his now digested meal allowed him to take.

The foregoing incident related to me by Mr. Murphy was corroborated by a gentleman I subsequently met in Sacramento, then the Mayor of the city, who was present at the occurrence, and the name of the man who was rescued from the river was Edwin Booth, then a young and popular

actor in the mining camps and subsequently the leading tragedian of the American stage.

It must be remembered that this occurred many years ago in a new country where youth and strength were battling for fortune and its exuberance was unrestrained. The folly of youth frequently develops into the wisdom of manhood and in no instance is this better exemplified than in the case of Edwin Booth, whose subsequent career was marked by a complete victory over inherited weakness, a dignified manhood and an honorable maturity.

After a period of rest and recuperation I organized a company with Miss Sarah Truax as leading lady and with the old plays: Virginius, Ingomar and Damon and Pythias, made a pleasant and profitable trip to the Pacific northwest, playing a number of small cities that I had not before visited.

In no part of this country is the sentiment of patriotism more sincere than in the great states of the west, but the words of our national hymns are not always familiar.

There was a military fort at Boise, Idaho. The troops were about to leave for Cuba, war with Spain having been declared. Several of the officers were members of the order of Elks. It was arranged by the Boise City Lodge to give them a parting entertainment. I was selected chairman of the occasion. At the close of the programme, I called on all present to stand and sing the national anthem. There rose about seventy members and

guests, but of all that company only one person in the room knew the words of the national song, and he was a naturalized citizen of German birth; hence, the greater part of the anthem was a solo with a strong Teutonic inflection, but the concluding lines a full voiced chorus, unmistakably American.

CHAPTER XX.

Renewed Association with an Old Comrade.

Lincoln A. Wagenhals and Colin Kemper were young actors in Augustin Daly's company. They were ambitious to become managers and producers of worthy plays. They pooled their resources and became partners. Their first essay in management was with a Lyceum Play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; later they undertook the management of Louis James in "A Gentleman from France." They were successful and desirous of enlarging their operations. They designed a combination of three stars in standard plays and selected M'lle Rhea, Louis James and myself as the trio; but a change was made necessary by the death of M'lle Rhea, and Miss Katherine Kidder was engaged to take her place; so the "Triumvirate," as we were called, consisted of Louis James, Katherine Kidder and Frederick Warde. Mr. Kemper directed the productions of the plays and Mr. Wagenhals attended to the business management.

We opened our season at New Britain, Conn., on Sept. 14, 1898, in Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," with the following cast of principals:—

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. Harry Langdon
Charles Surface	Mr. Louis James
Joseph Surface	Mr. Frederick Warde
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Colin Kemper
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. Frank Peters
Careless	Mr. Norman Hackett
Crabtree	Mr. Barry Johnstone
Mrs. Candour	Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff
Maria	Miss Aphie James
Lady Teazle	Miss Katherine Kidder

The performance of the old comedy was admirable; the lines were given with a clear enunciation that brought out the pungent wit and keen satire of the author to the full; the elegance of carriage was well sustained and the traditional business of the old comedy sufficiently modified by Mr. Kemper's direction, was given with marked effect.

Mr. Kemper had designed a unique and effective scene with fluted columns and curtains of figured silk that served as an appropriate setting for the comedy and preserved the atmosphere of the eighteenth century.

Mr. James revelled in the light-hearted gaiety of Charles Surface, Mr. Langdon was substantially impressive as Sir Peter. Mrs. Vandenhoff brought all the traditions of the comedy to her performance of Mrs. Candour, while Miss Katherine Kidder was a keenly intelligent, yet withal elusively charming Lady Teazle.

In such company it was a positive pleasure to act a part like Joseph Surface, and I shared in the success of the combination.

Mr. James and myself had been so long associated with the tragic drama that, in spite of the success of The School for Scandal, the management deemed it advisable to present a repertoire in the large cities, so Julius Cæsar, Macbeth and Othello were given, and later, Hamlet.

In Julius Cæsar, Mr. James played Brutus, one of his most effective parts, I played Marc Antony and Barry Johnstone distinguished himself by an admirable performance of Cassius.

It is a long step from the sparkling comedy of Lady Teazle to the impressive tragedy of Lady Macbeth; but Miss Kidder was fully equal to the task and gave a splendid performance of that much discussed character.

Mr. James' Hamlet was without any striking features but a most interesting performance worthy of such an accomplished actor.

The business of the first week or so of the season was not as good as we all had hoped, but it improved rapidly as we reached the south and west and the season closed with a very handsome profit for Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper, laying the foundation for the very substantial fortune these gentlemen finally achieved after a comparatively brief managerial career that was conspicuous for self-respecting enterprise, business acumen and scrupulous integrity.

While in Denver, Colorado, I made an address on the study of Shakespeare to the faculty and students of the High School. On the following day a very youthful student of the school called

on me and expressed a desire to go upon the stage. Such applications were not uncommon, but this applicant, little more than a boy, had an assurance and persistence in spite of my discouragement, that attracted me. He replied frankly to all of my questions, realized the gravity of the step he desired to take; told me the conditions of his life and referred me to his mother for confirmation.

The lady called on me the next day, indorsed all that her son had told me, approved of the boy's ambitions and the result was I engaged him for my company for the following season, to lead the supernumeraries and to play such small parts as his capacity and appearance would permit.

The youth was of rather less than average height but of athletic build, with frank attractive features and his name was Douglas Fairbanks.

Douglas remained with me two years and fully justified his ambition to become an actor. His work was earnest and sincere, his personality agreeable and his energy and ambition unlimited.

That same ambition and energy has characterized his subsequent career and Douglas Fairbanks is probably, to-day, with one exception, the most popular moving picture actor in the world.

Mr. Espy Williams, of New Orleans, had written a play called "A Gentleman of France," which Louis James had produced and played for a season with considerable success. I wanted a new play. Mr. Williams suggested an adaptation from Dumas' novel La Dame de Monsereau. I commissioned him to make the adaptation and

the result was a very excellent romantic comedy which we called "The Duke's Jester." Mr. Williams had closely followed the story of the great French novelist but had changed the locale from France to Italy, and all of the characters from French to Italian. Henri the Fourth of France became the Duke of Milan, and Chiquot the King's fool was Cecco, the jester of the Duke.

The part of Cecco gave splendid opportunities for a wide range of expression from the sardonic humor of the court jester to the deep emotions of a noble passion and furnished me, in one brief scene, with the novel experience of wearing female apparel.

The incident was essential to the plot and somewhat of a sensation, but was quite a shock to many of my friends who had only seen me in the dignified manhood of the Shakespearean and classic parts.

"The Duke's Jester" served as a capital vehicle for two successful seasons under the management of Clarence M. Brune, whose wife, Minnie Tittel Brune, acted as leading lady.

I again assumed my own management and inaugurated the season of 1901-2, with a production of a new Roman tragedy by Miss Verna Woods, of Sacramento, California, called Horatius, founded on the somewhat legendary story of the rivalry of the Horatii and Curiatii.

The tragedy was admirably written. I produced it with every care and attention to detail. It was acted by an excellent company that in-

cluded Charles D. Herman, Barry Johnstone, Francis McGinn, Antoinette Ashton and Virginia Drew Trescott, but it failed to please. I withdrew it after a few performances and found my repertoire of King Lear, Virginius, Julius Cæsar, and The Mountebank still attractive.

In May, 1902, I took the company to Honolulu, Hawaii, and played for three weeks at the Royal Hawaiian Opera House in that city. It was a lucrative and most interesting venture.

The island of Oahu on which Honolulu is located, is fitly called "The Paradise of the Pacific." The city itself bowered in foliage is exquisitely beautiful, nestling at the feet of rugged hills, always green from their "Liquid sunshine." The island, surrounded by the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, is indeed a veritable emerald set in a sapphire sea.

Life in Honolulu passes like a dream. Everything is done leisurely. The morning stroll, the noon siesta, the evening concert and the promenade lasting into the cool tropical night.

The Royal Hawaiian Opera House is a comparatively modern theatre. On our opening night it was packed with the élite of the island, both native and foreign. The gentlemen in evening dress, the ladies in elaborate decollette costume, jewels gleaming on their dusky shoulders. It was like a grand opera audience at the Metropolitan.

We gave only four performances a week, so we had leisure to see the many attractions of the



Frederick Warde as Timon of Athens

island and enjoy the hospitality that was so generously accorded us.

It needs a far more eloquent pen than mine to do justice to the charm of the Hawaiian people, the beauty of their island homes, and their lavish hospitality. My visit to and reception in Honolulu is a cherished memory that is shared by my wife and daughters, who accompanied me on the trip, and that memory is constantly revived by the many gifts and souvenirs from Hawaiian friends that have a permanent place in, and adorn, my home.

On leaving Honolulu, the Hawaiian Lodge of Elks tendered me an imposing tribute of farewell. They chartered the large ocean-going tug of the Harbor, entwined the rigging with the colors of the order, purple and white, engaged the Royal Hawaiian Band and with a company of eighty, comprising the members of the lodge and their families, accompanied our departing steamer ten miles to sea.

We ourselves were garlanded with flowers, the leis (pronounced lays) wreathing us almost to our feet; a beautiful national custom to welcome and bid farewell with flowers.

It is not without emotion we reached the parting of the ways. The lines were cast off, our loyal friends returned to their island home and our own vessel speeded back to the United States as the melody of Auld Lang Syne receded in the violet haze of the coming twilight.

On our return to San Francisco, we played a

summer season of several weeks at the California Theatre.

While I was playing in San Francisco, the Bohemian Club gave a Sunday morning breakfast to Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. He had not then been knighted. I was a guest. The breakfast was scheduled for one o'clock. The arrangements were unique and characteristic, as all Bohemian Club functions are. The table was outlined in the form of the map of Africa, the menus hand painted by artist members in appropriate designs. The guests numbered forty. Mr. Stanley, accompanied by Major Pond, his lecture manager, was received by Captain Macdonald, the President of the Club, introduced to the guests and escorted to the table.

At the proper time the President proposed the health of Mr. Stanley. It was enthusiastically acclaimed by the company, standing. Mr. Stanley, who had maintained since his arrival an expression of boredom and weariness, rose to reply and in a perfunctory tone said in substance: "Gentlemen, thank you for your compliment. I am very glad to meet you—Thank you," and sat down.

An almost audible groan came from the assembled guests and for a moment it looked as if our African breakfast would be a fiasco: but Mr. James D. Phelan, affectionately known in the club as "Jimmy" Phelan, and now as The Honorable James D. Phelan, United States Senator from California, took the chair and command of the situa-

tion, and in a short time eloquence, wit, humor and music restored the spirit of the occasion.

The speakers of course eulogized our chief guest, but the last one, Uncle George Bromley, the High Priest of Bohemia and the best loved member of the club, had a grievance. He had formerly been a sea captain and he complained that the club had failed to recognize him as an African explorer, and related several incidents that he claimed entitled him to that honor. It was a humorous speech not entirely free from satire and it kept the company in roars of laughter.

Mr. Stanley had been listening with gradually awakening interest to the proceedings, and at the conclusion of Uncle George's address asked permission from the chairman to speak. It was readily given. After apologizing for his early indifference, which he ascribed to a misconception of the character of the club and its membership, he entertained us for nearly an hour with an interesting account of his travels, related many unpublished adventures and entered into the spirit of the occasion with a zest that completely reinstated him in the admiration and esteem of the company.

He inspected the club library, inscribed his name in several of his books and heartily accepted an invitation to an impromptu Bohemian dinner at the Cliff House.

A messenger was sent to that famous resort with the necessary instructions, ten carriages were ordered for our transportation and a memorable occasion closed with a dinner where wit, wisdom and

conviviality brightened the passing hours and ushered in a new day in the calendar.

At the close of our San Francisco engagement I came East to appear again under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper in an elaborate production of "The Tempest," and to resume association with my old comrade Louis James.

"The Tempest" was a very beautiful production with many novel and artistic effects conceived and directed by Mr. Kemper. The company was a remarkably good one and the performance gave the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

As a matter of interest and record I append the cast of the principal characters:

Prospero	Mr. Frederick Warde
Caliban	Mr. Louis James
Ferdinand	Mr. Norman Hackett
Stephano	Mr. Wadsworth Harris
Trinculo	Mr. Thomas Coffin Cook
Miranda	Miss Teresa Maxwell
Ariel	Miss Edith Fassett

Our first performance of The Tempest was given at Lansing, Mich., on September 1, 1902.

Mr. James' Caliban was a wonderful piece of acting, and his make-up as half beast, half man, effective in the extreme.

Prospero gave me an opportunity to present the dignified figure of a loving father and a noble nature serenely conscious of integrity with the power that knowledge and experience gives over the debased and ignorant.

Miss Teresa Maxwell was beautiful and tender as Miranda, Wadsworth Harris gave amusing prominence to Stephano, the drunken butler, and Mr. Cook effectively rendered the vapid folly of the "Pied-ninny" Trinculo.

Our season with "The Tempest" lasted thirty-seven weeks. We crossed the continent four times and our travelling approximated no less than thirty thousand miles.

Unfortunately I contracted a cold in California that threatened pneumonia, and for practically the first time in my career, was unable to play. I then realized the distress of being confined to my bed in helpless restraint while the company proceeded on its way. My recovery, however, was rapid. Mr. Wadsworth Harris played Prospero for a few days and I then resumed the part.

A new play by Rupert Hughes and Colin Kemper entitled "Alexander the Great," was the feature of the season 1903-4. It was a classic tragedy, picturesque and full of incident, written in modern prose.

Mr. James played Alexander, I was the Perdicus and Miss Margaret Bourne the leading lady. The company was practically the same as the preceding season.

Accustomed as we were to the blank verse of Shakespearean plays we had some difficulty in harmonizing the dignity and bearing of the great characters of antiquity with the modern colloquial language in which Alexander was written, but we

finally overcame it. The play was interesting but achieved no permanent success.

Later in the season Miss Alma Cruger replaced Miss Bourne as leading lady, and Othello and Macbeth were given in conjunction with the new play.

A humorous incident occurred during a performance of Alexander. A very beautiful effect was produced by the curtain rising on a mountainous scene in a heavy snow storm. The effect of falling snow was obtained by means of a mechanical contrivance, revolving like a moving picture camera in the front of the house, and reflected on the scene. It was usually very effective; but one evening the operator reversed his cylinder. The result was that the snow appeared to be rising from the earth instead of falling from the clouds. The error was soon discovered and remedied but not before it had caused the actors some embarrassment and furnished considerable amusement for the audience.

Wagenhals and Kemper had purchased a picturesque tragedy of ancient Carthage, by Stanislaus Stange, called "Salambo." It had been played by Miss Blanche Walsh and Charles Dalton in New York with considerable success. The managers thought the principal parts were admirably suited to Miss Katherine Kidder and myself, so, Mr. James having made other arrangements, they engaged us for a joint starring tour, with Salambo as the prominent dramatic feature.

Mr. Kemper gave the play an elaborate spectac-

ular setting, the company was excellent and both Miss Kidder as Salambo, and myself as Matho, the barbarian, were successful in our respective characters.

Matho was a very effective part, somewhat like Ingomar in his general characteristics, but infinitely more strenuous. In the final catastrophe, I had to die at the summit of quite a high flight of steps and roll down to the stage, near the footlights. I found this to be quite an acrobatic feat; however, I accomplished it, but at the price of many abrasions of my elbows and knees and much application of arnica and court plaster.

We opened our season quite early (August 20th) and practically traversed the entire country from New York to California and from Northern Michigan to Texas.

During a former season, Miss Kidder had been very successful in the dual parts of Hermione and Perdita, in "The Winter's Tale." She was anxious to repeat the performance. It was an opportunity for me to play Leontes, a part in which I had never appeared, and I welcomed it. Mr. Kemper directed the production with excellent taste, the cast was adequate and the performance of the play admirable.

Miss Kidder fully justified her ambition; she gave a delicate charm and sweetness to both parts with a striking contrast of characterization. Wadsworth Harris was a fine Polixines, and Thomas Coffin Cook brought out the comedy of

Autolycus, that "Snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

I received many compliments from the press for my Leontes, but I was not satisfied with my performance. Othello's jealousy is aroused by the cunning suggestions of Iago, who produces some evidence to justify them, but in the case of Leontes, his jealousy is not only groundless but absolutely without reason; it is not only injustice but folly bordering on insanity, and I found great difficulty in presenting these phases of the character satisfactorily to myself.

For some seasons past I had been in the habit of delivering addresses and lectures on the study of Shakespeare to the High and Public Schools of the various cities I visited. These lectures had attracted the attention of the Lyceum and Chautauqua managers, and I received a very flattering offer from an important Bureau to appear on the public lecture platform for a season.

I had noted for some time a diminishing patronage for dramatic representations of Shakespeare's plays on the stage and an increasing interest in their study and analysis in our schools and literary societies.

I was very reluctant to leave the stage that for nearly forty years had been the sphere of my active life, but Wagenhals and Kemper had decided to produce modern plays. I did not feel justified in assuming the responsibilities of management and production; so I accepted the proposition that would still keep me before the public, if not by the

impersonation of Shakespeare's characters, at least by the exploitation and discussion of his plays.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Chautauqua and Lyceum Platforms.

My first experience on the public lecture platform was a summer of Chautauqua work.

Few people who reside in the larger cities of the country have any idea of the institution of Chautauqua, but it is welcomed as an attractive factor of entertainment and instruction by those who live in small communities. It gives them an opportunity to see and hear men and women of national and international reputation in the world of education, thought and achievement, to hear great music and to be entertained by eminent artists that only such an institution could bring to them, and at a trifling cost.

Chautauqua meetings continue from three days to two weeks according to the size of the community. The meetings are usually held in a pavilion, some of them permanent buildings specially constructed for the purpose, and at other times in large tents. The meetings are in the hands of a committee of local residents and the lectures and other entertainments are under the direction of a platform manager.

The entire proceedings are informal. There are no reserved seats. The audiences, as a rule, are

quite large and very attentive. They go and come at will, and many remain at the termination of the lecture to chat with the speaker and extend to him their hospitality.

Chautauqua meetings are non-sectarian and local churchmen are generally very active in the work.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, there is quite an important annual Chautauqua gathering. On a Sunday evening I was delivering an address called "Shakespeare, Apostle of Christianity." An audience of more than three thousand persons was before me. Behind me, on the platform, was seated a semicircle of local and visiting clergymen. I could feel their attention and interest in my subject, but as I made my arguments and quoted various passages from the plays to support my premise, I was startled to hear at intervals, voices behind me saying: "Amen, Amen."

I was considerably embarrassed at first, but finally grew accustomed to it. My entire address was punctuated, at the conclusion of every period, with the Hebrew endorsement: "Amen, Amen."

Chautauqua committees are very proud of their "Talent," that is the technical term for their attractions, but they are not always familiar with their personality. At the Chautauqua at Bartleville, Oklahoma, the chairman of the committee introduced me to the audience. He spoke of my reputation as an actor, an orator, a man, and eulogized me from every point of view, concluding his panegyric with: "I now have the extreme pleas-

ure of introducing you to——" and turning to me asked, sotto voce, "What name, please?"

My Chautauqua trip was delightful. The travel was constant but it was summer-time and the country was beautiful.

My experience was a revelation of an institution and a form of instruction and entertainment I had never before conceived. I was brought into contact and association with many men of learning and broad constructive views of life. I had met and come into closer touch with truly American audiences than ever before.

I had visited the homes and enjoyed the hospitality of scores of people to whom I was hitherto unknown, and I had enriched myself with many friendships founded on mutual appreciation and esteem that compensated my itinerancy and sweetened its memory.

Travel during the fall and winter season to fill engagements on Lyceum lecture courses was quite strenuous. In arranging a lecture tour the Bureaus do not make a consecutive route, or consider the length of the journey; the only point is, Can the lecturer get there in time to keep his engagement?

In consequence some of the journeys were very long, and frequently included road, river and rail.

Many towns were on small branching lines, the running schedule being: One round trip a day with stops to suit the passengers. At times a freight train was my only means of transportation, and I

became quite as much at home in a caboose as in a Pullman car.

Cross country trips in an automobile, at night after the lecture, to catch a passing train at some distant point, were not unusual, and on more than one occasion an honest old horse and buggy have carried me to my destination.

I especially recall one journey in Texas which I will endeavor to describe.

"How is the I. and G. N. south?" I inquired of the station agent at Hearne.

"Why, Mr. Warde, what are you doing here? Where's your company? Not actin'? Lecturin'! Well, I swan! Quit the stage, hev ye? Where be ye goin' to lectur to-night? Cameron?" came in rapid succession from the agent who happened to recognize me.

"Well, ye won't get there to-night if ye go by rail: the train's bulletined three hours late, but between you and me it's—indefinite." "Can I get a special?" I inquired. "I reckon not," said the agent. "We're mighty short on rolling stock just now; and there ain't a spare engine nigher than Palestine."

"Is there no means by which I can reach Cameron by eight o'clock?" I asked. "Not as I know on," said he, "unless ye drive over." "How far is it?" "Well, it's thirty miles by rail, but it may be a little shorter by road." "Is there a livery handy?" "Well, there's Bill Dickson, he's got some rigs; ye'll find him on the platform. I guess he'll take ye over." "How long will it take to get

there?" "Well, a fair team ought to make seven miles an hour—it's nigh on to three o'clock now. I reckon he can get yer there by seven or half past. I guess, though, the roads are a little bit heavy; it's been rainin' some both last night and this mornin'."

I found "Bill" Dickson: a good-natured mulatto, who undertook to have a team ready in twenty minutes and to get me to Cameron by eight o'clock, sure. I telegraphed the local Committee and waited for the team.

"Bill" Dickson kept his word. The team arrived at the time promised. A strong, neat little buggy, but a pair of ill-assorted, scraggy little ponies that looked as if they would blow away in a strong wind.

"Those poor brutes will never make that journey," I said. "Oh, yes, they will," replied Dickson. "We can't use those big fat horses here that you have up north. Them ponies may not be much to look at, but they are good 'uns to go."

There was nothing to do but accept his assurance though I was not convinced and had very little confidence in reaching my destination in time for my lecture, for by this time it was nearly half past three o'clock and we had twenty-eight miles to drive through the "Black wax" roads of the Brazos bottoms.

I climbed into the buggy and the ponies started off at a good gait. Then I looked at my driver. A more unique and characteristic figure of his race I had never seen. He was a coal black negro,

spare but muscular, with a deeply furrowed face, a bald head, and a fringe of ragged, gray kinky whiskers. He wore neither shirt, coat nor hat; just a ragged vest and an undershirt with the sleeves torn off above the elbows, showing his bare forearms which shone like polished mahogany.

He drove well: he didn't use a whip but just talked to the horses as if they were human beings, called each horse by name, and encouraged, admonished, approved or reproached them as circumstances demanded. They seemed to understand every word he said and responded promptly to his voice.

By this time I had gained a little confidence and got into conversation with my driver.

He told me his name was Antony Organ; that he had been in Texas thirty-five years, was seventy-two years of age and was born a slave, on a plantation in the state of Mississippi. He had been happy as a slave, had a good master who didn't work him at night or on Sundays—which appeared to be the criterion by which masters were judged.

His comments and views on existing conditions and current events were most interesting, showing evidence of close observation and sound common sense, coupled with an uniqueness of expression, impossible to set down in type.

The satisfaction of starting and the interesting driver made the first few miles pass pleasantly, but we were getting further from town and the mud was pretty bad. Our wheels were one solid mass of thick waxy soil, like the wheels of an an-

cient Roman chariot, but beneath the surface mud of the road the long preceding drought had formed a solid foundation into which the moisture had not penetrated, so, with the exception of being well bespattered, we suffered little inconvenience.

We were now in the Brazos bottoms; one of the most fertile cotton growing districts in the world. On either side were vast fields of the long staple, the last pickings still on the plants. Rich green foliage marked the course of the river, while the deep crimson of the now declining sun made a combination of landscape and color that gave significant beauty to the close of an autumn day.

We passed a few white men on horseback, who nodded to us good-naturedly, and several vehicles driven by colored men who all greeted my driver respectfully and addressed him as "Mister" Organ, which apparently pleased him greatly.

We reached and crossed the Little Brazos, then our way lay through the flat level of more bottom land till we came to the Big Brazos, a broad yellow stream, on the far side of which rose a wall of red and ochre sandstone; and we had accomplished about one-third of our journey.

The country began to rise now and the soil being hard and the sand tightly packed, we got along famously. Mister Organ chirped to his horses and assured me that he would get me to Cameron by half-past seven—"If nothing broke."

The possibility of such a calamity alarmed me somewhat, but we were making very good time and I speedily forgot it. The air was cool and brac-



Frederick Warde as Fray Junipero Serra, Founder of the Missions. In the "Mission Play"

ing, the kaleidoscopic changes of light and color in the landscape, now deepening with the gathering shadows of evening, was pleasant and soothing to the senses and it was only the constant urging of the horses by Mister Organ that kept me alert to the conditions and possibilities of the time.

Now through scrub oak woods, then in the open with a cabin and a small patch of cotton, at intervals, then more woods and we began to descend again into the bottoms and black land.

My lunch had been scanty. I began to feel hungry. I asked if it were possible to obtain a cup of coffee or a glass of milk at any wayside place, but Mister Organ emphatically informed me: "Dar ain't nothin' like dat to be gotten round yere."

The road now began to get heavy again and the horses to show marked signs of fatigue. Darkness had fallen. There was no moon, but a few stars, and our only means of keeping in the road was to watch the black streak between the long dried grass that grew on either side and had been blanched from its natural color to a light gray by the weather.

The strain on the horses was very severe and we had frequently to stop and rest them. A man on horseback appeared out of the darkness. We eagerly inquired the distance to Cameron. "Oh, about five miles," he replied. This encouraged us and we urged the horses to another effort. I had lost all sense of time and had purposely refrained from lighting a match and consulting my watch, fearing my engagement was already lost,

but now I did so and found it wanted a quarter to eight o'clock.

Startled by an exclamation from Mister Organ: "Look thar, boss," I looked up and there on a rise in the distance I saw a dim light. "Dar's the town!" exclaimed my driver, "we'll get dar yit!"

My spirits rose, and I offered Mister Organ my sole remaining cigar. He didn't smoke; so, with great satisfaction I lit it myself and was enjoying the fragrance of the first puff, when, as the horses made an extra effort to get through a particularly bad place, something snapped, and we came to a dead stop.

"What's the trouble?" I asked of Mister Organ, who had descended as rapidly as his age would permit. "The trace done broke, boss," he said. "Good Heavens, that does settle the matter!" I exclaimed. "No, it don't, boss," replied he, "I'll git you thar yit. Git me dat dar hitchin' rope from under dat seat." I groped around, found it and handed it to him. Skillfully he substituted the rope for the trace, fastened it firmly to the collar and the buggy, and we were on our way once more.

The delay in replacing the trace had taken some ten minutes, but had given the horses a rest, so we started off well and shortly found ourselves in the outskirts of the town. "Whar shall I drive ye to?" asked Mister Organ. "To the Public Square," I replied. Scarcely a light was to be seen there and not a soul to give any information. "Drive to any building that shows a light," I said.

He drove round the Square and in the extreme opposite corner were two dimly lighted lamps. It was the Opera House.

Two gentlemen, both wearing white ties, were standing at the door, peering anxiously into the gloom. "Where is Mr. Warde to lecture tonight?" I asked. "Here we are waiting for him," one of them replied. "Well, here I am," I said, and—no—I did not leap from the buggy. I descended slowly and painfully. My limbs had been cramped in practically one position for nearly six hours, and but for assistance I should have fallen.

"What is the time?" I asked. "A quarter to nine. We have been waiting for you since eight o'clock." "Well, give me five minutes more and I will be ready."

There was a hotel next door to the Opera House, so I dismissed Mister Organ with cordial thanks and a substantial reward, and entered the hotel. Could I get a cup of coffee? No! A glass of milk? No! A glass of water? "There's the bucket and dipper; help yourself." I did, and sluiced my face and hands as well; then in my travelling clothes thickly bespattered with the mud of the Brazos bottoms, I went on the platform and for nearly two hours, to a surprisingly large and very attentive audience, I discussed the plays of Shakespeare, and forgot my hunger and fatigue.

It was an interesting experience that I hope I may not be called upon to repeat; but, if I am, I could wish for no more loyal entertaining guide

and companion than Mister Organ, who "got me dar" even when "the trace done broke."

In Greeley, Colorado, I lectured in the Opera House. At the back of the stage was a large double door for the admission of scenery and baggage. Near this door, a donkey, or, as they are called in Colorado, a burro, had been tethered. I was in about the middle of my address, and with some emphasis said:—"I am about to make an assertion. It may surprise you, but with me it is a conviction; and that is——" At this instant the burro let out a loud bray—He Haw! He Haw! He Haw!—that was heard as distinctly by the audience as if the animal had been on the platform. It commenced fortissimo and continued in a diminuendo to its conclusion. Of course, the audience laughed uproariously.

I tried to counteract the effect of the interruption by a quotation from The Hunchback—" 'Twas Clifford's voice if ever Clifford spoke," but the audience was not familiar with that old play, and it fell flat. I proceeded with my lecture, but without making any impression, and I greatly fear, the voice of the burro will be remembered when mine has been forgotten.

During the five years I remained upon the lecture platform, I visited many of the State and other Universities, and lectured to the faculty and students, notably: the Universities of California, Oregon, Washington, Illinois, Kansas, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana and Arkansas. Also Cornell, at Ithaca,

N. Y.; Leland Stanford, at Palo Alto, California; Notre Dame, Indiana; Georgetown, D. C., and Suannee, in the Cumberland mountains of Tennessee.

It was a great satisfaction to find so much interest taken in the drama, not only from an educational point of view, but as an important factor in the study of the problems of life.

Shakespeare was, of course, included in the study of literature, and I was very proud to know that many thoughts and views that I had expressed in my lectures were accepted and adopted by many professors in that department of study.

My theory has ever been, and is, that Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted on a stage, and for that purpose only. That the intent and meaning of his words is perfectly plain; except in some isolated instances where the language of the time in which he wrote is unfamiliar to modern readers, and that their profundity exists only in the minds of misdirected students.

My endeavor has been to point out the simplicity and beauty of the poet's works, his human philosophy and his fidelity to nature. I am happy to think I have in some measure succeeded.

Among the many speakers I met during my experience on the platform, I pleasurably recall the Hon. George Wendling, a man of great amiability and culture, whose lecture, "The Man of Galilee," was a masterpiece of correctly studied English. William J. Bryan, so many times the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency of the United States,

John Temple Graves, broadminded, eloquent and impressive, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, whose addresses were mainly political, supported by lengthy extracts from the Congressional Record, Adam Bede, a member of Congress, a very practical man with a fund of homely humor, Opie Reed, author of a number of charming stories of Southwestern life, whom I introduced to an audience at Evansville, Ind., and I think with justice, as the "Charles Dickens of America," and "Sunshine" (I have forgotten his first name) Hawks, a most entertaining little gentleman whose addresses were filled with optimistic philosophy exampled by entertaining anecdotes told with an ever present smile that captivated his audience and justified his sobriquet.

In spite of many attractive conditions of the public forum, I was not contented. I enjoyed the mental exhilaration of addressing and holding the interest of large audiences. I enjoyed the close association with the people that the Lyceum and Chautauqua platforms afforded. There was a satisfaction in convincing the intelligence of my audience by precept, argument and logic, but I missed the strong appeal to their emotions that the drama makes; the invisible but manifest current of sympathetic attraction that the actor produces in his impersonation of character. I missed the association and companionship of the members of my company, their broad sympathy, their optimism and light-hearted gaiety. I was very lonely.

I don't think I fully realized the complete com-

panionship that exists in a travelling dramatic company until I found myself compelled to take long daily journeys alone. Occasionally I would be recognized and addressed and a pleasant conversation would follow; but it was the exception, not the rule.

Here let me in simple justice pay a long delayed but deserved tribute to my fellow artists—the actors of the stage—and I use the term artists advisedly, for each and every one is inspired with the art instinct from the first moment they enter the profession and that instinct is fostered by association and environment. I speak now, not of the stars who have achieved fame and fortune, but of the rank and file of the profession whose work is so essential to the complete artistic entity of a performance—those whom I have described in the earlier chapters of my story as utility men and women, walking gentlemen, ladies in waiting, second old men and women, soubrettes, comedians, in fact, all. They who, like "The man who carries the gun," are the very vital and important factors in the play, yet whose praises and accomplishments go often unrecorded and unsung.

It has been my good fortune to travel far and wide, to meet all classes of men and women in every walk of life—yet never in all my experience have I encountered a group of people so loyal, so generous, and considerate of each other, so imbued with the principles of true comradeship as the actors and actresses of both the English and American stage. Their sincerity of purpose and

worthy endeavors are often obscured from public appreciation by the exploitation of their lesser weaknesses in prose and verse, cartoon and song by cheap wits, who for lack of mind and matter, too often, hold honest men and women up to ridicule, and mislead the public if not by facts, at least by suggestion and innuendo.

The itinerant life of an actor precludes the observance of conventionalities and an atmosphere of Bohemianism exists amongst them; but it emanates from a source that is founded on personal esteem with a full appreciation of fundamental duties and mutual obligations.

True, occasionally little jealousies and petty disagreements will arise, such as are common in all large families, but beneath the surface is the same affection and concordant loyalty that exists in family relations.

The faith of the actor in his manager, more so perhaps in former days than now, was almost childlike in its simplicity.

In what other profession or calling would the people engaged in it go weeks without receiving their salary, or possibly only a portion of it, live at inferior hotels, suffer hardships themselves and deprive their families of adequate support, in loyalty to a manager employer, who sometimes proves unworthy of their confidence and leaves them stranded in a strange city without funds? Happily such conditions are now uncommon, but they have occurred, and in spite of past experience and

the safeguards that have been secured for their protection, may occur again.

Is it to be wondered at that I was lonely and missed them when for years I had been the object of their respect and affection? I was the sharer of their labor, their hopes and ambitions, "The Gov'nor," as they loved to call me, and vied with each other to make my travel pleasant and our work effective.

Under these circumstances it can readily be understood that after repeated urgings and requests from managers, editors and personal friends to round out my active life in the sphere in which I had begun it, I finally yielded and decided to return to the stage.

This did not mean that I should abandon the platform entirely, but that my work thereon should be subordinate to the stage, where long experience, earnest study and general recognition justified my claim to be called "An actor."

CHAPTER XXII.

Close of the Story.

It is the consensus of opinion of scholars and critics that Timon of Athens was left an unfinished play by Shakespeare, and that it was completed by an unknown writer or writers contemporary with the editors of the first complete edition of the poet's plays and published in the year 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death.

Timon of Athens has been produced only at infrequent intervals.

During my engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, England, Mr. Charles Calvert made quite an elaborate production of the play which was received with great interest by his patrons, though I cannot assert that it was a popular success.

Mr. Calvert gave such a splendid performance of the princely and afterwards misanthropic Timon, that it made a deep impression on me. I played a comparatively small part, but determined when the opportunity came, to make a production of the play and act the part of Timon myself.

I ascertained that Timon had not been acted in this country for more than seventy years, so what

more fitting opportunity would present itself than my return to the stage after an absence of some time to make the production and give modern audiences an opportunity to see and hear a performance of this infrequently acted play.

Following Mr. Calvert's example, I reduced the number of scenes, concentrated the action and interpolated some lines to clarify the motives and arranged an appropriate tableau to bring the play to an effective conclusion. After careful and adequate rehearsals I produced the play at the Fulton Opera House, Lancaster, Pa.

As a matter of interest and record I append the programme and cast of the first performance.

FULTON OPERA HOUSE,
Lancaster, Pa.
Monday evening, Oct. 3, 1910.
Engagement of
MR. FREDERICK WARDE
Presenting Wm. Shakespeare's Play
"TIMON OF ATHENS"
(A Tragedy in Five Acts)

FREELY ADAPTED, arranged for modern presentation, and produced under the direction of Frederick Warde.

New Scenery by P. Dodd Ackerman, Valentine and John Young Studios.

Costumes by Miss Textor.

Properties by Joseph Turner.

The pantomime of "The Senses" and Greek dance in

First Act, arranged by Miss Atalanta Nicolaides, from authentic sources.

Timon, a Wealthy Athenian.....Mr. Frederick Warde

Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, } Lords, and Flatterers of Timon { Mr. Andrew Rogers, Mr. Leopold Lane, Mr. John J. Burke

Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.....
Mr. Wm. Carruthers

Apemantus, a churlish philosopher..Mr. Ernest Warde

Flavius, steward to Timon.....Mr. Horace Porter

Flaminius, Lucilius } Timon's servants { Mr. D. C. Percival, Mr. R. C. Carvel

Alcibiades, an Athenian General...Mr. Brigham Royce

An Old Athenian..... Mr. H. C. Barton

A Poet.....Mr. Arthur E. Hohl

A Painter.....Mr. Holland Hudson

A Merchant.....Mr. R. W. Bruner

A Jeweler.....Mr. Joseph Kendal

A Senator of Athens.....Mr. Joseph Knudstone

Two Other Senators..Messrs. Wheatley and Meagerson

Two Thieves.....Messrs. Fenton and Young

Two Strangers in Athens....Messrs. Bassill and Knight

Servant to Ventidius.....Mr. Henry Travers

Titus, Hortensius, Varro, Lucius, Isadore } Servants to Timon's Creditors { Mr. Bruner, Mr. Hohl, Mr. Burke, Mr. Kendall, Mr. G. Bennett

First Soldier.....Mr. Burnett

Page.....Miss Marie Naskow

Philotus.....Miss Sylvia Ratcliff

Cupid.....Miss Gerta J. Sutherland

Timandra, Phrynia } Friends of Alciabiades { Miss Olive Thorne, Miss Helen Hilton

Ladies of Athens, Dancers, Guests of Timon, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A room in Timon's House in Athens.

Scene 2.—Timon's Banquet Hall.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Room in Timon's House.

Scene 2.—A street in Athens, with view of the Acropolis.

Scene 3.—Room in Timon's House, as before.

ACT 3.

Timon's Banquet Hall.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Another room in Timon's House.

Scene 2.—The woods near Athens. Timon's Cave. (Summer.)

ACT 5.

The woods and cave, as before. (Late Autumn.)

The performance was in all respects admirable. The company played their parts with exceptional ability. My son Ernest realized Apemantus, the old crabbed philosopher and Mr. Horace Porter, Arthur E. Hohl and Leopold Lane gave sterling performances of their several parts, but to my great disappointment Timon of Athens did not arouse the interest I had confidently anticipated.

The public admired the beauty of the production but could find no sympathy for Timon, who bestowed his wealth so foolishly.

The play was unfamiliar to the Shakespeare clubs, unknown to the general public and did not attract students of literature.

As an instance of the general ignorance of the play: an acquaintance met me with the greeting, "Well, Warde, I see you have a southern play this season." I asked his meaning. "Why, Timon of Athens," he replied. He thought the play was located at Athens in the state of Georgia.

An intelligent compositor on a certain newspaper set up the title of the play in the advertisement as "Timothy of Athens," and so it appeared. He evidently thought the play was Irish.

In the sanguine hope that these conditions might improve, I continued the presentation of Timon for several weeks at a great financial loss, but finally resolved to withdraw it and substitute Julius Cæsar. My company was adequate to the cast of Cæsar, and it was no great task to change the Athenian to Roman scenery: so the streets of Athens became the streets of Rome and Timon's banqueting hall was transformed into the Senate House.

My son, Ernest, had made great progress in his profession and I entrusted him with the part of Cassius. He more than justified my confidence. I played Brutus, and it made quite an unique condition of which I was very proud: Father and son as Brutus and Cassius.

The substitution of Julius Cæsar for Timon of Athens changed the aspect of affairs. Cæsar is one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays,

familiar to all, giving an efficient company of actors opportunities to appear to great advantage. It has a strong appeal in its magnitude of manhood and patriotic sentiment: and our tour continued with gratifying success till the middle of the following June, completing a season of thirty-seven weeks.

Walter Browne's symbolic play, "Everywoman," had been produced in New York and achieved a great success. Mr. Henry W. Savage desired to send it to the other large cities of the country with as distinguished a cast as in New York, and made me a very flattering offer to play the part of "Nobody." I hesitated for some time as I was then in the West and had no opportunity to see the play or learn the nature of the part, but on my return to New York and after witnessing the performance, I accepted the invitation.

It was a most satisfactory and delightful engagement from every point of view. My associates in the company were men and women of distinction who had won their places in public favor by artistic achievement and sustained them by conscientious devotion to their work, notably: Miss Marie Wainwright, who played the part of "Truth."

Some years before—gallantry forbids me to say how many—I had played Romeo to the lady's Juliet on her professional début at Booth's Theatre, New York, and it was indeed a pleasure to be again professionally associated, not only as old and valued friends, but with an accomplished ar-

tist who grasped her character with the convincing impress of cultured intelligence and delivered her lines with a refined enunciation that emphasized their significance and made their meaning clear.

"Everywoman" was played by a delightful actress and a charming and beautiful woman, Miss Jane Oaker, who realized both in appearance and acting the ideal of the author.

A pretty little lady, Miss Dorothy Phillips, played the part of Modesty with a dainty grace that was irresistibly attractive. She is now prominently featured as a moving picture star, but none of her admirable work upon the screen can eradicate the memory of the sweet simplicity of her acting as Modesty in "Everywoman."

Nestor Lennon, an actor of sterling ability and ripe experience, played "Wealth." Mr. Lennon has since passed to the great beyond; but his genial personality, pleasant companionship and unfailing good humor is still a gentle memory.

The "Everywoman" company under the management of Mr. Savage was one of the most complete and perfectly conducted organizations with which I had ever been associated and our entire tour was a personal and professional pleasure.

A deeply pathetic interest attached to the play. The author, Walter Browne, for years a struggling journalist, had originally written the play as a satirical burlesque. It had been submitted to and was rejected by several managers. A friend induced him to reconstruct it in a serious vein: the

result was a symbolic play of modern human life and its experiences founded on the plan of the old Morality plays.

It was accepted, produced with generous elaboration by Mr. Henry W. Savage and was an instantaneous success: but as the sound of the applause of the audience, confirming that fact, filled the theatre, the mortal spirit of Walter Browne passed away at his home, and he died in ignorance of the triumph he had achieved.

It is, however, a pleasure to record that through the generosity of Mr. Savage, his surviving family still enjoy the substantial results of his work.

Moving pictures had become a very popular form of public entertainment and many prominent actors had followed the example of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and acted plays in which they had appeared, before the camera.

A company had been incorporated to present Shakespeare's tragedy of Richard the Third in pictures and I was selected to play the Duke of Gloster.

Richard the Third had been one of the popular plays in my repertoire for many years. I had played Gloster frequently and the idea of recording it by moving photography interested me greatly.

An unoccupied estate on City Island, New York, was the location of our labors. There the Tower of London, Guildhall and other historic buildings were reproduced, and the charming landscapes of

Westchester County served as the green fields of midland England.

I found the action of the camera necessitated entirely different methods of acting from the stage. Spontaneity must be replaced by deliberation and concentrated expression take the place of words. I had much to learn and considerable to unlearn but the director and photographer were very considerate, although my ignorance of the necessities of the camera must have tried their patience almost to the limit.

Many vexatious yet humorous incidents occurred. A picture of Gloster's ride from Tewkesbury to London was required. Most of the roads in Westchester county are flanked by telegraph and telephone poles. That would not do for England in the fifteenth century, but our director discovered a lane that had not been disfigured by modern utilities, and would serve the purpose. A negative was taken, but a refractory horse made several retakes necessary; however, we finally secured a very good picture only to find on examination, a modern nursemaid wheeling a baby carriage, with two small children, had come into the background unseen by the director but largely in evidence on the screen.

In spite of many discouraging conditions, the picture was completed and my first appearance in moving pictures was voted a success.

An Orientally beautiful and picturesque comedy called, "A Thousand Years Ago," by Percy Mackaye, a poet of distinction, and a son of the

late Steele Mackaye, was produced in New York and ran for some weeks. It was a very unique and artistic production. I played the Emperor of China, and accompanied the play to Providence, Boston, Albany and Philadelphia. Miss Rita Jolivet, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, Jerome Patrick and Frank McCormack were in the cast. The attendance, however, was not in proportion to the heavy expense of the production and the play was discontinued.

The moving picture industry was growing rapidly. Mr. Edwin Thanhouser, president of the Thanhouser Film corporation of New Rochelle, made me the offer of a year's engagement to appear in a number of pictures under the direction of my son, who had become quite an efficient director. The offer was liberal, the association exceedingly pleasant and the results very satisfactory.

We made pictures of Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear, George Eliot's novel of Silas Marner, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield and several modern subjects, all of which were popular successes. The leading characters gave me an opportunity to utilize the experience of so many years upon the stage, while the liberality of the management and skill of the director enabled me to appear at the best advantage, and the work that at first was not entirely to my liking became agreeable as the possibilities of the camera became apparent.

America's interest in the European war had developed a large number of plays on the subject. Among them a comedy-drama called "Over

There." It had quite a run in New York and was then sent "en tour" with an advertised quintette of stars:—Miss Mary Shaw, Miss Pauline Lord, Miss Amelia Bingham, Mr. Thomas W. Ross and myself. Our tour took us to the South, where we met with great success until we were halted by the epidemic of Spanish influenza and all theatres and places of public assemblage were closed. We were practically quarantined in San Antonio, Texas, for four weeks until the theatres were permitted to reopen. Then we resumed our tour, but shortly thereafter the armistice was declared, the war was won and our play had no longer any significance and we closed the season.

Finding myself at liberty I decided to gratify a desire to again visit California. Mrs. Warde and I went to Los Angeles, where we had many warm and sincere friends.

I had scarcely arrived and my presence in the city become known when I was approached by a representative of John McGroarty, author of "The Mission Play," and invited to appear as Junipero Serra in the forthcoming annual production at San Gabriel.

"The Mission Play" is a dramatized story of the early settlement of California by the Franciscan Fathers from Mexico; their struggles and sufferings, the establishment of the Missions, the conversion of the Indians and the development of the country from San Francisco to the Mexican border. The author, John McGroarty, is a journalist and a poet; a man of sincere faith and firm convic-

tions that are expressed with beauty and imagination. His heart and soul are reflected in "The Mission Play." I do not think I ever read a manuscript that made such a deep impression upon me as this simple, unconventional, dramatic composition.

The supreme dignity of a spiritual purpose that dominates physical weakness and overcomes material obstacles is woven into a picturesque historical romance that awakens the interest, exalts the imagination and gratifies the senses by the beauty of its environment.

The part of Junipero Serra appealed to me with a force I had not felt since I studied the character of King Lear, and I eagerly grasped the opportunity to vitalize into being this great priest, hero and martyr.

The character is so completely sympathetic and full of dramatic possibilities there is little credit due for my success, but I will confess that I felt particularly gratified when John McGroarty publicly announced that when he was writing the play I was in his mind for the part.

"The Mission Play" is an annual production. In 1919 it ran for fifteen consecutive weeks. It is acted in the unique and picturesque Mission Play House, especially constructed for the purpose in the very shadow of the old San Gabriel Mission, on ground where the sandaled feet of the old Franciscan Fathers often trod.

The bells they hung one hundred and fifty years ago in the Mission belfry are still there and call

the worshipers to Matins and to Vespers as the story of their lives and work is presented by modern actors to modern visitors by the art of painting, the beauty of poetry and the power of the greatest of all arts, the drama.

. . . . . .

And this brings us down to the present day through "Fifty Years of Make Believe."

I have used the personal pronoun so frequently in the preceding pages that it is with some hesitation I resume it in a parting word.

I have told the story in my own way. The object has been to gratify the expressed wish of many friends. Of my success they, and you, my friend the reader, must be the judges.

It is a plain unvarnished tale of a life's drama that happily is not yet ended. New scenes will be set, new incidents occur and new characters appear before the last word is spoken and the final curtain falls.

So, good friend, as we have come so far together, for fifty years is quite a lengthy journey—even in the land of so-called Make-Believe—let us not end our friendship here.

If Summer's gone there still are many Autumn days before the snows of Winter fall.

On Autumn evenings golden sunsets glow and waken memories that renew the joys of Spring.

Then let our parting be as on an Autumn eve,—a memory to be cherished until we meet again.

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